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THE NEW YORKER

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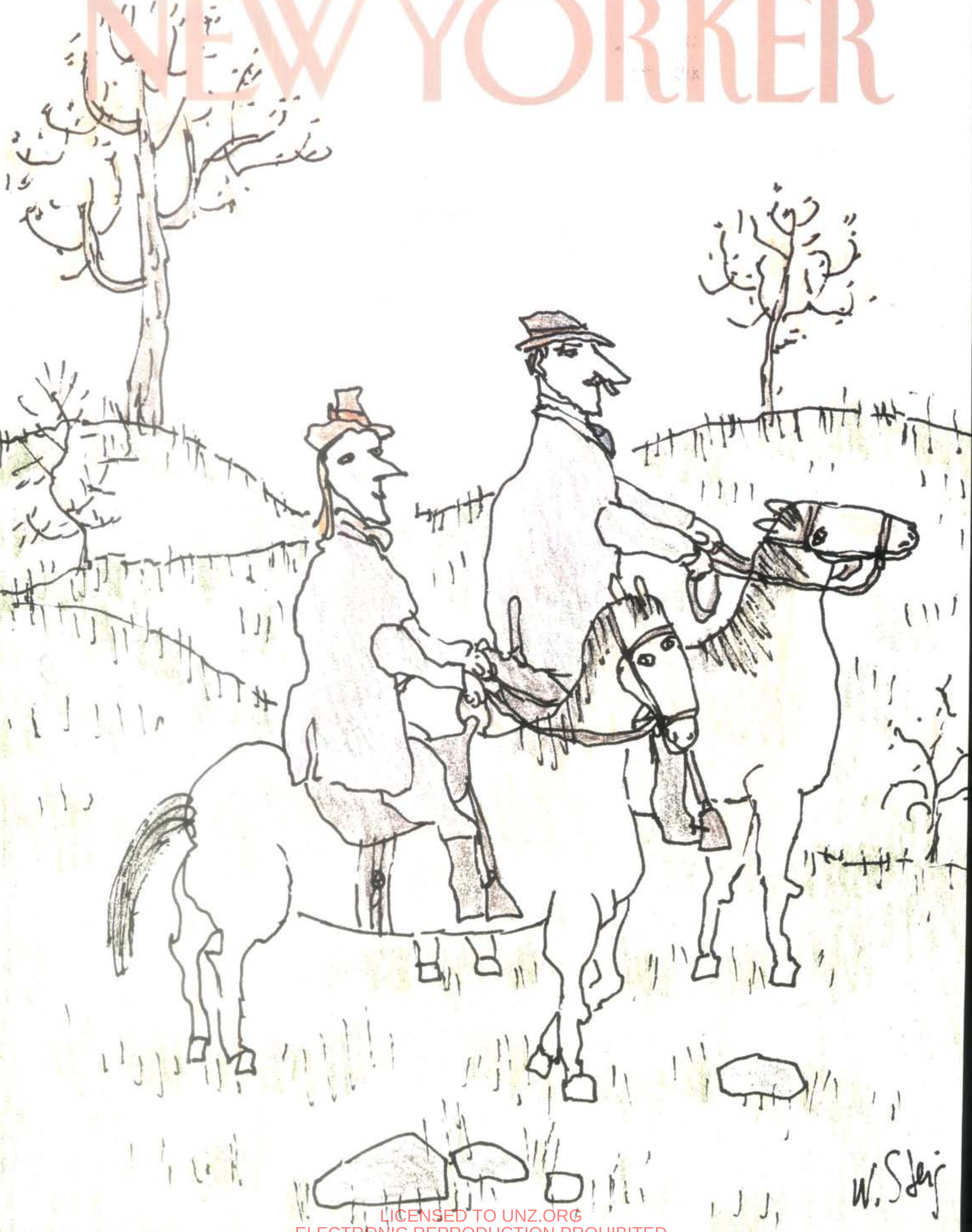

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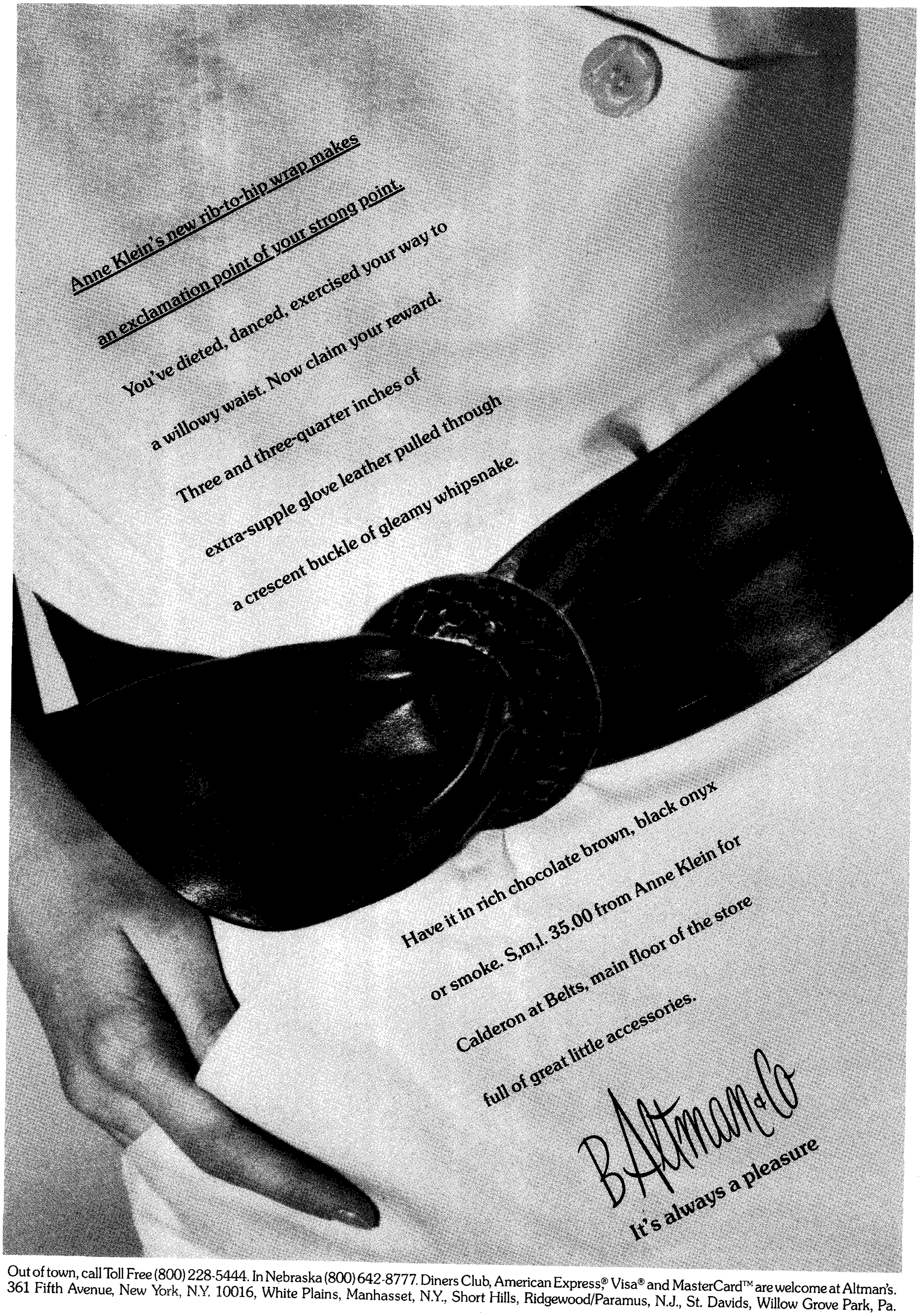

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Baby—A musical that is just the ticket for gynecologists and obstetricians, but of less interest to ordinary theatregoers. The cast is numerous and oddly enthusiastic. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Cage aux Folles—A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Death of a Salesman—Dustin Hoffman gives a performance as Willy Loman every bit as impressive as the one that Lee J. Cobb gave back in 1949. The Arthur Miller play continues to possess an uncanny power to move us to tears. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Empress of China—A play by Ruth Wolff, with Tina Chen and Ernest Abuba. Tisa Chang is the director. (Pan Asian Repertory Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 255-7293. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

End of the World—Arthur Kopit's often funny, often frightening view of where we stand at this moment in respect to the nuclear arms race. With John Shea, Barnard Hughes, and Linda Hunt. (5/14/84) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays. "Jazz," by Elizabeth Albrecht; "Been Taken," by Roger Hedden; "A Sense of Loss," by Mark Malone; and "Vermont Sketches," by David Mamet: Thursday and Friday evenings, May 24-25; Sunday matinée and evening, May 27; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 30-31; and Saturday evening, June 2. . . . ¶ "Saxophone Music," by Bill Bozzone; "I Have a Dream," an adaptation of the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.,'s speech; "Ariel Bright," by Katharine Long; and "Raving," by Paul Rudnick: Saturday matinée and evening, May 26; Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 28-29; Friday evening, June 1; and Saturday matinée, June 2. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Closes Monday, June 18.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season is a revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical **PAL JOEY**, for which John O'Hara wrote the book. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 3. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the Drama Critics Circle award for the best American play of the year. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Barbara Barrie, Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 3: Rudolf Friml's **THE VAGABOND KING.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN;** Henrik Ibsen's **GHOSTS,** translated by Eva Le Gallienne and starring Geraldine Page; and John Patrick's **THE HASTY HEART.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Mondays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Mr. & Mrs.—The remarkable Peter Friedman is Mr., and the delightful Polly Draper is Mrs. in Kevin Wade's light-fingered farce. David Trainer was the deft director. (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 691-2274. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 10.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill's idea of what might have taken place on a pig farm outside New London, Connecticut, in the nineteen-twenties, is a helter-skelter stage-Irish melodrama, redeemed in part by the acting of Kate Nelligan and Jerome Kilty. (5/14/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is

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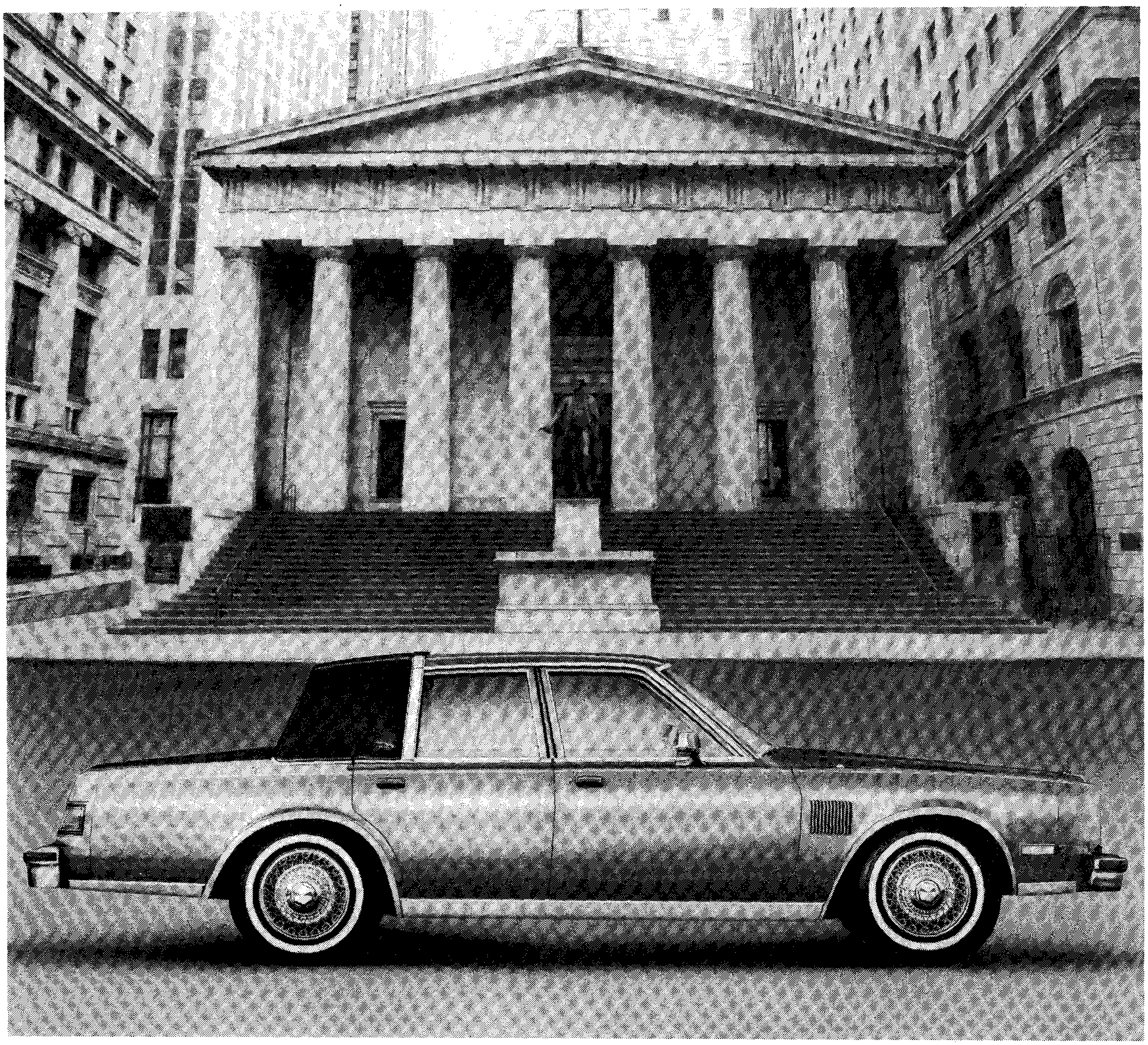

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able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few, brief shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Real Thing—A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close head the marvellous cast. Mike Nichols is the director. Voted the best new play of the season by the Drama Critics Circle. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 28, at 3.)

The Rink—Terrence McNally, in a dark mood, has written the book of this curious musical about family squabbles over money, infidelity, death, and differing life styles. The stars are Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and superb scenery by Peter Larkin. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Second City Company—There is a scattering of bright, clever moments and some evidence of talent, especially that of Meagen Fay, in this only so-so revue, imported from Chicago. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

Split Second—A play by Dennis McIntyre. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. An odd and endearing work, based on a notion that would be inapplicable to the Sistine Chapel. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Wiz—A revival of the 1975 musical version of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," with a book by William F. Brown and music and lyrics by Charlie Smalls. This production will have the original star, Stephanie Mills, and director, Geoffrey Holder. Previews Wednesday, May 23. Opens officially on Thursday, May 24. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Jeff McCarthy. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Long Runs—**brighton beach memoirs:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,016 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **my one and only:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **'night, mother:** Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director is Tom Moore. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **torch song trilogy:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **true west:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Daniel Stern and Tim Matheson. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

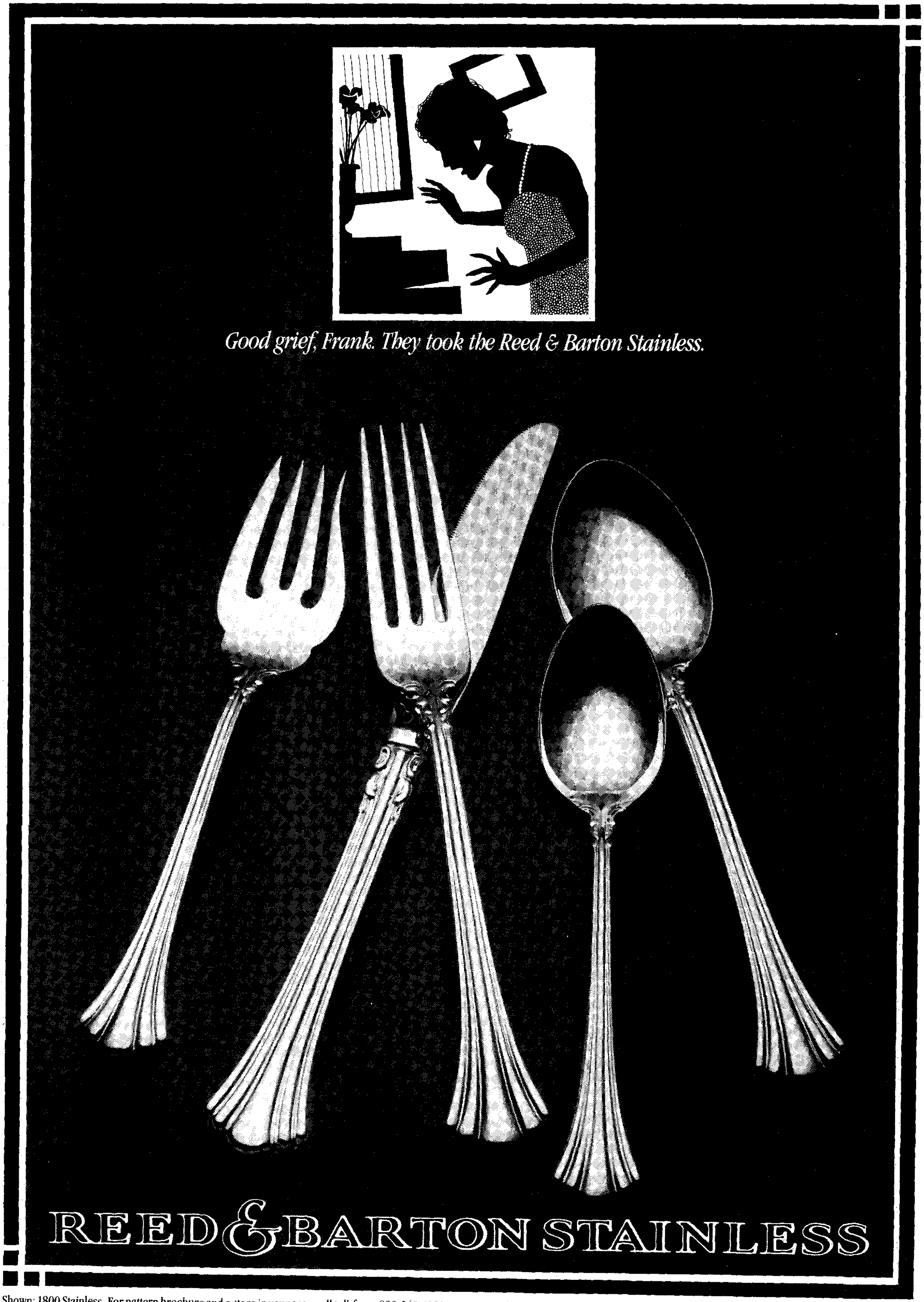
The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, back in town with their annual wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting the first four of ten performances of "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, May 31-June 1, at 8, and Saturday, June 2, at 3 and 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 23: "Concerto Barocco," "A Schubertiad," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 24: "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 25: "Réjouissance," "In G Major," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 26: "Scotch Symphony," "In G Major," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 26: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "A Schubertiad," and "Kammermusik No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 27: "Concerto Barocco," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 27: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Glass Pieces," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 29: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Tarantella," "A Schubertiad," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 30: "In G Major," "Réjouissance," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 31: "Concerto Barocco," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 1: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 2: "Agon," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 2: "Kammermusik No. 2," "A Schubertiad," and "Symphony in C." (New York State



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Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 24.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 23: "Cinderella." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 24: "Les Sylphides," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 25: "Raymonda," "Amnon V'Tamar," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 26: "Paquita," "Amnon V'Tamar," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 26; Monday evening, May 28; and Wednesday matinée, May 30: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 29: "Paquita," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 30: "Bach Partita," "The Little Ballet," "Sinatra Suite," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 31-June 1, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 2: "Cinderella." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 16.)

Annabelle Gamson—A benefit program of Isadora Duncan dances, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

Ananda Shankar Dance Troupe—In a single performance of "Dances of India." (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, May 26, at 8.)

Joyce Theatre—Performances by three companies. **DOUGLAS DUNN AND DANCERS:** Wednesday, May 23, and Saturday, May 26, at 8, and Sunday, May 27, at 2: Two New York premières—"Pulcinella" and "Elbow Room"—and "Coquina." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 24-25, at 8: "View," "Hitch," and "Skid." . . . **ODC/SAN FRANCISCO:** Tuesday, May 29, and Thursday and Friday, May 31-June 1, at 8. . . . **MARGARET JENKINS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, May 30, and Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3, at 8. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Balletfore—"Carnaval," "The Firebird," and "Les Sylphides." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, May 24, and Saturday and Sunday, May 26-27, at 8.)

Phyllis Lamhut—Presenting a new full-length work, "Collapsing Spaces, Tilting Times." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, May 31-June 3, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

Kathakali—South Indian dance dramas by a company from the Kerala Kalamandalam. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Friday through Sunday, June 1-3, at 8. Before the dance program, the audience is invited to watch the ritualistic preparations of makeup at 7:30. For tickets, call 288-6400, Ext. 286.)

Ritha Devi—The first of two performances of a program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturday, June 2, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at the piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Pianist **BARRY HARRIS'S** trio works on Friday and Saturday, May 25-26; on Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, pianist **ERROL PARKER** will bring in his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, May 23, Joanne Filips, Mark Manzo, and Holy War; Thursday, May 24, Paul Guzzone, Premises Premises, and 4-Way Ping; Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, comedian **HENNY YOUNGMAN;** Sunday, May 27, the Heartbreakers and Richie Scarlett & the Seducers; Monday, May 28, Indecision and All Touch; Wednesday, May 30, the **DAVE FRIESEN** quartet, the Lights, Peter Stevens, and Fast Break; Thursday, May 31, Gabriel's Horns, Big Deal, Circle of 5, and the Silent Men; Friday, June 1, Rip Taylor and Michael Shaw; and Saturday, June 2, Rip Taylor and Nancy Parker. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—*A dark, large, carpeted club with* deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **BILLY ECKSTINE** sings here through Sunday, May 27; on Monday, May 28, Mark Morganelli's Jazz Forum will take over the bandstand; and starting Tuesday, May 29, drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** and his quartet, **SPECIAL EDITION,** will be on hand. Sets begin after ten. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—"Leader of the Pack," a musical based on the life and work of composer Ellie Greenwich, is being presented Wednesday and Thursday, May 23-24, at eight-thirty, and Friday through Sunday, May 25-27, at eight and eleven-thirty. The rest of the schedule: Tuesday and Wednesday, May 29-30, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, **JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS,** and Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, at nine and midnight, **NRBQ.** Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The very good musicians are pianists and bassists: **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, May 26, and **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** and **RAY DRUMMOND** beginning Monday, May 28. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist ***JIMMY LYON*** performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back in the saddle in the Café Carlyle with his trusty aides, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and with his repertoire of twentieth-century high popular art. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Anne Burgess

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, May 23, BMT's, the Gyros, and D. P. & the Grays; Thursday, May 24, G. C. Greene, Kammer Musik, and You're Soaking in It; Friday, May 25, L.E.S.R., Richard X. Heyman, and John Are; Saturday, May 26, Helen Wheels and the Planets; and Tuesday, May 29, Lipstick Stains, Radical Elite, Woofing Cookies, and the United States. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven: Wednesday, May 23, John Caulfield, John Dillon, Rick Epping, and Jerry O'Sullivan; Saturday, May 26, Orin Star & Gary Mehalick, with Fess Moore; and Saturday, June 2, Becum A. Fridays belong to Conway & Ryan. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, May 27, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young tenor saxophonist who plays in a big-voiced, swing-era style, will lead his quintet. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Ed Polcer's band has the floor; on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio can be heard. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz-stars room. A superb three-guitar front line of **HERB ELLIS, BARNEY KESSEL,** and **TAL FARLOW** is here through Sunday, May 27, with **STEVE LA SPINA** and **AKIRA TANA** supplying support on bass and drums, respectively. On Tuesday, May 29, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will come in with his band. Mondays are reserved for guitarist **LES PAUL'S** trio. Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Wednesday, May 23, at nine and eleven, Lei Gwun Ngai & the Rockatonics and Jack Weber; Thursday, May 24, at nine, Bob Miles and Ultraprov; Friday, May 25, at eight and eleven, Suzanne Vega and Paul Geremia; Tuesday, May 29, at nine, Deborah Jean Templin & John Girard, Poez, Karen Lorshbough, Herbie Leith, and Jay Martel & Tim Hall; Wednesday, May 30, at nine and eleven, Ellen Foley & Tom Mandel and R. Stevie Moore; and Saturday, June 2, at eight and eleven, **MIMI FARIÑA** with Frank Christian. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in. The roster: guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS** performs through Saturday, May 26; Sunday and Monday, May 27-28, bassist **DAVE FRIESEN** and guitarist **JOHN STOWELL** will visit; and Tuesday through Thursday, May 29-31, **DANNY MIXON** will take over the piano. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Joe Derise and Frank Tate play piano-bass duets Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson is present, and the same hours on Sundays belong to Mr. Kerr.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-

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EXXON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Henry Francis is at the keyboard Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays, Keith MacDonald mans the dining-room grand, and on Mondays **DICK HYMAN** sits in. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Some real strong piano-bass duos make up the current roster: **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** through Saturday, May 26, and **LOU LEVY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** starting Tuesday, May 29. Music from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, May 23, T-Bone Burnett and jazz, blues, and ballad singer **MARCIA BALL,** one of the best-kept secrets of Texas; Sunday, May 27, blues singer and guitarist **ALBERT COLLINS;** Tuesday, May 29, the New Orleans band the **NEVILLE BROTHERS;** and Wednesday and Thursday, May 30-31, Blue Cheer and the Spencer Davis band. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. **ERNESTINE ANDERSON** sings with tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE** and his quartet through Sunday, May 27; on Tuesday, May 29, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will bring in a sextet. Mondays are the property of the Widespread Jazz Orchestra. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing performer, sings Stephen Sondheim songs through Saturday, May 26. Pianists **DICK HYMAN** and **ROGER KELLAWAY** will arrive on Tuesday, May 29, to present a program entitled "Honky Tonk Piano and Other Delights." Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The lineup: Wednesday, May 23, Mirage; Thursday, May 24, Darryl Foster and Alyson Williams; Monday, May 28, Jump Street; Tuesday, May 29, Victor Lesser; Wednesday, May 30, Myno Jackson; and Thursday, May 31, Rob Locke. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, May 25, Native; Saturday, May 26, Dolce Vita and Curtiss A; Friday, June 1, Opposition and X-Davis; and Saturday, June 2, the Rescue and Lions & Ghosts. Live music from after eleven-thirty. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Such a nice view from the sixty-fifth floor, unless you're socked in by clouds or a fog bank. Drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** and his band salute Ray Noble and play dance music, too, through Sunday, May 27. Starting Tuesday, May 29, Mr. Rosengarden & Co. will be joined by singer **HELEN FORREST** to salute Benny Goodman. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Friday, May 25, the Rockats, and Saturday, May 26, Wire Train. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

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Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, May 23, Ronaldo; Thursday, May 24, Spice, with Mike Boltz, and Funk Fusion; Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, Tiger's Baku; Monday, May 28, Southern Exposure; Tuesday, May 29, the Ed Palermo Contemporary Big Band; Wednesday and Thursday, May 30-31, Robin Beck; and Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, trumpeter **SHUNZO ONO.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, May 23, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI;** Thursday, May 24, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society; Friday, May 25, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** Saturday, May 26, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Sunday, May 27, from six until midnight, a benefit concert of African and Brazilian music and dance; and Tuesday through Thursday, May 29-31, singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO.** Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL** leads his sextet through Saturday, May 26; Sunday, May 27, will be claimed by **SATHIMA BEA BENJAMIN;** on Monday, May 28, the joyous, swinging **DAVID MURRAY BIG BAND** will assemble onstage; and starting Tuesday, May 29, **PHINEAS NEWBORN** will take over the piano bench. Shows from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. The roster: Wednesdays, rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Thursdays through Saturdays, Buster Poindexter (a.k.a. **DAVID JOHANSEN**); Sundays, the Delancey Street Hawaiians; and Tuesdays, the Drivers. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights. On May 28, **RUBEN BLADES** & Los Seis de Solar, Fajardo, and guest jazz soloist, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN,** will all be present. On Friday, May 25, at ten-thirty, saxophonist **BILLY HARPER** and his quintet will alternate with the **SAM RIVERS** quartet; on Sunday, May 27, **OLIVER LAKE** and his out-there reggae band, **JUMP UP,** will be present along with **MILFORD GRAVES, BILL DIXON, SONNY FORTUNE, STANLEY COWELL, RONNIE BURRAGE, RICKY FORD,** and **REGGIE WORKMAN.** . . . ¶ And meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** and soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** work together every night but Monday. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. The **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND** holds forth through Sunday, May 27; on Tuesday, May 29, **RED RODNEY** and **IRA SULLIVAN** and their quintet will descend the stairs. Monday's music is now furnished by the great **FRANK FOSTER** and his youthful, exuberant big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The pianists: Wednesday, May 23, Lee Musiker; Thursday through Sunday, May 24-27, Ted Chavis; Monday through Wednesday, May 28-30, Frank Jolliffe, on the Chapman Stick, and pianist Joe Ruddick; and Thursday through Sunday, May 31-June 3, Joel Forrester. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. **BENNY WATERS,** who was a member of the reed section in the bands of Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, and Jimmie Lunceford once upon a time, leads a quartet through Saturday, May 26; on Sunday, May 27, **LEE KONITZ** will perform alto-sax solos; Monday, May 28, will belong to bassist **AARON BELL;** and Tuesday through Thursday, May 29-31, **CHRIS FLORY,** a young, swing-era-inspired guitarist, will head up a combo. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The current roster: pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, May 26, and starting Tuesday, May 29, Vladimir Shafranou and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS.** Music from eight. Closed Sundays and Monday, May 28.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Shirley MacLaine on Broadway—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Final performances Wednesday, May 23, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, May 24-25, at 8; Saturday, May 26, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 27, at 3.

David Gilmour—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.

Willie Nelson and Family—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Sunday, May 24-27, at 8; Monday, May 28, at 3; and Tuesday, May 29, at 8.

Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday through Sunday, May 25-27, at 10 and midnight.

Simple Minds—With China Crisis. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, May 25, at 8.)

James Jabbo Ware & the Me We & Them Orchestra—In a program of music by Oliver Nelson. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 924-5026. Saturday, May 26, at 9.)

Nana Mouskouri—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 29-30, at 8.

Dan Fogelberg—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday, May 29, at 8.

Bob & Ray—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 31, and Saturday, June 2, at 8.

String Trio of New York—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, June 1, at 8.

Milton Nascimento—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 2, at midnight.

Adamo—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3, at 8.

Benefit Concerts—The Lee Konitz trio, Kirk Lightsey, Harold Danko, and others performing on behalf of WBGO-Jazz 88. (Symphony

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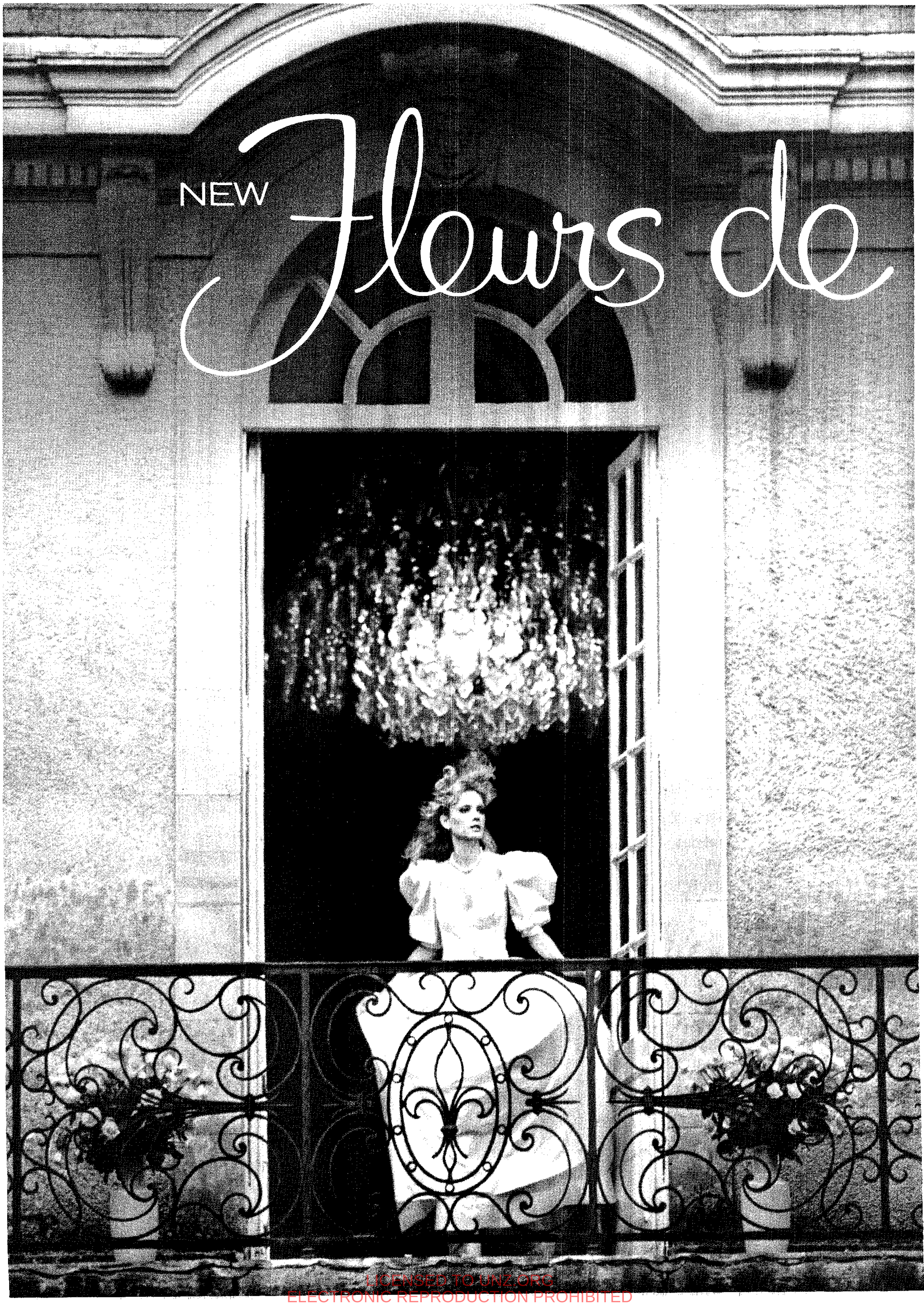
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, May 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ Herman van Veen performing for the benefit of the United States Committee for UNICEF. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 1, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

James Bohary / Don De Mauro—Large, richly colored abstract paintings that reflect the artist's apprenticeship in de Kooning's studio. / Expertly rendered oil portraits, including some of the artist and some of his wife, plus preparatory charcoal drawings. Through Friday, June 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturday, May 26.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Nearly a dozen sculptures executed in Venezuela in 1955, and on view here for the first time. Through June 16. (Rachel Adler, 58 E. 79th St.) . . . ¶ The Whitney Museum has mounted some Calder pieces, at 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St.

Judy Chicago—A benefit show of representative works from the past decade in a variety of mediums. Through Saturday, May 26. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Woman is still the main theme in these new paintings, but the lines are broader and clearer and the color bolder than in the past. There are also new charcoal drawings and enlargements of his bronze sculptures. Through June 23. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Works on paper completed in the past two years and involving gouaches, paste-ups, and this artist's incisive line. Through Thursday, May 31. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Johannes Dörflinger—Abstract pastel drawings whose surfaces have a hard, almost ceramic quality. Through June 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Raoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Brisk watercolors and drawings, notably of top-hatted *turfistes* at Ascot, and the good life in the South of France. Through June 9. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Michio Ihara—Delicate sculptures with stainless-steel bases and movable brass or copper parts. Through Friday, June 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—Still-lifes, landscapes, and even a couple of abstract paintings, but most of all his cool-eyed circus women in their showy uniforms. Through June 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Roger Mühl—Luminous paintings that evoke the tranquillity of the South of France. Through Saturday, June 2. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Robert Natkin—Abstractions, yes, but the colors are heightened and the usual grid nearly absent. Through June 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—A selection of springlike works, mostly watercolors, including several rapidly drawn heads and some particularly colorful groups of flowers. Through June 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Reeve Schley III—New watercolor landscapes, ranging from the desert country around Los Alamos to watering places on Martha's Vineyard and in California, plus glimpses of Manhattan, Venice, and France. Through June 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

William Steig and Jeanne Steig—Fifty-odd drawings by the former, and small wood constructions and figurative cloth-and-leather sculptures by the latter. Through Friday, May 25. (Schiller-Wapner, 36 E. 61st St.)

Michael Tetherow—Semi-abstract paintings of enormously elongated heads. Through Saturday, June 2. (McCoy, a gallery newly opened to the public at 19 E. 71st St.)

Walasse Ting—New still-lifes in brilliant rainbow colors. Through Saturday, May 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Christopher White—Landscapes reduced to abstractions. Through June 9. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Tod Wizon—Surrealist landscapes in which bodies of water collide with bodies of land and an occasional volcano erupts. Hints of figures and architecture can also be discerned. Through June 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.) . . . ¶ P.P.O.W., at 216 E. 10th St., is showing additional paintings. (Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—A retrospective of paintings in oil and watercolor. Through July 14. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CDS GALLERY**, 13 E. 75th St.: An artists-choose-artists exercise involving fourteen painters and sculptors, two works by each. Susan Rothenberg chose Albert York, for instance, and Jedd Garet chose Lucas Samaras. Through June 30. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A nice selection of English watercolors, including a landscape by Sir Edwin Landseer, which he painted in ink, sealing wax, and coffee, using his finger and the stump of a pen, as an after-dinner stunt for his host, Richard Sheridan. Through June 8. . . . **DIAMOND**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: About sixty Americans (abstractionists, chiefly), among them George Ault, Elsie Driggs, I. Rice Pereira, and William Zorach, are represented by paintings and sculptures. Through June 16. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St., and 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: A two-gallery exhibit of paintings and sculptures by forty-three artists who were awarded medals by the Skowhegan School during the years 1971-83. A partial list: Richard Diebenkorn, Robert Irwin, Willem de Kooning, Clyfford Still, Louise Nevelson, Georgia O'Keeffe, Saul Steinberg. Through Thursday, May 31. . . . **HOFFELD**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small-scale paintings by Calder, Chia, Albers, Matisse, and others. Through June 9. . . . **MATHES**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Watercolors and drawings, primarily by early-twentieth-century Americans; included in the roster of twenty are Benton, Dove, Joseph Stella, and Marguerite Zorach. Through June 8. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A tender Modigliani portrait of a young woman, several pen-and-ink sketches by Matisse, and a vintage Utrillo are included in an all-star show. Through June 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A landscape by Milton Avery is in the company of works by other Americans and by Europeans, among them Picasso (represented by a good number of paintings and works on paper) and Schwitters. Through Saturday, June 2. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Francis Bacon / James Rosati—Eleven recent paintings. Through June 5. / Monumental sculptures. Through July 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Edgar Buonagurio—Recent paintings. Through June 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ann Chernow / Henry Moore—Studies of women. / Sculptures and prints. Through Saturday, June 2. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy Dehner—Abstract sculptures in Corten steel and cast bronze; drawings and watercolors. Through Wednesday, May 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Dugan—Large abstract paintings with small islands of recognizable objects. Through Friday, June 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Cornelia Foss—Delicately tinted paintings and drawings of female nudes. Through Saturday, June 2. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sheila Gardner—This watercolorist specializes in large, closeup studies of plants, especially brookside weeds and ferns. Through Thursday, May 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Dimitri Hadzi—Bronze and stone sculptures. Through Saturday, May 26. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Lee Hall—Landscapes in New England and the Southwest are reduced almost to abstractions in these paintings, yet they are a good deal more representational than her previous works. Through Saturday, June 2. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Douglas Higgins / Lester Van Winkle—Freehand paintings of Grecian urns, with collateral sketches and graffiti in the background. / Wood sculptures, painted in bright enamels, of highly imaginative objects and creatures, one of them based on Carmen Miranda. Through Saturday, June 2. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Georges Hugnet (1906-74)—Frisky Surrealist collages by a Parisian poet, critic, and artist, including a parody he did of the *Guide Michelin*. Through Friday, June 1. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Fourteen elegantly shaped lengths of raw, sanded wood. Through Saturday, June 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

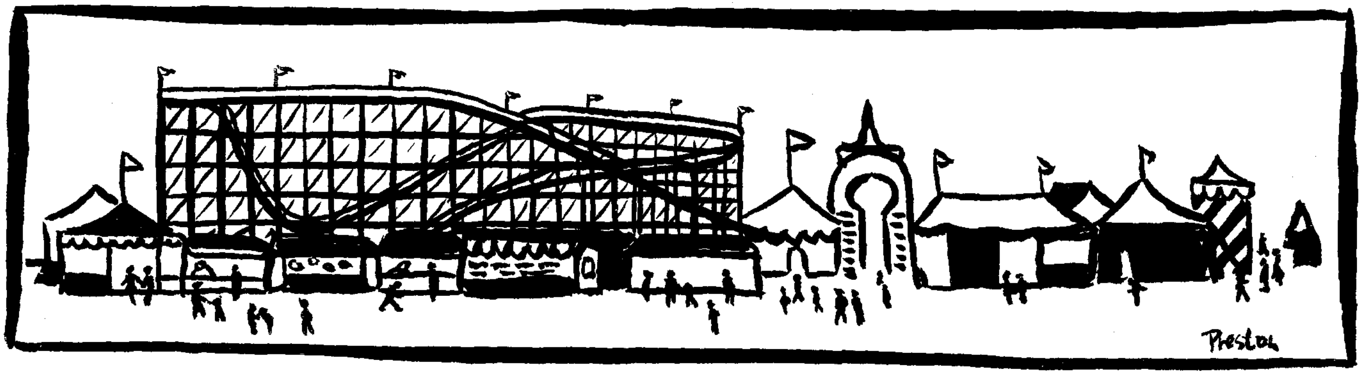
Franz Kline (1910-62)—Paintings. Through June 9. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Knigin / Norman Gorbaty—Small collage paintings of orchids, roses, and tulips, plus vast enlargements, in acrylic and enamel, of same. / Pen-and-ink drawings, based mostly on the artist's travels. Through Thursday, May 31. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

William Kortlander—Southeastern Ohio scenery reproduced in acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, June 2. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Leon Krier—Architectural drawings, including the layout for a whole new town in Bavaria. Through Saturday, June 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Marisol—Seven new sculptures, monumental in



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conception and scale. Through June 8. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Sculptures (ceramic and cast bronze) executed between 1949 and 1981. Through June 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Richard Mock—Expressionist paintings. Through June 16. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—Drawings, pastels, and watercolors. Through June 8. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sigmar Polke—New paintings by this influential German artist, who mixes humor with serious intellectual concerns. For instance, one work, done on a fabric printed with a Cubist design, shows a cartoony real-estate man recommending an igloo to a young couple so persuasively that ice cubes are enveloping them, thus leading us back to Cubism. Through June 9. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

François Rouan—Paintings made up of countless slips of paper, each covered with an abstraction, all fitted together in mosaic patterns. Representational figures of men and beasts occur in some of them. Through June 9. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes painted in oils and gouaches. Through Saturday, May 26. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Barbara Siegel—New paintings and works on paper. Through Tuesday, May 29. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jerald Silva—Outsize watercolors, most of them showing a young female nude, painted with virtuoso realism, who is accompanied by a semi-abstract figure of evil aspect. Through June 9. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

T. L. Solien—Large autobiographical paintings done in symbols—arrows, fish, skulls, bull heads, bottles. Through Saturday, June 2. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Among the works on paper are studies for a project he left unfinished called "The Underground Cathedral." Through June 15. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—New abstract paintings in which varnish is a principal medium. Through June 15. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

William Tucker—Four large and four small bronzes, several plaster maquettes, and drawings by an abstractionist. Through Saturday, June 2. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Thornton Willis—Recent watercolors. Through June 23. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Takako Yamaguchi—Oriental and Western sensibilities merge harmoniously in these decorative works in acrylic and bronze leaf on paper. Through Saturday, May 26. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jack Youngerman—A two-gallery show of wall pieces, ranging from small, bright-colored paintings to huge polystyrene reliefs. Most of the smaller works are at the Washburn gallery at 42 E. 57th St., and most of the big ones at the downtown Washburn, at 113 Greene St. Through June 15.

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER**, 37 W. 57th St.: Large-scale drawings by Don Dudley, Jonathan Santlofer, and Barbara Zucker. Through Saturday, June 2. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, at its new address at 20 W. 57th St.: Prints of New York City, a hundred and eighty of them, by artists from Grace Albee and Harold Altman to Hank Virgona and William Walcot. Through Friday, June 1. . . . **DONSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Flemish and Dutch landscape prints and drawings of the late sixteenth through the seventeenth centuries. Through June 30. . . . **FITCH-FEBVREL**, 5 E. 57th St.: Prints from the past hundred years by French artists, among them Redon, Tissot, Pascin, and Philippe Mohlitz. Through June 30. . . . **HERSTAND**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Surrealist and Surrealist-influenced artists, including Ernst, Magritte, Man Ray, and Motherwell. Through June 30. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: More than sixty American paintings by big names from this century and last (Rembrandt Peale, Charles Demuth, John Marin) and also by contemporaries, such as Philip McCracken and Colleen Browning. Through Thursday, May 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists Edward Betts, Bruce Currie, Maurice Freedman, William Palmer, Gregorio Prestopino, and William Thon showing landscapes in varying degrees of representation. Through Saturday, June 2. . . . **TILTON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Recent works by Tod Wizon, Kiki Smith, William Anastasi, and Bill Taggart, whose wall constructions include a huge, decorative pistol. Through Saturday, May 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Terry Allen—Political drawings and constructions related to Vietnam, most of them incorporating lead sheets inscribed with the artist's sentiments. The show is entitled "Youth in Asia," which gives you the idea. Through Tuesday, May 29. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Jean-Michel Basquiat—New paintings by this maturing graffitist. Through Saturday, May 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Deborah Butterfield / Robert Bechtle—Convincing life-size horses made of colored scrap sheet metal, plus one made of the tangled wire for which this sculptor is best known. / California real estate as seen by a realist painter. Through Saturday, May 26. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Brett De Palma—Semi-abstract collage paintings, some of them with symbolic references to the Wild West—horses, Indians, covered wagons. Through Saturday, June 2. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Jannis Kounellis—Four rows of metal shelves, each with a tongue of soot above—as if a candle had burned there, too close to the wall—and other works the artist made for the Sonnabend Gallery. Through Saturday, May 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Craig Langager—Figurative wall sculptures commissioned as gargoyles for the new Buffalo subway (which sounds much more aesthetic than ours), plus freestanding sculptures called Memorials. Through Saturday, June 2. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Richard Long—New works by a British artist: a long row of cantaloupe-size granite rocks, a twelve-foot circle filled in with concentric rings of muddy handprints on a wall, and spattered on other walls two mud paintings that look like geysers. Through Saturday, June 2. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Longo—Architectural vistas, heads, war scenes, and figures, among other things, are seen in these impressive, industrial-sized paintings-cum-construction. Through Saturday, May 26. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Helmut Middendorf—Large, solitary Neo-Expressionist figures that stand out against backgrounds of lurid colors. The artist is a West German. Through Saturday, June 2. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Nudes in cast bronze, plus maquettes. Through July 1. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Joe Nicastri—Formal and informal portraits of the artist's friends (and patrons) done in acrylics on wet plaster. Through June 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Joan Semmel—Portraits, mostly, by an artist who until now has concentrated on nude studies. Through Saturday, May 26. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Jesús Rafael Soto—Relief paintings and sculptures, including a huge hanging yellow sphere created out of metal rods. Through Saturday, May 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Jim Starrett—Neat, mannered paintings in which crosses, swastikas, chairs, and combs are said to be symbols expressing the artist's conviction that an accommodation existed between the Vatican and the Nazis. Through Saturday, June 2. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Joe Stefanelli—In these new paintings the artist has reverted to the freer draftsmanship and rich colors he employed in the sixties. Through Saturday, May 26. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Racelle Strick / Bill Durham—Landscapes done in loosely handled oils and acrylics, a marked departure from the disciplined striations of her former work. / Flamboyantly colorful abstractions. Through June 3. (Arbitrage, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Richard Thompson / Papo Colo—Paintings of eccentric figures in fantasy predicaments, by an artist who says the forms derive from desert cactuses. / Paintings and drawings done in a deliberately primitive manner. Through Saturday, June 2. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Clover Vail—Abstract works made up of chips of torn and painted museum board assembled in layers and framed. Through Saturday, June 2. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Grace Bakst Wapner / Sharon Gold—An eight-panel teak-and-copper screen. / Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through June 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Joan Witek—Simple shapes worked out in black oilstick and graphite on raw canvas. Through June 23. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Handmade Furniture—Some shows by contemporary artisans who make furniture. At **HENOCH**, 80 Wooster St.: David Ebner, John Dunnigan, and Richard Scott Newman. Through June 17. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: Eleven practitioners, including Judy Lictenstein, Andy Pawlan, and Dakota Jackson. Through June 16. . . . **MILLIKEN**, 98 Prince St.: Wendell Castle, Wendy Stayman, and others. Through July 6.

Group Shows—At the **BONNIER**, 420 West Broadway: James Rosenquist, Jim Dine, Christo, and Julian Schnabel are among the thirteen artists represented in this show. Through June 23. . . . **BRYERS**, 111 Greene St.: One work each by eight artists, among them Salle, Borofsky, Longo, and Haring. Through Saturday, May 26. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a show that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through July 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **MANHATTAN ART**, 81 Greene St.: Works by ten artists who will be seen at the upstate Artpark this summer, among them Brigid Kennedy, Chris Burden, Dennis Oppenheim, and Scott Pfaffman, who is represented by an antic life-size iron horse with a firebox for a belly. Through Saturday, May 26. . . . **THORP**, 103 Prince St.: Recent paintings by David Deutsch, David True, and Anton van Dalen. Through June 16.

OTHER GALLERIES

Russell Sharon / Mark Kostabi—Paintings of cows, landscapes, figures done in bright acrylics on the reverse side of transparent vinyl sheets, which gives a high gloss to the works. / Ink drawings. Through Saturday, May 26.

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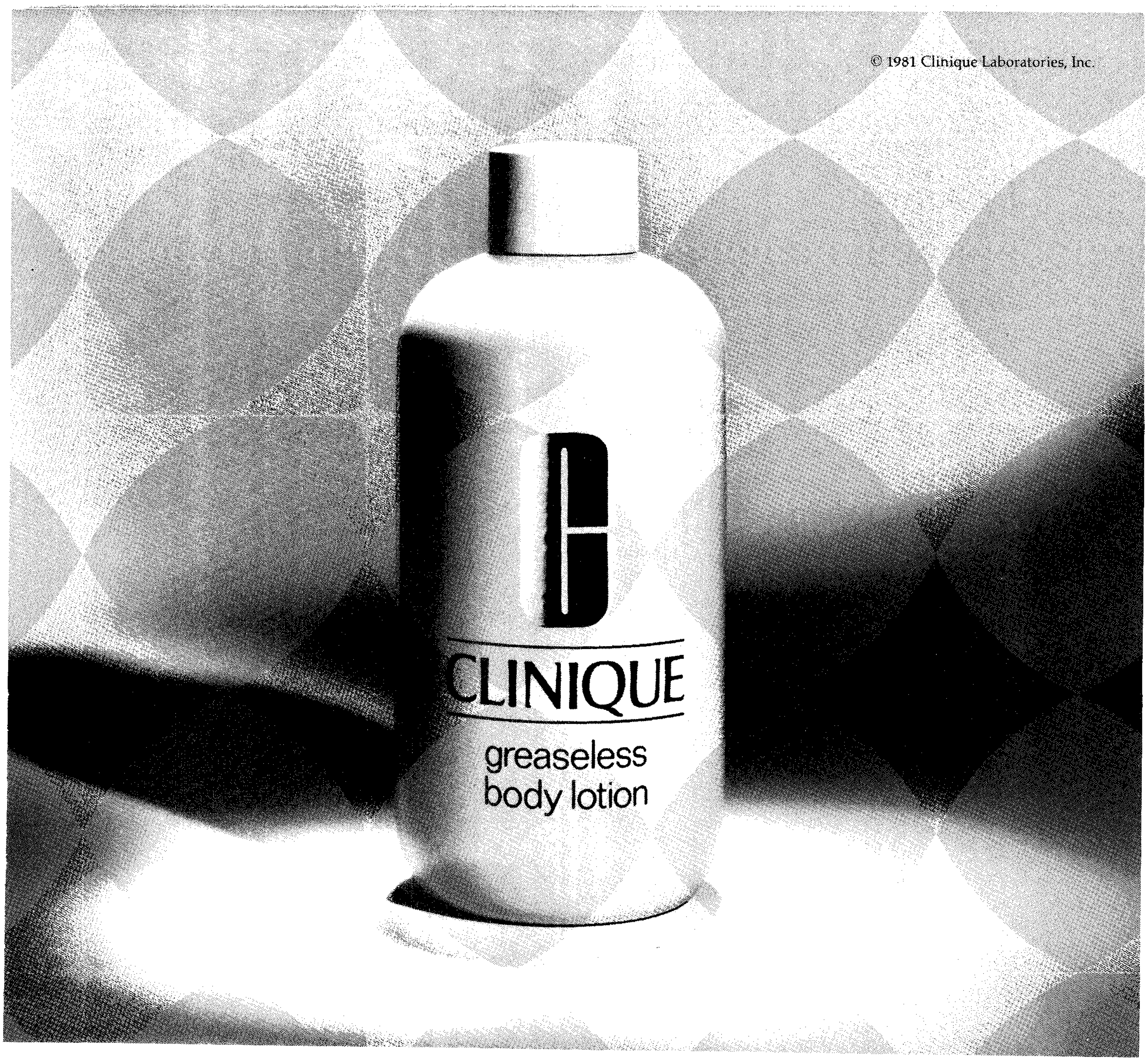

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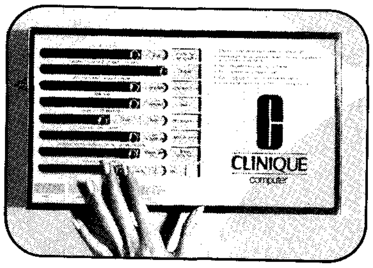

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Gretchen Dow Simpson—Nineteen paintings, several of which appeared as covers on this magazine, and prints. Through Thursday, May 31. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Norman Tuck—Sculptural works that move, either by motor or clockwork, or a hand crank; they are hard to distinguish from machines, except that their motion is for looks only. Through June 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Group Show—Drawings and a painting completed in the early seventies by Alfred Leslie; four charcoal drawings by Myron Stout; and a single steel sculpture by Mark di Suvero. Through June 16. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

William Clift—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a photographer from Santa Fe; first one-man show in New York. Through June 30. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

John Coplans and Nancy Hellebrand—Portraits by two photographers whose styles are very different. Through Saturday, May 26. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Arnold Genthe (1869-1942) / **Gertrude Blom**—Portraits of Teddy Roosevelt, Ezra Pound, Sarah Bernhardt, and other notables, and scenes of Japan in 1908 are just a few of the many photographs. / A pictorial essay spanning forty years, documenting the impact of civilization on the culture and environment of the Mayan Indians in Chiapas, Mexico. Through Sunday, May 27. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Lotte Jacobi / Tom Baril—Photographs of Germany between the wars. / Prints of local diners. Through June 23. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon; closed Saturday, May 26.)

Ray K. Metzker—Black-and-white studies of sharp contrasts, most of them photographed on city streets. Through Saturday, June 2. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Francesco Scavullo—Portraits. The photographer's works silk-screened onto canvas and then painted over with enamel: Princess Grace, Lena Horne, Elizabeth Taylor, and others. Through Saturday, June 2. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Margaret Watkins (1884-1969)—Still-lifes, landscapes, portraits, and nudes. Also, a few works by some of her students, among them Ralph Steiner, Doris Ulmann, and Laura Gilpin. Through Saturday, May 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bruce Weber—Photographs of athletes made recently at Olympic training camps in Texas and Los Angeles. Through June 30. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Cranbrook Academy of Art. Furniture, objects, and drawings by first-generation faculty and students, including Eliel Saarinen, Charles and Ray Eames, Knoll, and Bertoia. There is also an assortment of sculptures, paintings, and textiles. Through June 17. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through July 15. . . . ¶ The collection of Near Eastern antiquities reopened recently in refurbished galleries on the second floor. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849-1916). Through June 3. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The inaugural exhibition in the expanded galleries is entitled "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Recent with a capital "R": the nearly two hundred works are by artists who were selected because they have become prominent only in the past decade. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Works of a social and political nature by Robert Adams, Jim Goldberg, and Joel Sternfeld have been mounted in the department's new home on the second floor. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Spanish Cubist Juan Gris has more than eighty paintings, drawings, and collages from throughout the artist's brief career. Through July 8. . . . ¶ Complementing the Gris show is "Painting in Paris 1909-25," which has thirty-five works (from the museum's collection) by some of his School of Paris contemporaries—Braque, Picasso, Léger, and others. Starts Friday, May 25. . . . ¶ Four large-scale sculptures by Michael Singer, one installed in the museum's rotunda; also, a dozen drawings. Through July 8. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, May 28, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Fifteen illuminated sculptures by R. M. Fischer, constructed from found objects and industrial materials, are aglow in the lobby gallery and lower gallery. Through July 22. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five contemporaneous New York artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through July 15. . . . ¶ American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through July 29. . . . ¶ A show of Jim Dine's intaglio print series, "Nancy Outside in July." Through July 1. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, May 28, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of works by newly elected members and recipients of honors and awards in the arts and literature. Manuscripts and scores by George Kennan, Paul Theroux, Lewis Thomas, Amy Clampitt, Andrea Lee, Jamaica Kincaid, Denis Johnson, David St. John, Don Delillo, Bobbie Ann Mason, David Del Tredici, and others. Mary Frank, Al Held, and Chaim Gross are among the artists represented by paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through June 10. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit, organized by the Denver Art Museum, examining the predominance of the circle as a motif in the religious and domestic designs of the Plains Indians in the mid-nineteenth century. More than a hundred and fifty objects, including tepees, toys, beaded saddle blankets, a war headdress, and a ghost-dance dress. Through July 15. . . . ¶ A show of silver jewelry (primarily Navajo) from the Southwest, 1860 to the present. Through July 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of robes worn by ladies of the Japanese aristocracy, sixteenth century to nineteenth. Through June 17. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the

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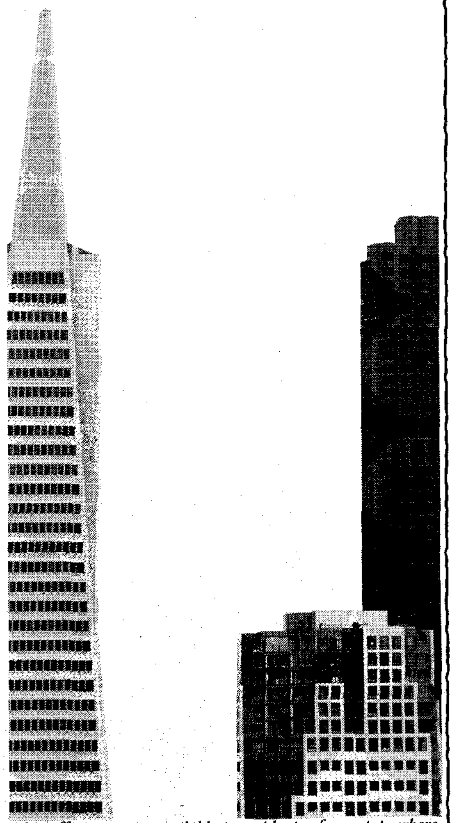

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Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, except May 28, through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 28, from 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The library has much to show for its sixty years, and in that spirit offers two anniversary exhibits from its collections: French drawings, 1550 to 1825, by Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and others; and a display of illuminated manuscripts and autograph manuscripts ranging from a Dutch "Hours of Catherine of Cleves" to Steinbeck's yellow-pad manuscript of "Travels with Charley." Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, in temporary quarters at 125 W. 55th St.—Among the textiles, domestic objects, and artifacts on display from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. James O. Keene are an 1850 Baltimore album quilt and ten carved-wood pieces by Wilhelm Schimmel. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The two rooms from the John D. Rockefeller, Sr., residence which were saved when the house was demolished in 1937 (to make room for the Museum of Modern Art's Sculpture Garden) have been reinstalled. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, May 28, from 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Painting in the American South is surveyed in a show of a hundred or so canvases. Through Sunday, May 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Henry Varnum Poor (1888-1970) who, while a prominent ceramist (a large nude meant for the wall of a shower serves as one example), during his long life wore many hats—painter, muralist, teacher. Through July 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A wine-splashed document authorizing the 1803 sale of the Louisiana Territory (Napoleon apparently was overcome) is included in a show that illustrates three centuries of events in American history via the written or printed word; all the items come from the society's collection. Through July 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection pays tribute to the Academy of American Poets—this year marks its fiftieth—with a display of books, manuscripts, and letters by Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, May Swenson, Robert Penn Warren, James Merrill, and others. (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Monday, May 28, from 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

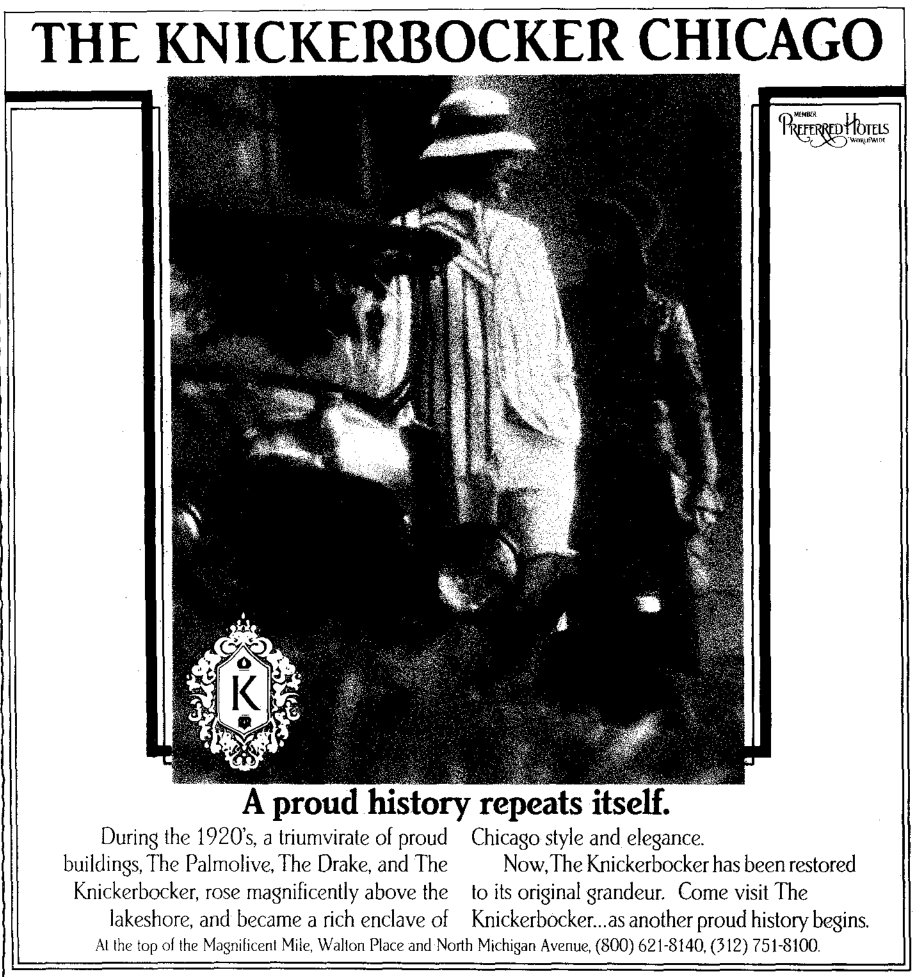
EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Lin Osterhage (performance), Thursday, May 31, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Jim Pridgeon. Through Saturday, May 26. . . . ¶ A show of books and other works on paper by artists from Iceland. Through July 28.

THE KITCHEN, 59 Wooster St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Paintings by Anton van Dalen, Jennifer Bolande, and others. Through Saturday, June 2.

P.S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon



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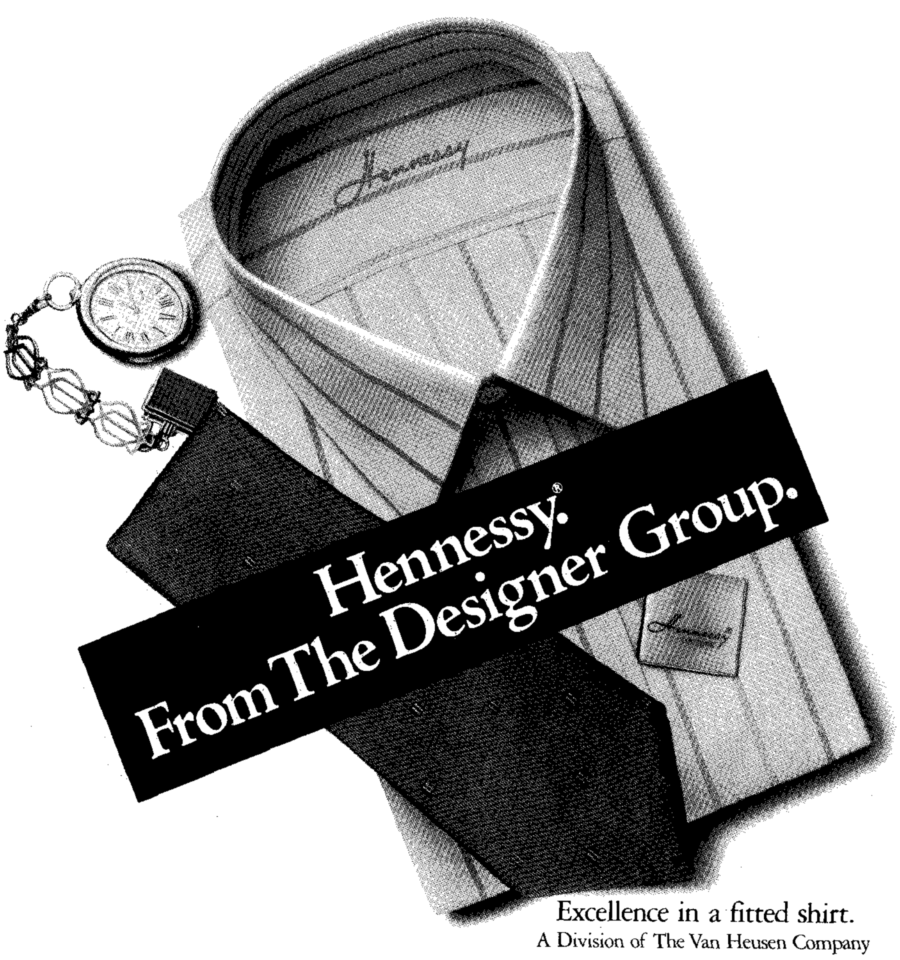

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to 6.—The main exhibition is one of paintings by Australian artists Mike Parr, Imants Tillers, and Ken Unsworth. . . . ¶ The second floor is given over to contemporary portraits by more than a hundred artists. Both shows through June 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Falstaff." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Bel Canto Opera—Yuval Waldman conducting Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," staged by Elizabeth Szczygielska. (Jesse Strauss School, 270 W. 70th St. Saturdays, May 26 and June 2, at 8, and Sundays, May 27 and June 3, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Erich Leinsdorf directing performances of Mahler's Third Symphony, with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; the New York Choral Artists; and the Brooklyn Boys' Chorus. The final concerts of the regular season. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, May 24, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); Friday, May 25, at 2; and Saturday, May 26, at 8.)

Horizons '84, the New Romanticism—A Broader View—Opening performances of a series of ten concerts that will run through Friday, June 8. Thursday, May 31: Hans Werner Henze and Krzysztof Penderecki each conducting the New York Philharmonic in a performance of one of his own works. With Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 1: Experimental composer-performers Stuart Dempster, trombone; Jon Deak, contrabass; and Diamanda Galas, soprano, in a program of their own compositions, plus works by Robert Erickson, Kenneth Gaburo, and George Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 2: Leonard Slatkin conducting the New York Philharmonic in a program of music by Christopher Rouse, Robert Beaser, Thea Musgrave, and Donald Erb. With Jan Opalach, bass-baritone, and the Bergen Youth Orchestra. In addition, the American Brass Quintet will perform a work by Elliott Carter. (Avery Fisher Hall. Evenings at 8.)

Pittsburgh Symphony—André Previn conducting—A program of twentieth-century music, with Mr. Previn acting as piano soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ An all-Copland program, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

New York Opera Repertory Theatre—Leigh Gibbs Gore conducting the New York première of Robert Ward's "Abelard and Heloise" in concert form, with Phyllis Hunter, soprano; Mark Jackson, tenor; and Lawrence Cooper, baritone. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Thursday, May 31, and Saturday, June 2, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 31, at 8.)

RECITALS

Benita Valente—Soprano, with Cynthia Raim, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

David Finckel—Cello. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

Maryvonne Le Dizes-Richard—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

Jon Kimura Parker—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

Edmund Niemann—Piano, in a program of contemporary music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

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Mendelssohn String Quartet, Stephanie Brown, and Yefim Bronfman—A program of music for string quartet and two pianos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson and Frances Bing—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 26, at 8:30.)

Omega Ensemble—Chamber music. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, May 27, at 2:30. Admission by contribution.)

Marina Kruglikov and Efrem Briskin—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 27, at 8:30.)

Janis-Rozena Peri—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 29, at 8.)

David Golub, Mark Kaplan, and Colin Carr—Piano, violin, and cello, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Walter Trampler, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 29, at 8.)

Tafelmusik—Baroque and contemporary chamber music. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Tuesday, May 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Elizabeth Rich—The last in a series of concerts presenting the cycle of Mozart piano sonatas. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 30, at 8.)

Patricia Neely—Viola da gamba, with assisting artists. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Wednesday, May 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

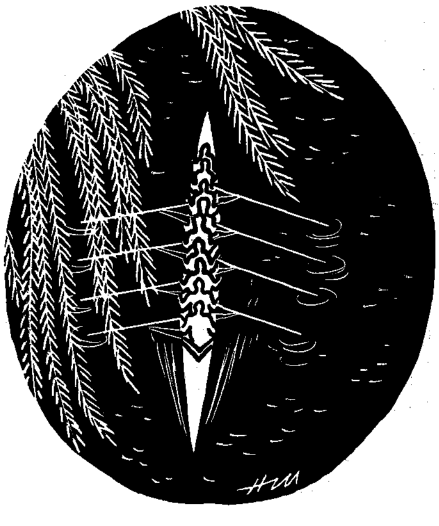
John van Buskirk—Fortepiano, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 31, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. San Francisco, Wednesday and Thursday, May 23-24, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, May 25, at 8:05; Saturday, May 26, at 1:20; and Sunday, May 27, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Diego, Monday, May 28, at 1:35, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 29-30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Thursday, May 31, at 7:35; Friday, June 1, at 8:05; and Saturday, June 2, at 7:35.

Bicycling—The finale of the *Self* Cycling Circuit, a twenty-five-mile race, will start at ten-thirty on Wednesday, May 30, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green, and finish back at the same place.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, May 31-June 2.)



Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Saranac, Wednesday, May 23; the Acorn, Saturday, May 26; the Peter Pan, Sunday, May 27; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 28; and the Red Smith Handicap, Saturday, June 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, May 28, between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Monday, May 28, at 11:30.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, from Friday, May 25, through Saturday, Sept. 1.

Running—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with close to seven thousand participating, will start at ten-thirty on Saturday, June 2, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green, and finish at almost the same place.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Monday, May 28, at 1:30: Udinese vs. Fluminense and Cosmos vs. Barcelona. Two games in the Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup series. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 30, at 9: Italy vs. the United States National team. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 16. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8, except Monday, May 28, when post time will be 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

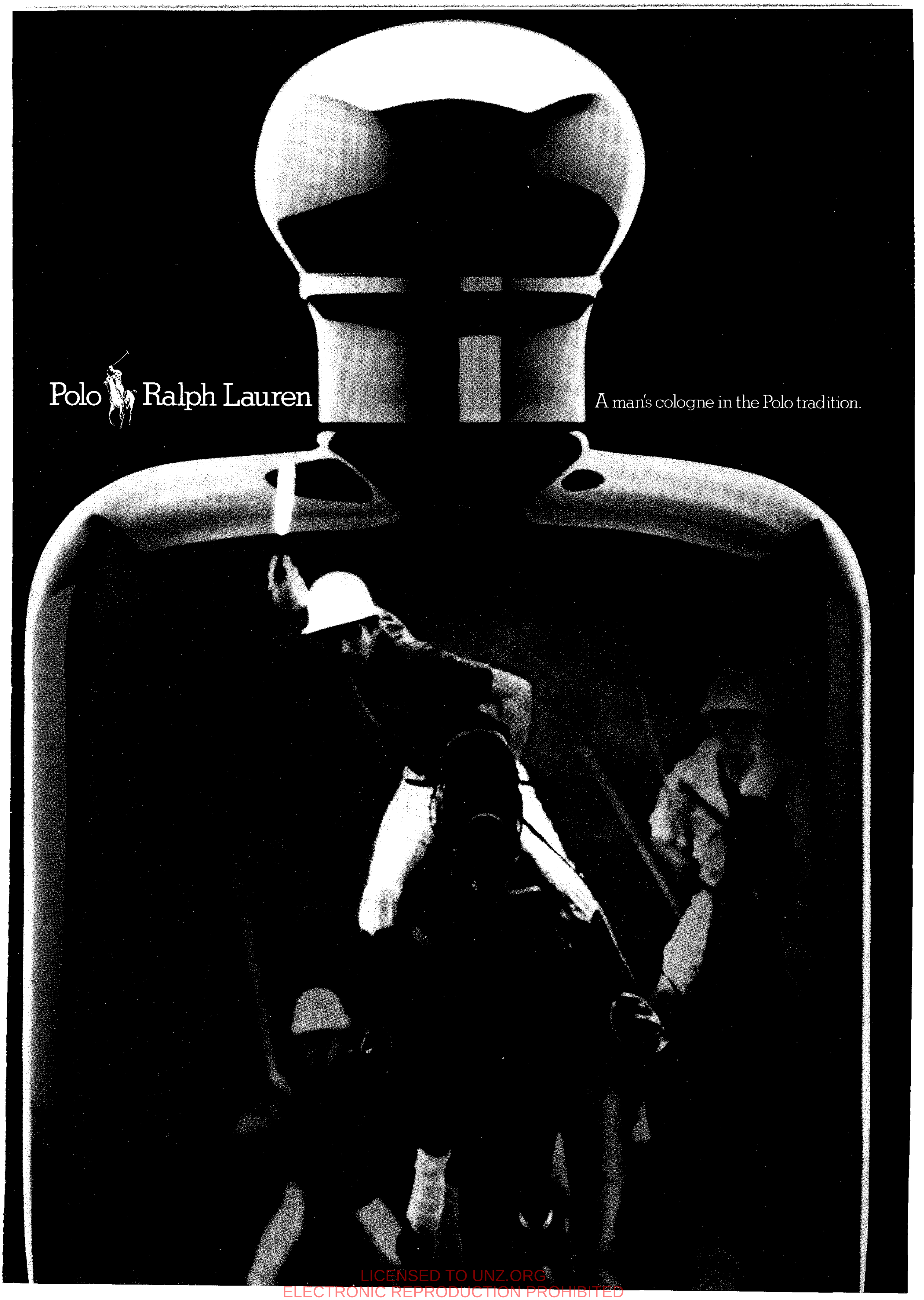
ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Nora Ephron, Fran Lebowitz, Calvin Trillin, Roy Blount, Jr., and Barbara Feldon reading from the Mordecai Richler anthology "The Best of Modern Humor." (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Tuesday, May 29, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 737-1450.) . . . ¶ James McCourt reading from his own work. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, May 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Walking Tour—"The Fifties," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 27, starting at the International Building, Fifth Ave. between 50th and 51st Sts., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 23, at 2: Manuscript Americana. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 24, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 29, at 7, and Wednesday, May 30, at 10:15 and 2: Latin-American paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints; from the Joseph Cantor collection, from the Paulette Goddard collection, and from the estate of Lester Wolfe. Admission to the Tuesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-8451. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 30, at 7, and Thursday, May 31, at 2: Eighteenth-to-twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, May 25. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, May 24, at 10 and 2: Twentieth-century decorative arts, including chairs and windows by Frank Lloyd Wright, Egyptian Revival furniture, and Tiffany pieces. . . . ¶ Friday, May 25, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century paintings and drawings by such artists as Delacroix, Courbet, and Millet. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 31, at 10:30: Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures, among them works by Matta, Diego Rivera, and Ernesto Icaza. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 26.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semi-annual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, May 26-28; Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3; and Saturday and Sunday, June 9-10, from noon until sundown.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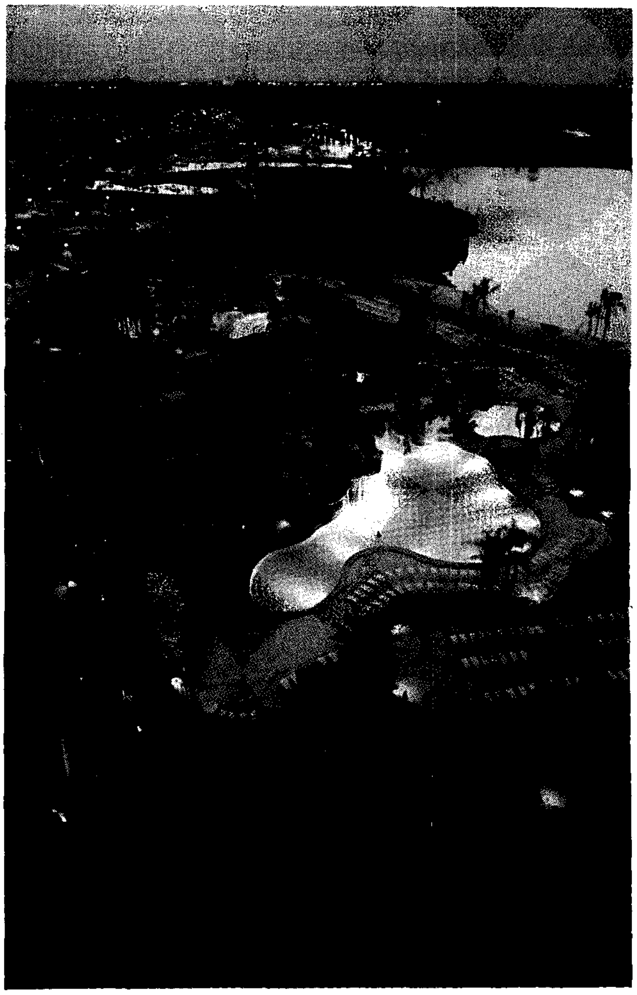

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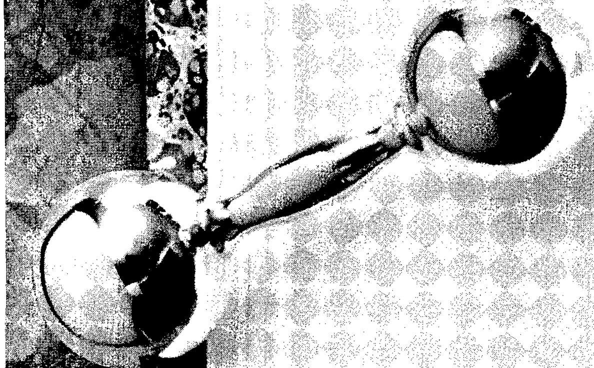

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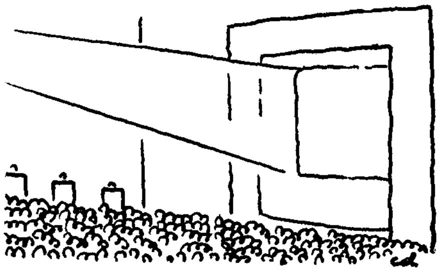
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 24: "Les Parents Terribles" (†).
May 25-27: "Les Parents Terribles" (†) and "The Blood of a Poet" (†).
May 29-31: "Les Parents Terribles" (†) and "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
From June 1: "Les Parents Terribles" (†) and "Orpheus" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Finders Keepers" (directed by Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 24: "Suburbia" (Penelope Spheeris); and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
From May 25: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 31: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.
From June 1: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Sixteen Candles" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 31: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
From June 1: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 3: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Natural" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Sixteen Candles" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Natural" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Romancing the Stone" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 24: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
From May 25: "Heat of Desire" (Luc Béraud; in French), with Patrick Dewaere.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through May 24: "The Final Terror" (Andrew Davis), with John Friedrich and Rachel Ward. May 25-31: To be announced. From June 1: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through May 24: "Terms of Endearment" (†). From May 25: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 2: "Racing with the Moon" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 24: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.
From May 25: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: "Finders Keepers" (Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo. From June 1: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
Theatre 2: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 31: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
From June 1: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Making the Grade" (Dorian Walker), with Judd Nelson and Jonna Lee.
Theatre 2: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Zappa" (Bille August; in Danish).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 24: "Swing Shift" (†).
From May 25: "Cold Feet" (Bruce vanDusen), with Griffin Dunne and Blanche Baker.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Sixteen Candles" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 2: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 31: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.
From June 1: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: "Making the Grade" (Dorian Walker), with Judd Nelson and Jonna Lee.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "In Heaven There Is No Beer?" (1983; directed by Les Blank) and "Sprout Wings and Fly" (1983; Les Blank), both documentaries.
Theatre 2: Through May 29: "My Dinner with André" (1981; Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and André Gregory. May 30-31: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (†) and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (†). June 1-2: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (†) and "Life of Brian" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Revolt of Job" (Imre Gyöngyössy and Barna Kabay; in Hungarian).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through May 24: "Danny Boy" (Neil Jordan), with Stephen Rea and Honor Heffernan. From May 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola).
Theatre 2: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 3: Through May 24: "The Bounty." From May 25: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.
Theatre 4: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Splash" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through May 24: "The Dresser" (†).
From May 25: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through June 2 (tentative): "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through May 24: "The Mission" (Parviz Sayyad; in Farsi).
From May 25: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Racing with the Moon" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Erendira" (Ruy Guerra; in Spanish), with Irene Papas.
Theatre 2: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: "Irezumi" (Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 24: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day. From May 25: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through May 24: "El Norte" (†). From May 25: "Cold Feet" (Bruce vanDusen), with Griffin Dunne and Blanche Baker.
Theatre 2: "Tomorrow" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Sixteen Candles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Natural" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 24: "Finders Keepers" (Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo. From May 25: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 2: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Theatre 2: Through May 24: "The Final Terror" (Andrew Davis), with John Friedrich and Rachel Ward. From May 25: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 24: "Making the Grade" (Dorian Walker), with Judd Nelson and Jonna Lee. From May 25: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.
Theatre 4: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: "Greystoke: The

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†). From June 1: "Once Upon a Time in America" (directed by Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (†).

Theatre 3: "Scarface" (†).

Theatre 4: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano.

Theatre 5: Through May 31: "Hardbodies" (Mark Griffiths), with Grant Cramer. From June 1: "Sixteen Candles" (†).

Theatre 6: Through May 24: "Suburbia" (Penelope Spheeris). From May 25: "Finders Keepers" (Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Splash" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).
Theatre 3: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 4: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Making the Grade" (Dorian Walker), with Judd Nelson and Jonna Lee.
Theatre 2: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through May 31: "Sixteen Candles" (†).
From June 1: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Footloose" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.
Theatre 2: Through May 31: "The Final Terror" (Andrew Davis), with John Friedrich and Rachel Ward. From June 1: "Being."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: "Breakin'" (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From June 1: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
Theatre 2: "The Natural" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through May 24: "Finders Keepers" (Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo. From May 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Seeing Red: Stories of American Communists" (1984; *directed by Julia Reichert* and James Klein), a documentary.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Carmen" (1983; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Beyond Good and Evil" (1984; Liliana Cavani; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 24: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).
May 25-26: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe.
May 27-29: "Children of the Corn" (1984; Fritz Kiersch), with Peter Horton and Linda Hamilton; and "Christine" (1983; John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.
May 30-31: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†); and "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, Melanie Mayron, and John Shea.
June 1-2: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 31: "The Final Terror" (Andrew Davis), with John Friedrich and Rachel Ward.
From June 1: "Flashdance" (†) and "Footloose" (†).

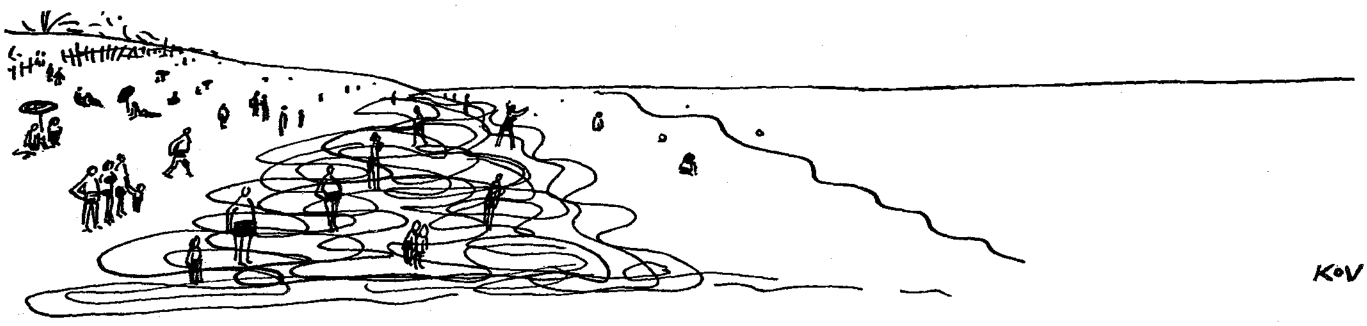
Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
May 23: "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (1956; Daniel Mann), with Susan Hayward, Richard Conte, Eddie Albert, *Don Taylor, and Jo* Van Fleet; and "I Want to Live!" (1958; Robert Wise), with Susan Hayward and Simon Oakland.
May 24-26: "Sudden Impact" (1983; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood; and "Never Say Never Again" (1983; Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery as James Bond.
May 27-28: "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman), with the Marx Brothers; "Go West" (†); and "At the Circus" (1939; Edward Buzzell), with the Marx Brothers.
May 29-30: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), and "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), all with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
May 31-June 2: "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown; and "Excalibur" (1981; John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 24: "The Wiz" (1978; Sidney Lumet), with Diana Ross, Michael Jackson, Nipsey Russell, and Ted Ross; and "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972; Sidney J. Furie), with Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, and Richard Pryor.
May 25-26: "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor; and "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
May 27: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
May 28-29: "Magnum Force" (†), "Dirty Harry" (†), and "The Enforcer" (†).
May 30-31: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).
June 1-2: "Prince of the City" (†) and "Fort Apache, the Bronx" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
May 23: "Panic in the Streets" (1950; Elia Kazan), with Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, Jack Palance, Zero Mostel, and Barbara Bel Geddes; and "A Face in the Crowd" (1957; Elia Kazan), with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa.
May 24: "Nostalghia" (1984; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "The Mirror" (1974; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
May 25-31: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French).
June 1: "La Chinoise" (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey.
June 2: "Wild Style" (1983; Charlie Ahearn); and "Flashdance" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
A festival of Cary Grant films:
May 23: "Dream Wife" (1953; Sidney Sheldon), with Deborah Kerr, Betta St. John, and Walter Pidgeon; and "Crisis" (1950; Richard Brooks), with José Ferrer.
May 24-26: "Father Goose" (1964; Ralph Nelson), with Leslie Caron and Trevor Howard; and "Walk, Don't Run" (1966; Charles Walters), with Samantha Eggar and *Jim Hutton.*
May 27-28: "Houseboat" (1958; Melville Shavelson), with Sophia Loren, Martha Hyer, and Harry Guardino; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.
May 29-30: "That Touch of Mink" (1962; Delbert Mann), with Doris Day, Gig Young, and Audrey Meadows; and "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Walter Matthau.
May 31-June 2: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
May 23: "Sword of Justice #3" (1972; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "The Naked Seven" (1974; Yasuhara Hasabe; in Japanese).
May 24: "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright; and "The Long, Hot Summer" (1958; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, and Orson Welles.
May 25: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton; and "Beau Père" (1981; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.



May 26: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

May 27-28: "Pandora's Box" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks; and "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks.

May 29: "The Lavender Hill Mob" (†) and "The Ladykillers" (†).

May 30: "Sun Legend of the Shogunate's Last Days" (1957; in Japanese); and "Irezumi: The Spider Tattoo" (1966; Yasuzo Masumura; in Japanese).

May 31: "The Bride and the Beast" (1958), with Lance Fuller; and "Wrestling Women vs. the Aztec Mummy" (1964).

June 1-2: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 23: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell; and "Tobacco Road" (1941; John Ford), with Charley Grapewin, Gene Tierney, Marjorie Rambeau, and Elizabeth Patterson.

May 24: "The Return of Frank James" (1940; Fritz Lang), with Henry Fonda; and "Western Union" (1941; Fritz Lang), with Robert Young and Randolph Scott.

May 25-26: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.

May 27: "Murder Most Foul" (1965) and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

May 28: "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Marilyn Monroe, and Sybil Thorndike; and "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart.

May 29: "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman; and "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972; George Roy Hill), with Michael Sacks.

May 30: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Two Women" (†).

May 31: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, and James Gleason; and "Home from the Hill" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard.

June 1-2: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—May 24 at 2:30 and 6: "Je Tu Il Elle" (1974; directed by Chantal Akerman; in French, with English subtitles), with Akerman, Niels Arestrup, and Claire Wauthion. For adults only. . . . ¶ May 25 at 2:30: "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger. . . . ¶ May 25 at 6: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932; Edward Cline), with W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie. . . . ¶ May 26 at 2:30: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ May 26 at 5: "Dr. Strangelove" (1963; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. . . . ¶ May 27 at 2:30: "Umberto D." (1952; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Carlo Battisti and Mario Pia Casilio. . . . ¶ May 27 at 5: "Miss Lulu Bett" (1921; William de Mille; a silent film), with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, and Theodore Roberts. . . . ¶ May 28 at 2:30: A program of short films, 1905-10. . . . ¶ May 28 at 6: "Flowers of Saint Francis" (1950; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Aldo Fabrizi. . . . ¶ May 29 at 2:30: "Dr. Strangelove." . . . ¶ May 29 at 6: "The Invisible Man" (1933; James Whale), with Claude Rains and Gloria Stuart. . . . ¶ May 31 at 2:30 and 6: "A Nineteen-Year-Old's Map" (1979; Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Yuji Homma, Keizo Kanie, and Hideko Okiyama. . . . ¶ June 1 at 2:30: "The Plow That Broke the Plains" (1936; Pare Lorentz) and "The River" (1939; Pare Lorentz). . . . ¶ June 1 at 6: "The Navigator" (1924; Donald Crisp and Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton and Kathryn McGuire. . . . ¶ June 2 at 2:30: "Million Dollar Legs." . . . ¶ June 2 at 5: "Flowers of Saint Francis." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Two of three programs of films directed by Oscar Micheaux. Through May 27, "Body and Soul" (1924; a silent film), with Paul Robeson, Mercedes Gilbert, and Juliet Theresa Russell, is being shown daily at 12:30; and "The Exile" (1931), with Eunice Brooks, Charles Moore, and A. B. Comathiere, is being shown daily at 3. . . . ¶ Starting May 29, "Ten Minutes to Live" (1932), with Laurence Chenault and A. B. Comathiere, will be shown daily at 12:30; and "Swing" (1936), with Cora Green, Hazel Diaz, and Carmen Newsome, will be shown daily at 3 (and Tuesday at 6). Closed Mondays.

Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (594-2826)—Two films directed by Alan Schneider: "Rockaby," with Billie Whitelaw, and "Beckett on Film," with Buster Keaton. (Wednesday and Thursday, May 23-24, at 8; Friday, May 25, at 6, 8, and 10; Saturday, May 26, at 2, 6, 8, and 10; and Sunday, May 27, at 3, 5, and 7.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe (1954)—Luis Buñuel's color version of the Defoe novel is free of that deadly solicitude that usually kills off classics. The film is a simple, unsentimental account of Defoe's basic themes: a man alone, face to face with nature; then a man terribly alone, unable to confront lack of love and friendship; and finally, after the lacerations of desire, a man ludicrously alone. Buñuel used Dan O'Herlihy, a fine actor with a beautiful voice, and photographed him in the jungle of Manzanillo, near Acapulco. In the delirium sequence, Buñuel is the same startling director who made film history. When Crusoe shouts to the hills in order to hear the companionable echo, and when he rushes to the sea in desperate longing for a ship, loneliness is brought, in sudden shocks, to a pitch of awe and terror. Crusoe's eventual meeting with Friday (James Fernandez) changes the tone to irony. (Film Forum; May 30-31.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie (he wrote and directed it) is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. As a child escapes from everyday family life into the magic of a storybook, so, in the film, Beauty's farm, with its Vermeer simplicity, fades in intensity as we are caught up in the Gustave Doré extravagance of the Beast's enchanted landscape. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice for him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. (When shown the film, Greta Garbo is reported to have said at the end, "Give me back my Beast.") The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André as the father, Michel Auclair as the brother, and Mila Parély as a sister. Alekan was the cinematographer; Georges Auric wrote the score; Bérard did the décor and costumes. (A running account of the making of the picture—anxieties, physical ailments, mistakes, and all—is given in Cocteau's entertaining 1950 book "Diary of a Film.") In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; May 29-31.)

The Blood of a Poet (1930)—Jean Cocteau's first film is an enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown, composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a chimney topples. Here is Cocteau's own interpretation: "The poet's solitude is so great, he so lives what he creates, that the mouth of one of his creations lives in his hand like a wound, and that he loves this mouth, that he loves himself in short, that he wakes up in the morning with this mouth against him like a pickup, that he tries to get rid of it, and that he gets rid of it on a dead statue—and that this statue begins to live—and that it takes its revenge, and that it sets him off upon awful adventures. I can tell you that the snowball fight is the poet's childhood, and that when he plays the games of cards with his Glory, with his Destiny, he cheats by taking from his childhood that which he should draw from within himself." The first time you see this film, you're likely to find it silly, auto-erotic, static, absurd, and you may feel cheated after having heard so much about it. But though it may seem to have no depth, you're not likely to forget it—it has a suggestiveness unlike any other film. Almost twenty years later, in "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the themes of the dreams of the poet. Music by Georges Auric. Cinematography by Georges Périnal. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; May 25-27.)

The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Luis Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity—perhaps a little more giddy than usual. It has a wonderful start: Archibaldo finds a music box which reawakens his memories of a childhood experience. His governess had found him dressed up in his mother's clothes, and while she was bawling him out for it a stray bullet from the revolution going on outside killed her. This gratification of his desires gave him ecstasy. Later, Archibaldo keeps trying to recapture that sexual pleasure, but his attempts to commit murder are continually frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. With Ernesto Alonso as the smiling dilettante and fantasist Archibaldo, and Miroslava Stern as the amoral Lavinia. The script, by Buñuel and Eduardo Ugarte, is based on a story by Rodolfo Usigli. In Spanish. (Film Forum; May 30-31.)

Dirty Harry (1971)—This right-wing fantasy about the San Francisco police force as a helpless group (emasculated by the unrealistic liberals) propagandizes for paralegal police power and vigilante justice. The only way that the courageous cop Dirty Harry Callahan (Clint Eastwood) can protect the city against the mad hippie killer (Andy Robinson) who terrorizes women and children is by taking the law into his own hands. Harry, who knows what justice is and how to carry it out, is the best there is, a Camelot cop; he got his nickname because he's the dedicated trouble-shooter who draws the dirtiest assignments. He is our martyr—stained on our behalf. As suspense craftsmanship, the picture is trim, brutal, and exciting; it was directed in the sleekest style by the veteran urban-action director Don Siegel, and Lalo Schifrin's pulsating, jazzy electronic trickery drives the picture forward. It's also a remarkably single-minded attack on liberal values, with each prejudicial detail in place—a kind of hardhat "The Fountainhead." Harry's

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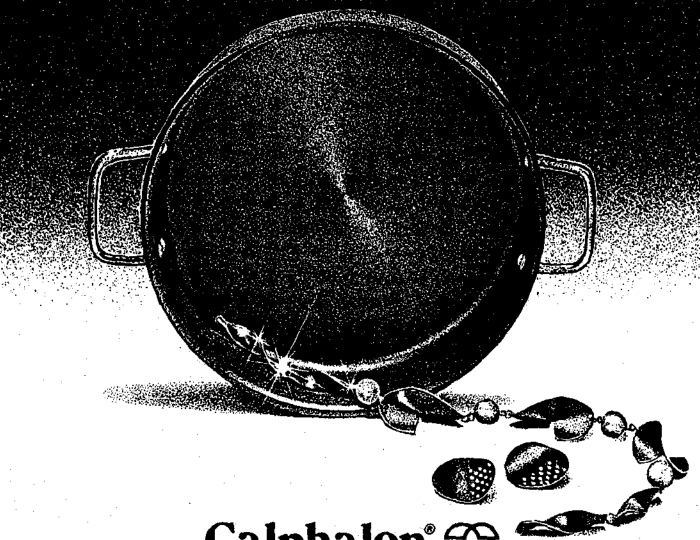

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hippie adversary is pure evil: sniper, rapist, kidnapper, torturer, defiler of all human values. This monster—who wears a peace symbol—stands for everything the audience fears and loathes. The action genre has always had a fascist potential, and it surfaces in this movie. It was a big success, and Eastwood played Harry again in three sequels: “Magnum Force” (1973), “The Enforcer” (1976), and “Sudden Impact” (1983). With Reni Santori, Harry Guardino, and John Vernon. Written by Harry Fink and his wife, R. M. Fink, Dean Riesner, and also John Milius (uncredited). (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 28-29.)

DIVA (1981)—An up-to-the-minute glittering toy of a movie, a romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously—the whole high-tech incandescence of the film is played for humor. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. He's pursued by two baroque thugs: one is tall and Latin and chews gum with the jaws of a hippopotamus; the other is small, with spiky blond hair and sunglasses, and an earplug so he can listen to a transistor radio while he's on his murderous errands—he's so dissociated he's practically a mutant. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. A Mr. Cool in a white suit and a white Citroën comes to the aid of the besieged messenger. The film may remind you of Welles' “Touch of Evil;” it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (Baronet; starting May 25.)

THE DRESSER—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/23/84.) (Festival; through May 24.)

THE ENFORCER (1976)—Clint Eastwood once again as Dirty Harry, the San Francisco police inspector who is a law unto himself; by now Eastwood appears to be taking Harry's saintliness so seriously that he hisses his lines angrily, his mouth pulled thin by righteousness. Directed by James Fargo, this third in the series doesn't have the savvy to be as sadistic as its predecessors (“Dirty Harry” and “Magnum Force,” both playing with “The Enforcer” at the Hollywood Twin Cinema 2); it's just limp. The script, by Stirling Silliphant and Dean Riesner, is no more than scaffolding; its strategy is simply to set up a collection of villains—the Revolutionary Strike Force—so disgustingly cruel and inhuman that Eastwood can spend the rest of the movie killing them with a perfect conscience. These revolutionaries who are imperilling the city (which is run by the usual contingent of liberal twits) are thrill-seeking mercenaries, led by vicious homosexuals. The staging is so lackadaisical, though, that jowly revolutionaries shoot with one eye on the time clock. The film's only distinction is Tyne Daly's warm performance as the policewoman assigned to work with Harry: deliberately unglamorous, she manages to show some believably human expressions of confusion and discomfort. With Bradford Dillman, Harry Guardino, John Mitchum, DeVeren Bookwalter, and John Crawford. The story is by G. M. Hickman and S. W. Schurr.

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(Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 28-29.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84.) (Cinema Studio.)

Fanny and Alexander—Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it, replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Plaza; through May 24.)

Flashdance (1983)—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III," and it's like a sleazo putting the make on you. The eighteen-year-old working-class Catholic heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina, handed bouquets, like a princess. The music throughout is synthesizer pop—some of Giorgio Moroder's throbbing specials along with bits of other whiplash disco songs; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. It has Vegas sound, thumping, thumping; the whole damn thing throbs, and it gives a hard sell even to the heroine's confessions to her priest. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie, is so fast that he isn't subjected to the chop-chop editing—he's allowed to perform in his own time. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 1. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; June 2.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting June 1.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx (1981)—It takes a long time for an actor to develop the assurance that the trim, silver-haired Paul Newman has acquired, and there's a bloom on everything he does in the role of Murphy, the veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. Heywood Gould's script, which is based on the accounts of two policemen (Thomas Mulhearn and Pete Tessitore), is an intricately designed mixture of street vaudeville and drama of conscience. The film has many of the ingredients of a shocking, memorable movie, but it's shallow and earnest. Its point is that Murphy's faith in the police is undermined by Morgan's racist action; Murphy can't understand how a cop could do such a horrible thing. For the movie to be really good he would have to understand all too well. It's a mess, with glimmerings of talent and with Newman's near-great performance. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 1-2.)

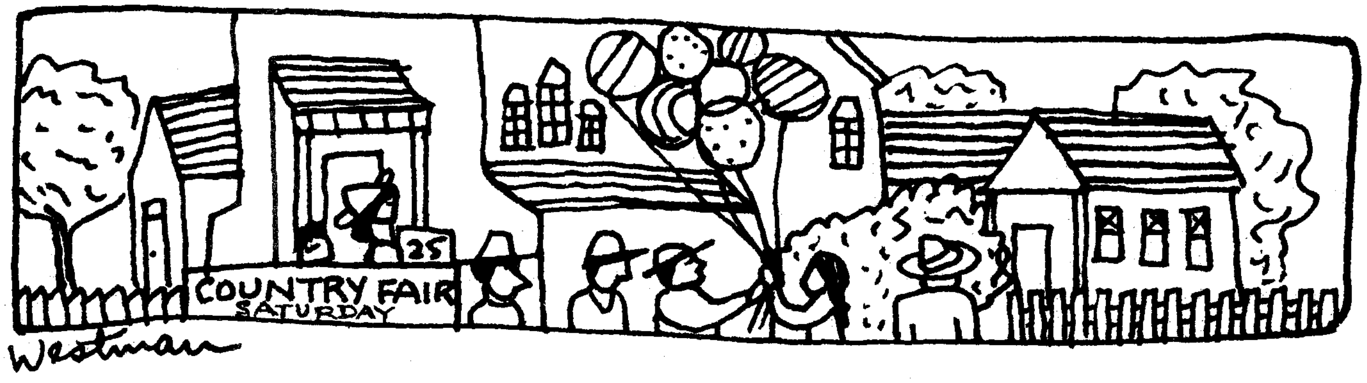
Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers in what is, arguably, their worst picture; "Love Happy" is possibly even worse. This one—set in the Old West—has a good opening sequence and not much else. The cast includes John Carroll, Walter Woolf King, and Iris Adrian; Edward Buzzell directed; and the script can be blamed on Irving Brecher. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 27-28.)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Criterion Theatres; through May 31. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia Quad; starting May 25. . . ¶ Manhattan, and Movieland; starting June 1.)

The Ladykillers (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a grotesque fantasy of murder. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost done in by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a horrendous gang that includes Peter Sellers as Harry, the plump, awkward teddy boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans simply by living in a world of her own. As her victims are, in some ways, even less real than she (she, at least, is as real as a good fairy), the disasters that befall them are extravagantly funny. With Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Danny Green, Jack Warner, and Frankie Howerd as the barrow boy. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick; written by William Rose. (Thalia; May 29.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—As the prim, innocuous civil servant with a hidden spark of nonconformity, Alec Guinness carries out a dream of larcenous glory: robbing the Bank of England. A man who steals three million in gold bullion may be permitted to coin a word: Guinness describes his gleaming-eyed, bowler-hatted little man as the "fubsy" type, and he's an image of Everyman. T. E. B. Clarke's script, Charles Crichton's direction, and Georges Auric's music contribute to what is probably the most nearly perfect fubsy comedy of all time. It's a minor classic, a charmer. Stanley Holloway is the genteel, artistic accomplice; Alfie Bass and Sidney James are the professional assistants; and one of the beneficiaries of Guinness's wrongdoing is a bit player, Audrey Hepburn. (Thalia; May 29.)

Life of Brian (1979)—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham



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Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the People's Liberation Front of Judea, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will seem a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (Film Forum; June 1-2.)

Magnum Force (1973)—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. The villains this time are a Nazi-style élite cadre of clean-cut, dedicated cops (with a prim Führer—Hal Holbrook) who have taken the law into their own hands and are assassinating the labor racketeers, the drug dealers, and the gangsters. The movie is full of what in a moral landscape would be sickening scenes of death—for example, a huge metal girder smashes right into a man's face. Here, the audience is meant not to empathize but to say "Wow!" The ugliest scene: a black pimp's murder of a black whore, which is staged for a turn-on erotic effect. With Felton Perry, Mitchell Ryan, Adele Yoshioka, and, as the young neo-Nazis, David Soul, Tim Matheson, Robert Urich, and Kip Niven. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 28-29.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team. (Film Forum; June 1-2.)

Moscow on the Hudson—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and it doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey, Cleavant Derricks, Elya Baskin, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Loews Tower East, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

The Natural—With Robert Redford and Robert Duvall, directed by Barry Levinson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Sutton, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

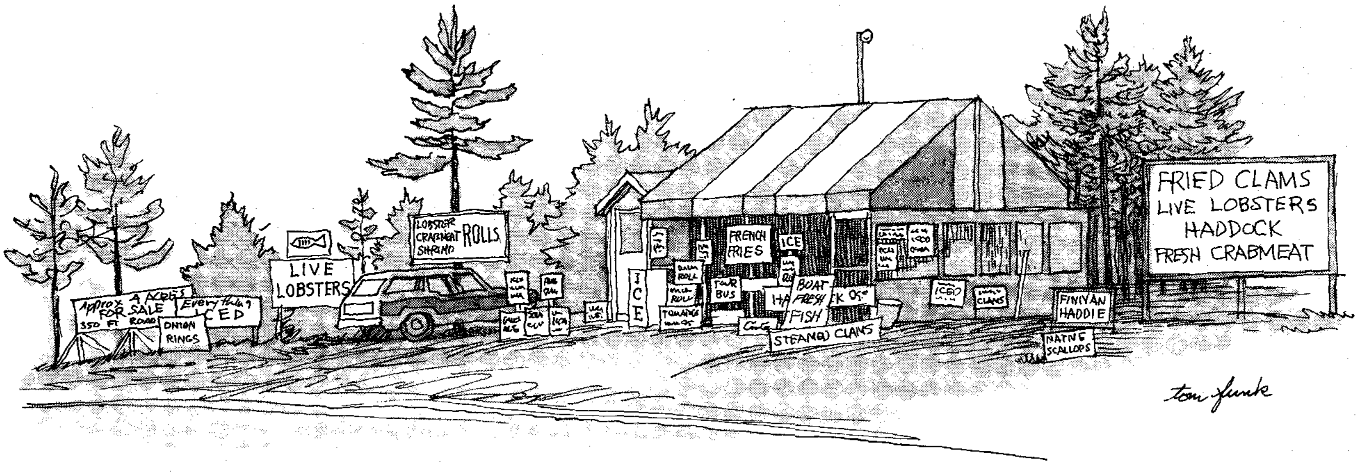
El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 24.)

Orpheus (1949)—A masterpiece of magical filmmaking. Though it is a narrative treatment of the legend of Orpheus in a modern Parisian setting, this film, written and directed by Jean Cocteau, is as inventive and as enigmatic as a dream. Orpheus (Jean Marais), the successful poet who is envied and despised by younger poets, needs to renew himself; he tries to push beyond the limits of human experience, to reach the unknowable—the mystery beyond mortality. Dark, troubled, passionate Maria Casarès is his Death: attended by her roaring motorcyclists, the hooded messengers of death, she is mystery incarnate. The jazzy modern milieu has urgency, and Cocteau uses emblems and images of the then recent Nazi period, merging them with more primitive images of fear—as, indeed, they are merged in the modern consciousness. This gives the violence and mystery of the Orpheus story a contemporaneity that, in other hands, might seem merely chic; Cocteau's special gift was to raise the chic to art. The death figure and much of the film's imagery derive from the American movie "Death Takes a Holiday" (1934), starring Fredric March; the only modern film image of death that, visually and psychologically, stands comparison with Maria Casarès is in Ingmar Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" (1956). The glazier in the "zone" (a variant of the angel in Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet") must be a tribute to (or a memory of?) Chaplin as the angelic glazier of "The Kid." With Marie Déa as the sickly-sweet Eurydice, François Périer as Heurtebise (part chauffeur, part guardian angel, he suggests the ferryman Charon), and Édouard Dermithe and Juliette Greco. Music by Georges Auric; the sumptuous cinematography, with its velvety dark and light contrasts, is by Nicolas Hayer. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 1.)

Les Parents Terribles (1949; also known as "The Storm Within")—One of Cocteau's two or three greatest films, and one of the finest examples of group acting ever photographed. He took his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents (Marcel André and Yvonne de Bray) who cannot accept the fact that their son (Jean Marais) is growing up and re-created it for the screen with such skill that a true claustrophobic family atmosphere is achieved. In structure, this is a coincidence-ridden boulevard comedy, but Cocteau has lifted it to the realm of tragicomic Oedipal fable. The mother screams for the police when she learns that her son has a girl; Yvonne de Bray's performance is so convincing that Marais's actual mother is said to have developed a jealous hatred of her. Gabrielle Dorziat plays the boy's aunt, and Josette Day his girl. Designed by Christian Bérard; the score is by Georges Auric. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

Prince of the City (1981)—Treat Williams has a very closed face—the kind of opaque face that is like a brick wall in front of the camera. And that may be why Williams, as a New York City police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit, plays each scene as an acting exercise—going through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. Things don't begin to come together until you're heading into the third hour, when the cross suspended from Williams' neck lights up, like a balloon above his head, announcing "Penance! Absolution!" There's one remarkable performance (it's mostly in the last section): Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy, acts with such sureness and economy that while Williams is flailing about, Orbach magnetizes the camera. Directed by Sidney Lumet, the film has a super-realistic over-all gloom, and the people are so "ethnic" and yell so much that you begin to long for the sight of a cool blond in bright sunshine. Lumet and Jay Presson Allen wrote the screenplay, based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, who's stuck with one of those speeches about how we're all guilty, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music, by Paul Chihara, suggests an existentialist fugue by Schubert. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 1-2.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a



thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (Coronet, and Loews Paramount.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Sixteen Candles—With Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley, directed by John Hughes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Eastside Cinema, U. A. 85th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Movieland; through May 31. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting June 1.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (Manhattan, Waverly, Guild, and Embassy 1.)

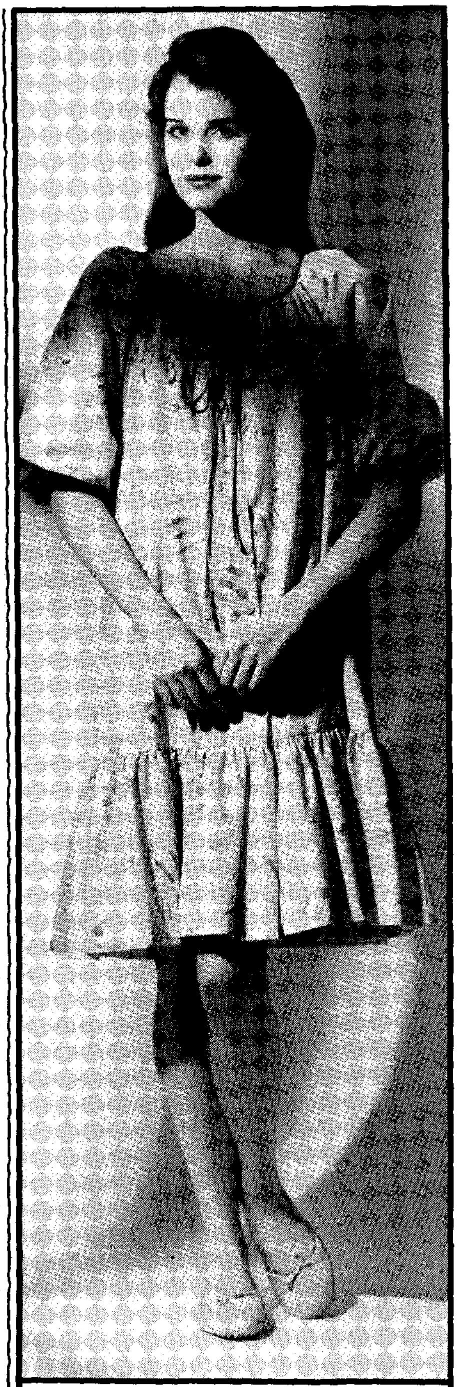
Swing Shift—Jonathan Demme's attempt to recapture the atmosphere of the home front during the Second World War has a glazed lyricism; the performers look stuffed and posed, as if they were consciously trying to re-create themselves in the images of the shiny-faced teen-age servicemen and girls-next-door in old movies and the forties issues of *Life*. Demme's nostalgic fixation on the ambience of the war years seems to exclude any real interest in the lives of the women workers, and the feminist-fairy-tale script sees the characters as precursors of the women's movement of the sixties and seventies rather than as people. Role-model roles are often booby-trapped, and as the cuddlebug housewife who becomes a riveter in a Santa Monica aircraft factory and learns to be a competent person, Goldie Hawn dampens the picture; she's trying to make herself simple and passive and ordinary—she thinks that she will become typical by flattening herself out. The insubstantiality of the film may make you feel as if you were dozing. The scenes rarely last more than twenty seconds. They don't quite come to anything; they abort—with a sometimes audible pop—and you sit there wondering what nothing is going to happen next. As the heroine's pal, Christine Lahti delivers a few wisecracks and gives the picture whatever spark and intensity it has. With Kurt Russell, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, and also Lisa Pelikan, Sudie Bond, Charles Napier, Belinda Carlisle, and Roger Corman as the head of the factory and Beth Henley in a bit part. (The picture was reëdited after Demme turned in his cut.) (5/14/84) (72nd Street East; through May 24.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Baronet; through May 24. . . . ¶ Festival; starting May 25.)

Tomorrow (1972)—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burned-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Two Women (1961)—A young widow, Sophia Loren, takes her teen-age daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village and then starts back home too soon; both mother and daughter are raped by Moroccan soldiers. Emotional, even shattering, but far from depressing. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Eleanora Brown, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 30.)

The Year of Living Dangerously (1983)—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. To a degree, Weir is the victim of his own skill at creating the illusion of authentic Third World misery, rioting, and chaos; the emaciation of the natives overwhelms the made-up problems of the Caucasians. But movie squalor has its own glamour, and scene by scene this film is fascinating; despite a certain amount of mystical-East blather, it's alive on the screen. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (Cinema Village; May 30-31.)



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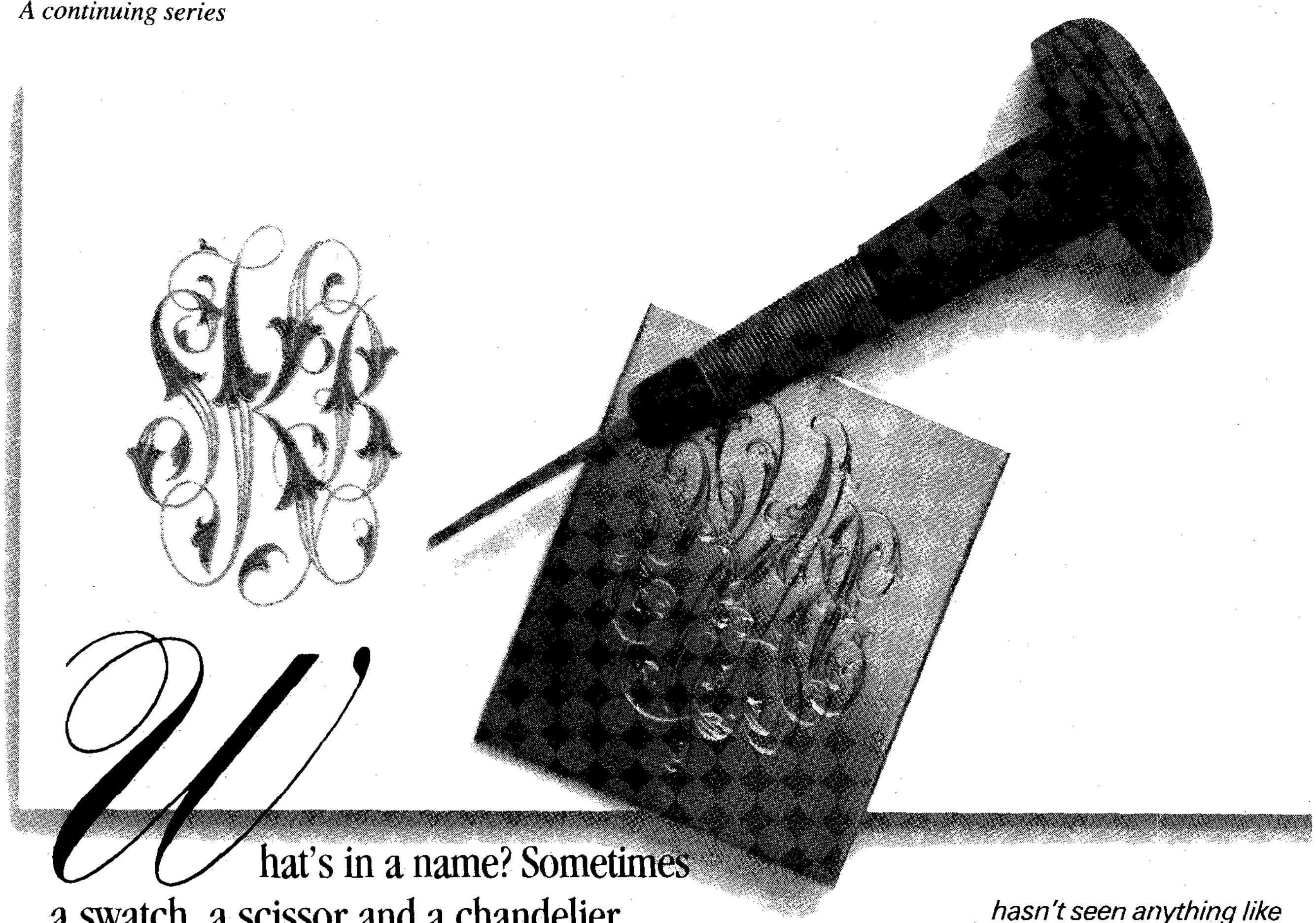

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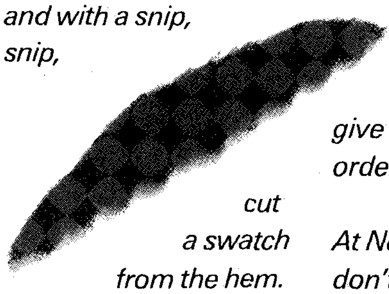

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE'S a tide in the world running in the direction of democracy. Or perhaps "tide" suggests something too strong—too widespread, too close to irresistible. It's more a seepage. It gathers quietly, like water from a spring, but then, suddenly, here or there, it prevails. In Portugal, an empire reaches its late end, and in the heart of the Army (unlikely source) a passion for liberty, and for liberty's paraphernalia (political parties, campaign speeches, ballot boxes), flares up, and before long a full-fledged democracy has come into being. Or in neighboring Spain the dictator Franco dies, and the country blooms with free speech and a free political life. Meanwhile, colonels in Greece fold up their junta and make way for civilians to reclaim the seats of power. Even more extraordinary, in Argentina some of the bloodiest rulers of recent years—the military rulers who oversaw the murder of thousands and turned "disappear" into a transitive verb—docilely surrender their government to the people, thus submitting themselves to trial for their crimes. As if bent on disproving the clichés about the reluctance of rulers—and repressive rulers especially—to give up power, the Argentine military men step aside like so many latter-day Cincinnatuses, with the notable and remarkable difference that many of them, instead of retiring to carefree rural life, may wind up in jail. Meanwhile, in neighboring Chile the brutal regime of General Pinochet trembles in the face of an onslaught of popular opposition. And—as if to prove that the passion for freedom can burn as brightly in resistance to left-wing repression as it does in resistance to right-wing repression—the people of Poland, though still held in bondage by Soviet power, continue, in the face of relentless punishment, to think and act like a free people, thus demonstrating that the spirit of liberty, even when it cannot be embodied in institutions, can take up residence in the human heart. Most recently, of course, it has been in the Philippines that the champions of democracy have been winning victories. There the dictator Ferdinand Marcos hoped to use an election to confirm his monopoly on power, but the device blew up in his hands, and the opposition may well end up with more than a third of the seats in the legislature.

For the United States, this scattered but undeniable movement—sometimes checked but often successful—toward genuine democracy is certainly one of the most hopeful developments of recent decades. Wherever it occurs, it can save us from the hateful choice between the repressive right and the repressive left. Revolutions like the French Revolution, in which the revolutionaries merely replaced one form of repression with another, have been common. Revolutions like our own American Revolution, in which the revolutionaries founded free institutions, have been rarer. We have had to wait for more than two hundred years, it seems, to find our successors. But now a few are here. Unfortunately, our own grasp of our principles seems in the meantime to have grown weaker, and around the world we are to be discovered deep in the embrace of dictators, so that the believers in democracy find that they must fight not only the repressive regimes of their own countries but us as well. The democratic movements in Argentina, in Chile, and now in the Philippines are cases in point. They are our natural allies, and we could make common cause with them. They, of course, would have to learn to trust us, after much bitter experience. We, for our part, would have to learn a discrimination in political judgment which has so far eluded us, and acquire a deeper faith in what, after all, are our own basic political principles.

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Liftoff

SAM SCHOENBAUM gives the unbuffed impression of gumshoe rather than of scholar. He wears black shoes with brown suits, and talks like a man from Brooklyn by way of the Bronx and Manhattan, as in fact he is. He signs his writing S. Schoenbaum, weighs facts like evidence that may crack a tough case, and is likely to answer a question by throwing one back. He is, as it happens, Distinguished Professor of Renaissance Literature at the University of Maryland, and in the card catalogue of Washington's Folger Shakespeare Library, which holds the largest Shakespearean collection in the world, his own work is well represented, with entries for "Shakespeare's Lives" (the Los Angeles *Times* called it "a model for literary scholarship"), "William Shakespeare: A Documentary Life" ("a masterpiece," according to the *New York Review of Books*), and two dozen related books and monographs. The other week, on Shakespeare's reputed birthday, Professor Schoenbaum guided us into the stacks of the Folger, where he does most of his literary sleuthing, to look at the oldest editions of Shakespeare around.

"People ask me how I got interested in Shakespeare," he said. "It was in senior English at James Monroe High School in the Bronx. We read 'Macbeth,' which is the shortest of the tragedies but among the most powerful. I loved it. Then I saw in the paper that 'Othello' was playing on Broadway. This was in 1944. I was seventeen. The play starred the great Paul Robeson as the Moor and a charismatic unknown actor—at least to me—named José Ferrer as Iago. I remember it more vividly than what I saw on the box last night. After getting my Ph.D. from Columbia, I didn't go into Shakespeare for a while. I figured, 'How are you going to say anything that hasn't been said already?' So I cut my teeth on Elizabethan drama apart from Shakespeare, and didn't do my first book on the man until I was almost forty. Once I started, even though I was teaching at Northwestern, out near Chicago, I managed to get to the Folger a couple of days each month. It was like the New Jerusalem. It had everything. About eight years ago, I got the chance to teach nearby and I grabbed it. I live a few blocks from here, I'm a trustee—what more can I say?"

In the library's reading room, which is dark and Elizabethan, Professor Schoenbaum motioned for us to follow him to a sculpture of Shakespeare at the far end. "That's a copy of the bust in Holy Trinity Church, Stratford," he told us, in a stage whisper. "It was done a couple of years after he died, three hundred and sixty-eight years ago to the day. We know that for a fact. We also celebrate his birthday today, but there's no proof that we're right. Anyway, this is one of the two likenesses of him we can authenticate. With that mustache waxed up at the ends and those plump cheeks, he looks like a prosperous burgher. All I know is that it must have satisfied the family, because they paid for it."

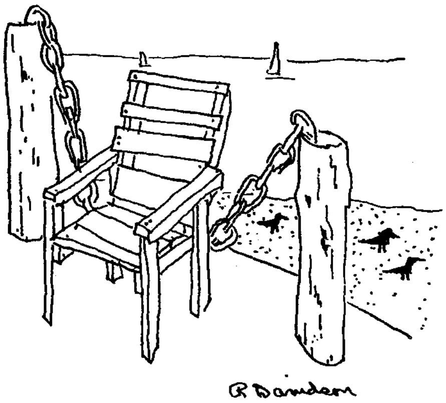
On one shelf Professor Schoenbaum pointed out several different Shakespeare concordances. "If you want to know 'Where does he use that word?' these books will tell you, for the plays, the sonnets—everything," he said. "It's a mess of data, but it's well used."

We asked if there were concordances in other languages.

"All I know is that the biggest gang of Shakespeare scholars and enthusiasts outside the English-speaking world is in Japan," he replied. "And there's a Japanese journal devoted exclusively to problems of translation. A lot of problems come up in translation, and not all of them have to do with language. Take 'King Lear' in India. When Lear demands an affirmation of love from his daughter Cordelia and she declines the bid, people in India just don't understand. The notions of parental authority and filial duty are unquestioned in their culture, and make that a difficult scene for Indians to cope with. I'm sure the Chinese must have similar problems."

Professor Schoenbaum led us down two flights of stairs and through the gate of a thick steel vault. There was no one else in sight. In one corner of the stacks, on shelves from floor to ceiling, leather-bound volumes stood as tall as Webster's Unabridged and half as thick. They were the library's First Folios, the first full collections of Shakespeare's plays. Printed in 1623, they were the only source for almost half of the thirty-seven plays, including "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," and "Antony and Cleopatra." The Folger has seventy-nine First Folios, compared with the British Library's five, and we asked Professor Schoenbaum why having so many was important.

He waved his hands at the set, and said, "Each one is different. It's that simple. Throughout the run of perhaps twelve hundred—and there are only some two hundred and forty left from that whole first printing—the typographer stopped often and made changes. Scholarship is process, right? To understand what Shakespeare left for us, it's necessary to compare every one of these versions with every other, and there's still a lot to be done. Shakespeare is inexhaustible." Professor Schoenbaum reached past the First Folios for the only known copy of the 1594 printing of "Titus Andronicus," a slim book the size of a paperback, which is the library's most valuable edition.



"It so happens that the play that most enthralls me—it just astonishes me, and it's not the one people tend to pick—is 'Antony and Cleopatra,'" he said. "To my mind, it just takes off. Remember that final image of Cleopatra? She puts on her robe and her crown; she has immortal longings in her; she's maternal, she's alluring, she's regal. Wow! You have liftoff. There's only one authentic text, and that's the First Folio. Now, in my Early Shakespeare course I start with 'Titus Andronicus.' It floors the kids. Here's this great play about the revenge of a Roman general and they don't know about it, so they don't have predetermined responses to it. Then, it's so violent, and so strange. I like that. It shakes them up. Without this quarto, I couldn't teach the play the way I do, because it varies in important ways from the First Folio."

Walking through the rows of Shakespeare's plays, we had the sensation of being in the shaft of a huge, rich mine, and we said we wondered if there might be something to the view that Shakespeare couldn't have worked it alone. "There are people who say it couldn't have been that one guy," Professor Schoenbaum admitted. "The tragedies, the histories, the comedies, the poems—the range, the complexity, the richness of his characters: that one guy couldn't do it. How could he? He was the son of a glovemaker. He didn't go to a university. He wrote thirty-seven plays. If one man did that, he had to be a blue blood, like the Earl of Oxford, or a mover and shaker, like Francis Bacon. So who is Shakespeare? The guy who wrote these plays really knew the theatre. He knew the meaning of silence, because the plays are full of brilliant quiet. He had a sense of what actors need to make plays live. The most likely playwright was a professional man immersed in theatre. The Earl wasn't. Neither was Bacon. But Shakespeare was a playwright, the most popular of his time. He was an actor, associated with the finest troupe in England. And he was a manager, a shareholder in his own company, a can-do type. There weren't too many of those guys around."

Symbol

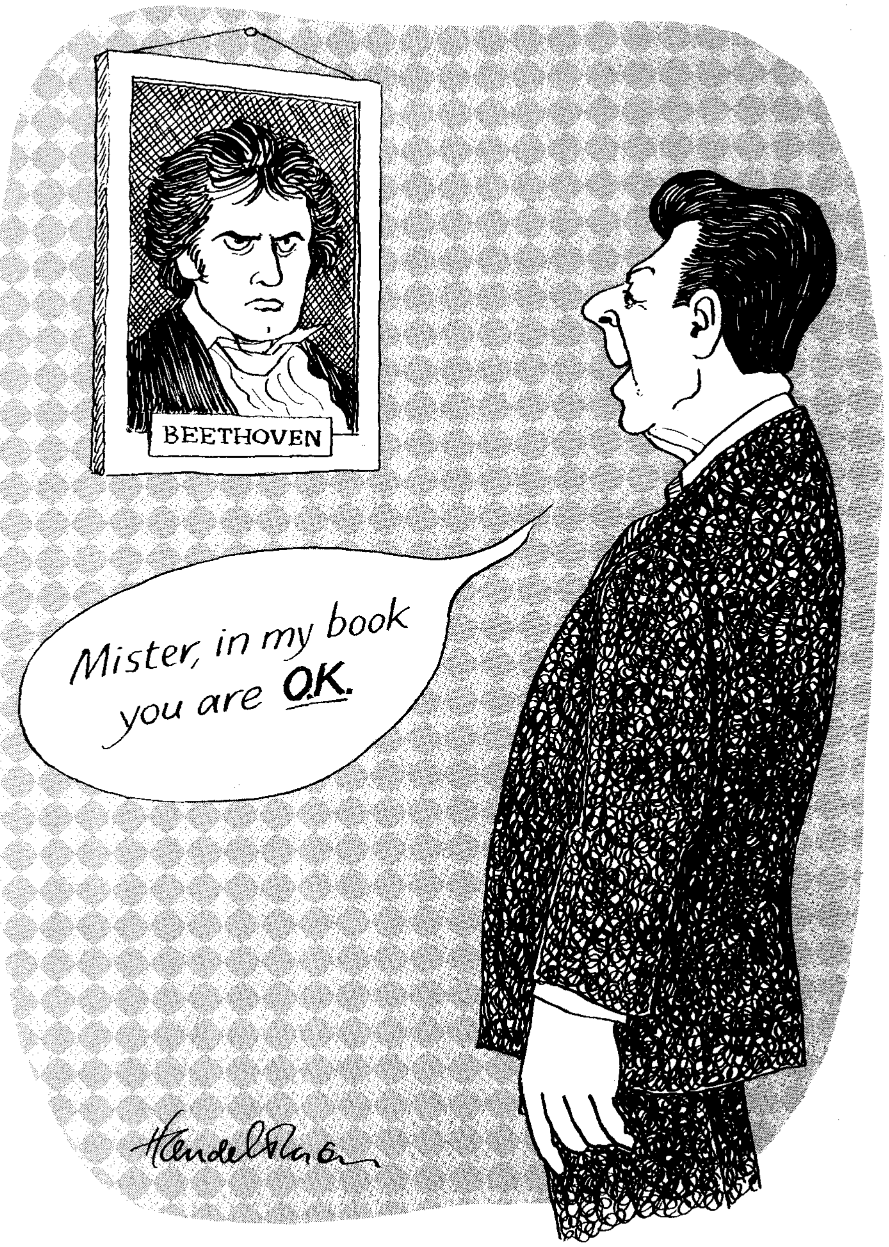
THE question was "Can the Panda Be Saved?" and Dr. George Schaller, who has spent the past three and a half years on this problem, was to ask it a while ago in the Barbizon Plaza auditorium, in a lecture given under the auspices of ARC, the Animal Research and Conservation Center—a branch of the New York Zoological Society. The Zoo's director, Dr. William G. Conway (he was labelled Senior Conservationist in ARC's handout brochure), mounted the platform and made a few introductory remarks. Dr. Schaller, he reminded us, is a research scientist well known for his work on such animals as the mountain gorilla, the lion, the snow leopard, and the jaguar—and, now, the giant panda. He has just been named the first William Beebe Fellow of the Society, and, said Dr. Conway, there could be no more fitting recipient. William Beebe himself was a keen scientist, with a similarly remarkable list of accomplishments to his credit. Beebe, who died in 1962, at the age of eighty-four, spent sixty-three years in the service of the Society, and published twenty-one books and over eight hundred major articles while conducting more than sixty scientific expeditions on land and sea. Beebe concentrated on the smaller forms of life, whereas Dr. Schaller has worked with large mammals in Africa, Asia, Alaska, and South America, but his spirit is very like Beebe's, Dr. Conway said. He is one of the army of ARC people who are to be found in many parts of the world today.

Indeed. In the brochure we read about many of the projects in which ARC is currently engaged. There are twenty-five of them, and they range through Thailand (the tiny Kitti's bat) and Africa (the mountain gorilla, the African elephant, the mountain nyala in Ethiopia, the colobus monkey in the Kibale Forest of Uganda), and through the South American fur seal in Peru, the pudu, the huemul, and the spectacled bear in the Andes, and the black-footed ferret in Wyoming. Everywhere, it seems, ARC people are investigating, observing, studying, recording, suggesting, and, perhaps, despairing, though Dr. Conway, of course, did not use that word. Instead, he gave us his favorite quotation from Beebe: "The beauty and genius of a work of art may be reconceived, though its first material expression be destroyed; a vanished harmony may yet again inspire the composer; but when the last individual of a race of living things breathes no more, another heaven and another earth must pass before such a one can be again."

Dr. Schaller, a tall, lean man, started his talk with a brief account of the giant panda's history. It used to wander freely over eastern China and neighboring lands—wherever it found the bamboo on which it lives. The Chinese knew that it was there, but until the nineteenth century Western foreigners did not. Then an occasional explorer heard of it, and sometimes even saw a distinctive black-and-white skin. But nothing much was published on the giant panda in European or American papers until Ruth Harkness, an American explorer, went into China's interior, in 1936, and emerged with a young giant panda. It survived the trip to the States, and here everyone who saw it was enchanted.

In 1941, the New York Zoological Society's John Tee-Van went to China and brought back two young giant pandas. Dr. Schaller showed us a few reels of motion pictures of the youngsters playing with each other, shoving and climbing—a sight that elicited fond chuckles. By 1951, both of these pandas had died, without issue. As the brochure indicated, and as Dr. Schaller now repeated, there is a worrying reason for the giant pandas' rarity today in the wild. Not only is their habitat shrinking but there is a severe shortage of food for them. During the Pleistocene epoch, the animal ranged throughout eastern China and south into Burma, but, we read, "climatic changes and then human encroachment reduced its habitat so that it survives today only in a small area along the eastern edge of the Tibetan highlands in the Sichuan, Gansu, and Shaanxi provinces." For years in the

THE PRESIDENT HONORS A HARDWORKING COMPOSER


BEETHOVEN
Mister, in my book you are O.K.
Handelsman

mid-twentieth century, the unsettled *political conditions of the country* prevented people from studying pandas in the wild, but at last, during the nineteen-seventies, Chinese scientists began intensive work on the animals, making habitat surveys and collecting detailed information. "An event occurred then that shocked conservationists," we read in the ARC brochure. "Certain bamboo species flower and die at intervals of sixty years or more, nearly all plants in an area bursting into bloom at the same time. Since the panda subsists on bamboo, such mass death of its food source can lead to starvation unless other bamboo species are available as substitutes." In 1975, in the northern part of the panda's range one particular species of bamboo flowered and died, and at least a hundred and thirty-eight pandas starved to death as a direct result. (Bamboo takes three or four years to regenerate.) Later censuses taken by Chinese scientists indicated that only about a thousand pandas survived over their entire range—and more mass flowering of bamboo was expected.

Realizing that one of its national treasures was gravely threatened, the Chinese government invited the World Wildlife Fund to collaborate with its scientists in a conservation program, and in May, 1980, a W.W.F. delegation, led by Sir Peter Scott, visited the largest of ten panda reserves that still exist—Wolong Natural Reserve, in Sichuan. In December, 1980, George Schaller went out to Wolong and joined a number of Chinese scientists—Hu Jin Chu, Pan Wen Shi, and others—to initiate a study of the animals in the wild. The project, which is financed jointly by the Chinese government and World Wildlife, with contributions from ARC, is divided into three parts: captive breeding and research; field work on the animal's natural history; and an emergency plan for dealing with a bamboo die-off. This third part was not discussed at length by Dr. Schaller, but the two others were.

THE DESERT ISLAND BUILDING
W Miller

Between sixty and seventy pandas are held in captive conditions in China—in zoos and elsewhere. Their breeding record, while not blank, is hardly encouraging, so artificial insemination has been tried, with some success. For field work, Schaller joined a group of Chinese who had been staying since 1978 at a mountain camp, Wuyipeng, observing pandas. The pandas, who roam wherever they find bamboo, seem to have their own beats, and pay little attention to each other. Only during the mating season do they behave as if they were aware of other pandas, but in that time of rut many things happen. A male panda in search of a mate climbs a tree and, for the only time in his year-round existence, utters a cry—with a vengeance. The noise is loud and strange, said Dr. Schaller, and to prove that he was not exaggerating he played a recording for us. The auditorium was suddenly filled with an indescribable sound: a medley of calves' bawling, screams, and yelps in many different keys against a background of tremolo chirps. One could hardly believe that it all came from one species, let alone one throat, but it did. After the encounter, the pandas all resume their unsociable ways. Even the male and the female do not stay together. However, during the mating season there are further alterations in the pandas' behavior: they seem quite indifferent to their surroundings, and move about in a dazed way. One nearly walked straight into Dr. Schaller while he was taking pictures.

After a brief pause, Dr. Schaller continued, "So, should the panda be saved? Can it be saved? Certainly, as far as I'm concerned. We only need to use our collective wisdom. . . . By saving the panda in its habitat, we, of course, also assure the survival of thousands of other species, other plants and animals in the area. . . . And, above all, by saving the panda, which is a symbol of world conservation, we express our commitment to and faith in the future. . . . We can only hope that our methods are the correct ones, that the panda will live forevermore in its mist-shrouded mountains."

Dig

WE sat in a construction trailer on a vacant lot at 60 Wall Street one morning last week listening as Edward Rutsch explained the archeological dig he is directing on the site.

"What are you looking for?" we asked.

"Among other things, the wall," he said.

"What wall?"

"The wall Wall Street was named for."

"Oh," we said.

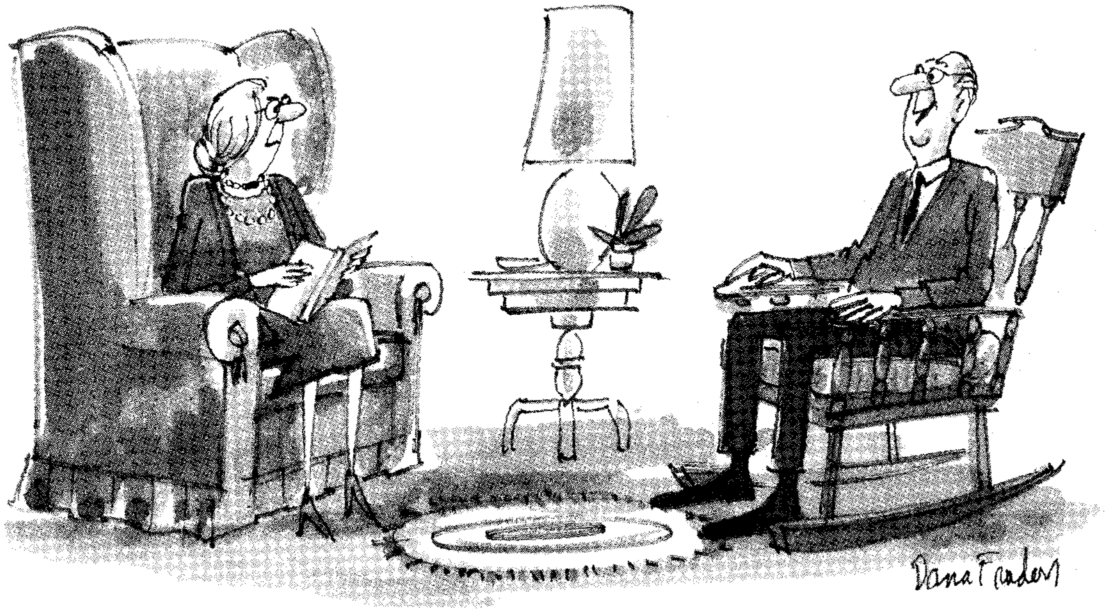
It had never occurred to us that Wall Street was named for a wall. But, then, we heard a lot of things for the first time during our talk with Mr. Rutsch. In two hours that were ostensibly spent discussing the dig (which must be finished in the next few weeks, so that an office tower can rise on the site), we learned that over half of all the agricultural products in the world, including tomatoes, potatoes, and tapioca, were first grown by Indians in the Americas, and that it wasn't until after the Second World War that a real highway, Route 3, was put through the Jersey Meadowlands, and that the staple of Barbadian cuisine is not papayas—it's salt cod. Mr. Rutsch is an impressive man, and the digressions are not rocks in his rhetorical river but tributaries, swelling and deepening what he has to say. Were he sterner, and in tweed, he would seem professorial, and for some years he did teach in a college. "Then something dawned on me," he said. "I don't like school. Teaching in one was better than going to one, but not a hell of a lot." Reflecting on Sam Schoenbaum and Edward Rutsch, we concluded that you never can tell about professors.

What Mr. Rutsch does like is digging. He excavated the remains of the old mills in Paterson, New Jersey, and of the upstate ironworks where they made the Parrot guns for the Civil War, and quite a few other sites. Business has improved in recent years, as a result of federal, state, and local requirements that new projects prepare environmental-impact statements that include descriptions of a site's cultural history. This particular site, which takes up most of the square block bounded by Wall, Pearl, Pine, and William Streets, lay at the northern edge of the Dutch city of New Amsterdam. The boundary was marked by the wall—a wooden fence, built in the sixteen-thirties, largely with the proceeds from a beer tax. It stood twelve feet high and was garrisoned at six points with cannon. Designed to prevent land attacks on the fort down at the Battery, it soon had to be raised two feet, because Indians persisted in vaulting over it. "One time, fifteen hundred braves came down and just walked around in the city—no one could do anything about it," Mr. Rutsch said. "The Indians had already driven the settlers out of Brooklyn, and there'd been the Peach War, up by Forty-second Street, when a farmer shot an Indian woman for stealing a peach. So the city was in real jeopardy any time the Indians got their act together."

In the late sixteen-hundreds, the British took over the city, and by 1700 they had torn down the rotting wall, mainly because, as the city grew, the land that the wall was on was becoming valuable. "If we found anything, it would probably be post-hole marks," Mr. Rutsch said. "They're the marks left in the soil where the logs, if they'd been left in place, would have rotted—or where if they'd been pulled out and filled with something else the soil would be discolored. We're looking for a stain in the earth. Maybe it's not here anymore. Even if it is, it won't look much like a wall. It's going to be kind of esoteric."

The land where the wall had been was divvied up by the British into twenty-five-foot lots, cheek by jowl and inaccurately surveyed—the jags in the lot lines have lasted through the centuries. It was a fashionable block—one that Alexander Hamilton called home. Mr. Rutsch is hoping to find, buried under the debris of the last two centuries, the privies and wells of the early residents, which would have been dug deep. On the corner of Wall and Pearl Streets, there was a bolting mill, where flour was sifted through cloth. "New York had one of the first inspections of flour," Mr. Rutsch said. "All around the world, if a barrel of flour was stamped 'New York Inspected' people knew that it would be pure white and perfectly clean. It's only lately that we've started to realize that white flour may not be the best thing for you."

Mr. Rutsch led us outside to watch his assistants screening the dirt. Earlier in the morning, one had uncovered a French gunflint, of the type used during the Revolution. Now they were retrieving shards of pottery from someone's cellar. "We can date ceramics pretty well," Mr. Rutsch said. "These are earthenwares and stonewares from the time Europe started trading with China. The reason we call china 'china' is that when that stuff first showed up, Europeans were eating out of flowerpots. Just like what helped start the Renaissance was some guy seeing people in silk and saying, 'Hey! I'm tired of burlap.' "



"You never knew it, but for many years I've been secretly in love with Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, and Brigitte Bardot. I've also had a secret crush on Ginger Rogers, Cyd Charisse, and Raquel Welch, not to mention a secret platonic thing for Faye Dunaway and Jessica Lange."

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OSLO

ON a Saturday in December, my husband told me that he wanted to find a place to live that meant something to him. I told him I knew Tampa was still strange to us, but that was not official, it was patter. I wanted to ask him how he broke up with his first wife, for reference. But every time he answers that question the response is different. So we talked about other people: Why did the visiting Norwegian artist we liked so much leave town before her stay was properly over? Why did she abandon all her paintings? The recent ugly abstracts, and the early works with sheep, some haystacks, tundras in the sun, even fjords but not hokey, were stored hastily in our friends the Richardses' garage.

She had hung out with the Richardses and us, and had planned to leave almost a month later, and take her stuff, of course. Roll up the canvases, weigh everything, ship it. Instead, she just took off for the airport Friday morning in a cardigan, her hair curled under at the chin—so pretty, everybody thought—heading for Oslo.

The next day, Nadine Richards came over on a bicycle, in brilliant sweatpants, and sat on a tiled step in our new house, trembling. She called her husband, Jordan, a cad and a creep. He was too silent. He hoarded himself. She didn't know him anymore. He didn't think he wanted to ever have kids. She hated him. And he was in love, she had figured out, with the lady painter who left.

Jordan is a good guy—to this everyone agreed. Even my husband agreed, and he is harsh on people and places. He hates Tampa, for instance. We've lived here a year and a half, and before this San Antonio. We could live somewhere else. Mark is a computer writer. He gives good manual, as he says. He admitted he hated our life before I asked him how he left his first wife. Was his exit gradual or abrupt? Did he know in February and wait until June to do it? Did he know in May and in a week break it off for good? When did he know why he had done it? A year later? At the time? When he met me? Mark answered that he wanted to live either in San Francisco or in Jerusalem. What an address Jerusalem would be, but maybe you wouldn't understand, he told me.

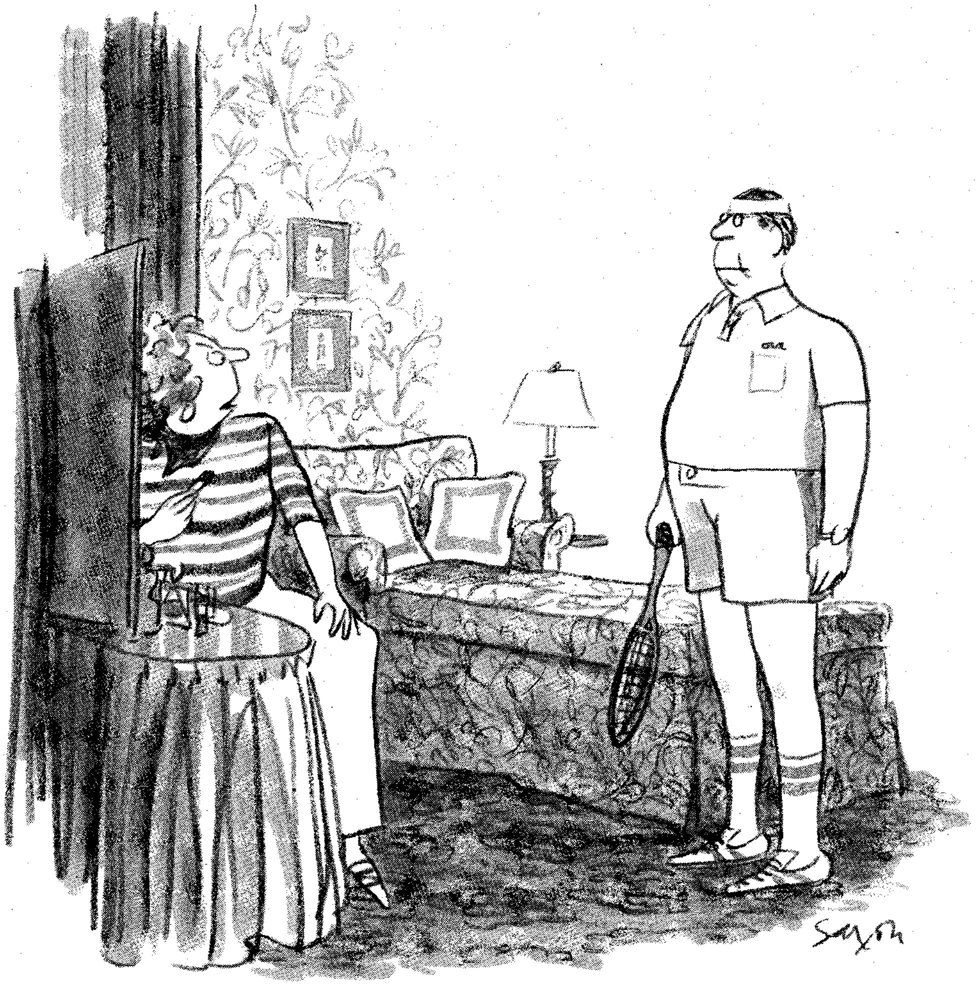
"Oslo," Nadine said loudly, Sunday, over some jazz we had put on the stereo. In her aerobic pink pants, she seemed to shimmer around the edges—a first-day-of-the-rest-of-your-life look, something in a movie. "I swear I'm telling him to go this time," she then announced. "I know he was in love with her." She picked at the cranberry bread I'd baked, but she wasn't really eating. "I just took it all in on Friday, when he got back from taking her to the airport. She had insisted she was leaving because she couldn't cope with the looks of the subtropics. This town, this place was frightening to her. The banana trees, the catalpas. The lizards that come into your house. Swamps. Such palaver, really. She had to get back to her native landscape. She was losing her connection to things, felt out of time, couldn't paint. I stayed up nights listening to this crock."

It is awfully hot in central Florida sometimes in December, I was thinking, watching Nadine perspire. It climbs into the eighties, then there's a cold snap.

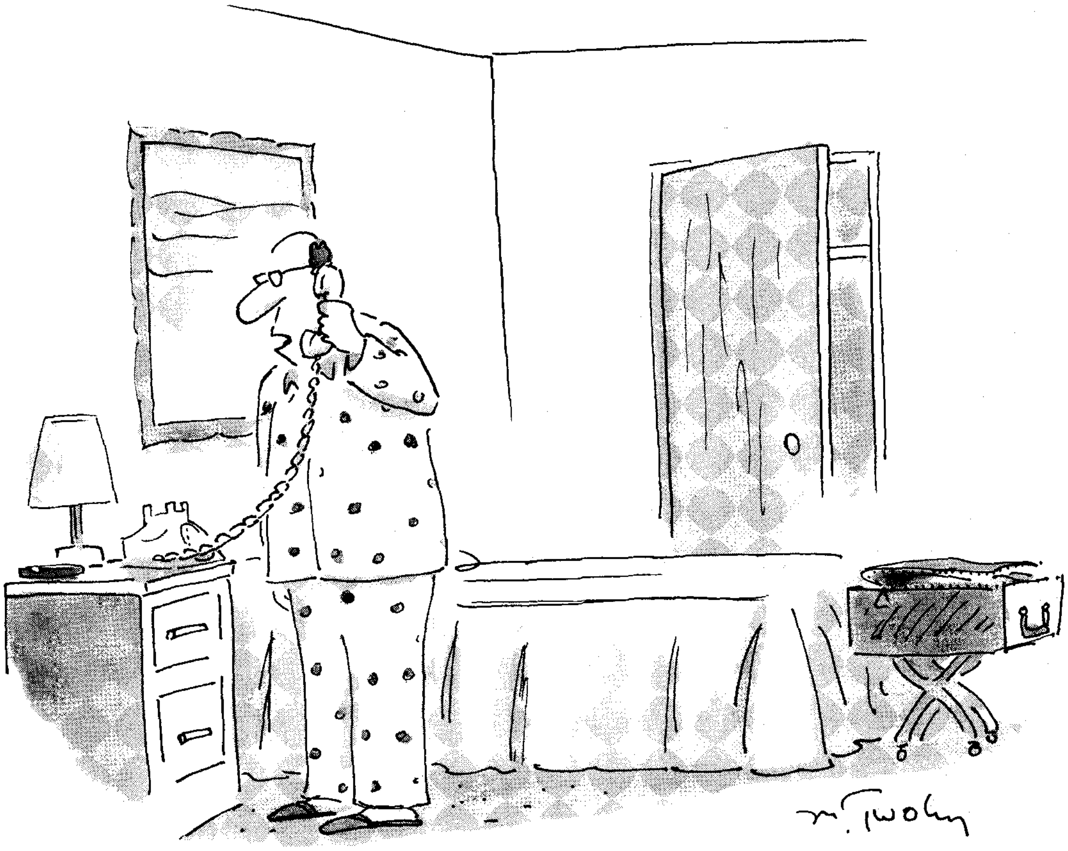
Monday morning, I saw Jordan at a sandwich counter next door to the bookstore he manages, and his eyes were dark, as usual, but with new gray circles. He was wearing a white sweater Nadine had knitted, which swallowed him. He felt furtive about seeing even me, because I was so well versed in the reasons Nadine and he should split. And I wanted to go up to him and hold his hand, tell him we were there—Mark and I—if he wanted to talk to someone. He sat four seats away from me at the counter and said the merest hello. Eating a wet avocado salad, I realized that Jordan had never started a sentence in my presence with the word "I" and gone on to elaborate how he felt. It wasn't in his makeup. What did he know about himself that he couldn't tell anybody?

On Wednesday, I called Nadine and told her she should leave Jordan. Or at least lock him out. She replied that she was going to—going to do the right thing.

"You don't know the half of it,"



"Oh, Harvey, Harvey! The whole idea is to look casual. Can't you even try to look casual?"



"This is Room 458. I'd like to be awakened at seven-fifteen and wished good luck on the Hewison deal."

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she went on. "He loves to love women he hardly knows. Once he almost left me for a woman whose book he had read. He fell for her through photos and letters. This lady painter will get him to Oslo. Then, once he's there, he'll start hoarding his heart again. It's the proximity he hates."

"So lock the door," I said.

"He won't deny it—he doesn't care what I know," Nadine said. "Won't say it, either." She sucked on a cigarette. (She is the only person left I know who smokes.) "He's got a house key."

"Face it. It's over. He hurts you. You know that," I said. "You've been going on about this for so long. Remember the chalet in Alabama?"

The four of us took a vacation there. It was supposed to be brisk in the southern Appalachians in June. She told me once at breakfast there that he grabbed her at night like a cool pillow—then, in the morning, nothing.

"I know," she said now. "I know it. I've been talking about it for months. Maybe even a year. However long we've been friends. I've got no idea why he likes me, even. I'm not his type."

Then I told Nadine she was being stupid. She is beautiful. Her features are unusual and piquant; her hair is full and well cut. And besides, she is good-natured. She trusts people.

On Thursday, my husband said that Jordan, who is his only friend in town, was just bored. I said Nadine said he was a cad, and then I thought how old-fashioned, Edwardian even, to know a cad. Handsome, black-eyed, ruthless a little, interested in distance in his women, not pleasure. I would love Jordan if he liked me, almost, I thought.

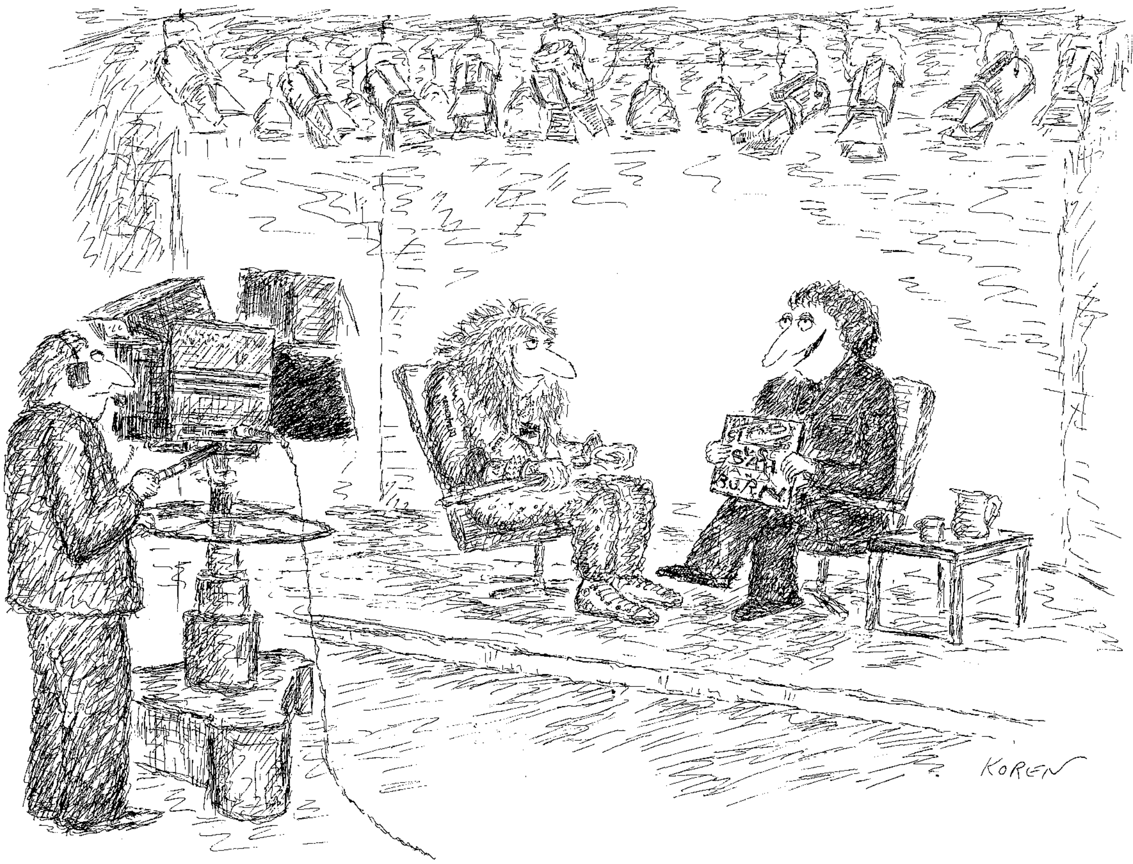
THAT afternoon, Nadine called me and I told her again to set up barriers. It was the only way. I said I was speaking from experience. Everybody wants what he can't have. I told her to be martial. She couldn't go on as she had been. I mentioned self-respect. She responded that Jordan had admitted he was planning to go to Oslo but that the woman had got skittish about the plan at the end and run away. Then she said, "He doesn't know what he wants. He came home this morning. Had spent the night out. Sat around like an object. Said nothing. Wouldn't even say where he had slept. Do *you* know? I told him to move out next month. He said he'd look for a place. But we get along, you know. I don't know how to cook."

"Take yourself seriously," I told her.

"I do," she said. "We're serious. We're just not planning to do it tomorrow. We both work. It's a lot of trouble."

Then I realized Nadine wasn't as angry as she pretended to be. She was just too sad. She was by herself, in her open kitchen, and her husband, Jordan, was in some part of the house, probably sitting under a floor lamp looking at some of the other woman's color slides. He is so large and good-looking that I had a hard time imagining he was also sad. Nadine went on explaining. It didn't matter that he had slept with the painter, it was that he'd kept everything from her. Held back. "Making me the heart police," she said. "And I'm becoming this cold person, somebody I don't even like. This isn't life."

While Nadine was talking to me I was thinking that the rooms in my house were clean and interesting, and I was kind of happy even though we live in Tampa. I had been planning to buy one of the Norwegian woman's paintings, to hang on the brick above our working fireplace. My husband thought the woman talked too much. She reminded him of Liv Ullmann in those Bergman movies. She had odd ideas, and she repeated herself. He asked what did Jordan see in her. Then I thought about having bright-blue furniture and living in Jerusalem. We have two cars and inch blinds; these things took on nuance whenever I thought of giving them up. An image of my husband and me sitting down in Israel, near a little balcony, appeared once in a dream of my husband's ex-wife. She was very tall and always had few men to choose



"Stab is with us tonight to try very hard to say something coherent about his new album."

• •

from. Even after their divorce, she wanted Mark badly, and snatched him away from me at fairs or parties when we were all there together. Yet she had this dream, which she called him about once, early in the morning—woke us up to tell us. It was so vivid, she said, that it seemed painted. She saw my husband and me living in a small white apartment in Jerusalem, with a view of the sea, among cushions the color of lapis lazuli. Mark told her there isn't any sea in Jerusalem. Then he hung up, like that. I knew the history of their unhappiness, the reasons for it, but I could never see him just shut down with her one day and say no more, goodbye. The first several months I knew him, after he had left her, his heart was packed in ice. I finally told him to thaw or abuse somebody else, and since then he's been at room temperature, with lapses.

Almost at midnight on Thursday, the same day, Nadine called back and said she had been crying. "It's pitch dark in Oslo at this time of year," she said. "Night all the time now. How could a painter go there in December? I bet she's not going to paint anymore. I *know* it. That's why she left all her work in our garage. What did Jordan do to her? I just realized this. It has taken all week, almost, for it to sink in. I'll feel sorry for her even if he goes to her. Especially if he goes to her. Am I crazy?" she asked, then paused, giving me a chance to catch up and say something, but I didn't; I was thinking about other things. "I feel so far away from this," she continued. "We are in Florida and Jordan is in love with this woman who is sitting in a room somewhere six hours into tomorrow, and it is still dark there anyway. And I feel so far away. I could be on the moon tonight. I don't even know if he is sleeping here or going out, is he in the house or not."

"Take a look," I said. "You are O.K. Maybe I will come over. Nobody is satisfied. Mark wants to move to Jerusalem. It is a place, he says. You know where you are when you are there. It's a good city to be buried in—lots of company. The world could end there, even. History in the streets. I think he wants to get rid of me. I always thought we had it down."

"I was in Oslo once," Nadine answered. "I was sixteen, on a trip with my parents, who went off on their own, so I walked around on these endless sunny evenings and met polite boys. One of them took me to a museum full of those paintings by Edvard Munch. I knew nothing then, wasn't prepared. On the whole second floor of this museum are pictures the size of double doors filled with people in one kind of obvious pain or another. The figures are so hard and flat and separate. All of them are standing in interiors with harsh colors behind them—this citron yellow representing light from lamps. Hideous. It was as if the backgrounds were mean to them and so they were starting to turn into rocks. Munch and Grieg—the two other artists from Norway. It must feel crucial to be there. Maybe where you were born *is* essential. Maybe she was telling the truth. In the summer, the sun is relentless; then it just goes out. I don't know. I think I am going crazy. I don't feel like locking Jordan out. I want to send him on. Here there are no seasons at all. It only matters what the day is like. It never goes by the week, even. Tonight it is cold, for once. Jordan's on the porch; I can see him now. I don't know if he's coming in or going out. I can see his breath. I never saw Jordan's breath once in the two years we've lived here. Do I mean that I love him?" She exhaled into the phone.

"Oh, let it be one way or the other," I said. The next thing I said felt vital. "Tell him it is going down to freezing tonight. Go, tell him."

Then Nadine told me I was being a romantic—me.

—MOIRA CRONE

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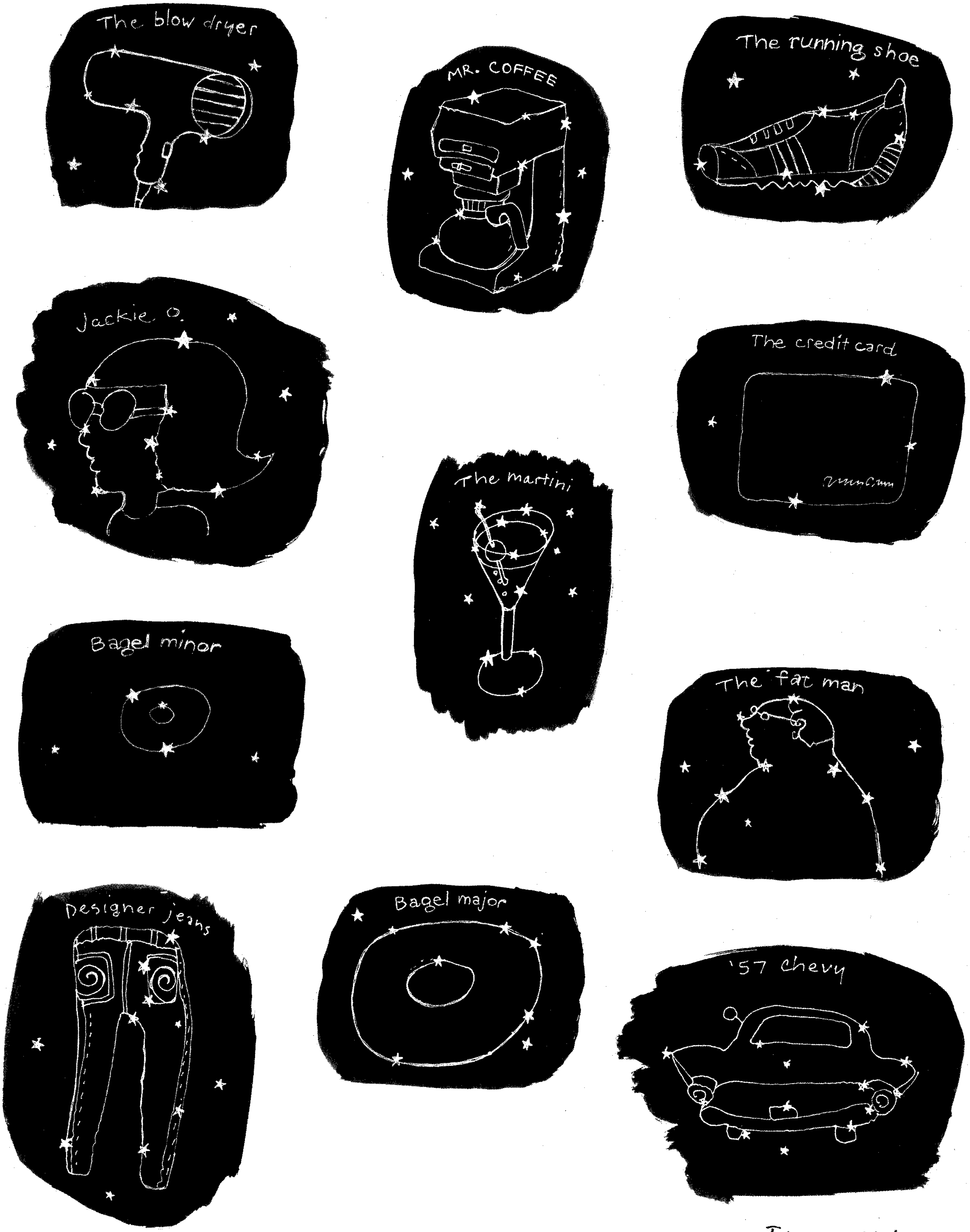
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Denver Rocky Mountain News*]

'DAY AFTER' BLAST WOULD ALTER DIETS

CONSTELLATIONS


The blow dryer
MR. COFFEE
The running shoe
Jackie O.
The credit card
The martini
Bagel minor
The fat man
Designer jeans
Bagel major
'57 chevy

FLORIAN

THE HINGE

THEY flew in very low over Warsaw. There was an empty seat between Boleslaw and Wanda. They tried, separately, to remember where they had known each other before. No good. The empty seat, implying something; but for the moment nothing came back. Two birds flying in flotilla on a level with the plane bumped into each other.

"Birds in a migrating fleet don't usually bump," Wanda said, in English.

"In a migration, there's bound to be dissent," said Boleslaw. The usual Polish double meaning: Polish Catholicism standing also for anti-Soviet Communism, for instance. Though he had been speaking German to the stewardess, Boleslaw now used French, to fuddle the all too attentive German-speaking Russians behind them. "Besides, they can't be migrating. It's spring."

"De-migrating, then," she said, persisting in English. She had seen him reading the label on a jar of Iranian caviar that he had shared with her. Another two birds bumped and their wings locked, being in cross-rhythm. "I didn't know birds syncopated," said Wanda.

"No. Any more than soldiers marching do. Except under order, on bridges."

"Why do you keep reading the label?"

"I'm not reading, I'm looking at Iranian," he said, in English. "Unintelligible and also illegible, with my eyesight. I broke my spectacles. A child with a swinging kit bag full of ironmongery did it at London Airport. At least, I would have deduced ironmongery. Saucepans and crowbars and spare kettle lids and such."

"A rising young tinker," she said. And then, "You *do* speak English, and also you don't look German at all."

"Why?"

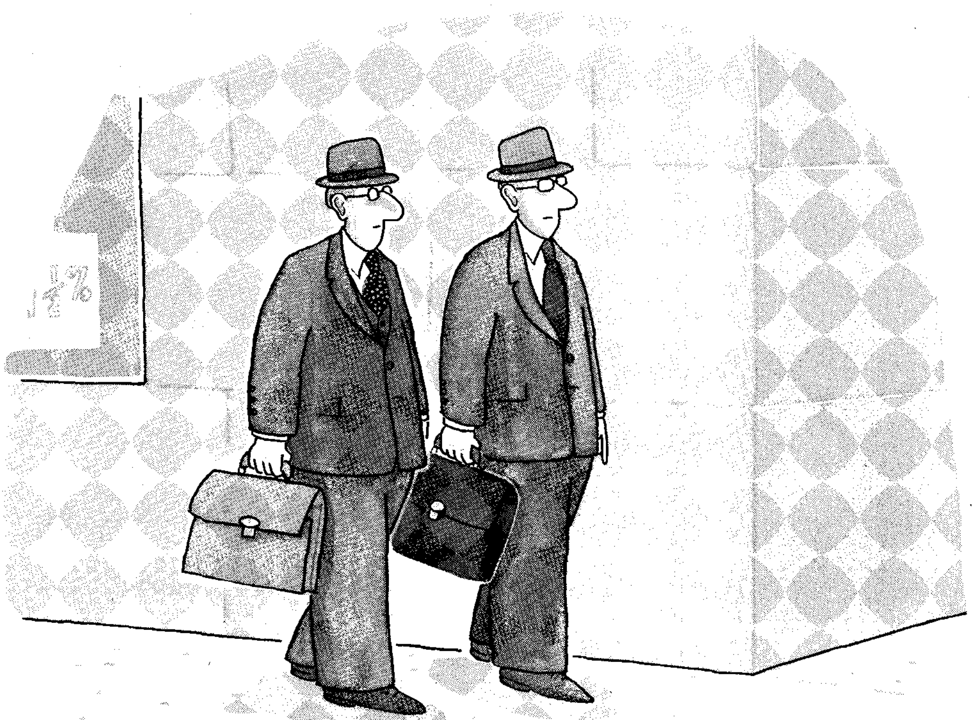
"Why what?"

"In what way not?"

"You look like a Cruikshank. Big features. German features are more buried. And you've got a very non-German red beard." Another pair of birds bumped. "Sorry," said Wanda, apologizing for something not her fault.

"So you are English, born and bred," he said. "All those 'Sorry's."

"No. Polish Jewish. English only since most of twenty-six years."



WALL ST. GLITTERATI

Something came back to Boleslaw for a second; the empty seat beside them filled up with some young ghost; but he still floundered. "Forget about it and it'll come back," people always said. So he left the question and held the caviar jar farther away from him to study the label, but Wanda saw no emergent clarity in his face and took the jar from him.

"They gave us Russian caviar with the lunch," she said.

He tried to hide the jar in his seat pocket with the safety instructions. " 'In the unlikely event of an emergency' in five languages," he said.

"Why didn't you have the Russian stuff?"

"Too greasy."

"Why does the Iranian jar matter?"

"Because it shows I've been in Iran, and my passport doesn't."

"You could have bought it in Soho. Either the caviar or the passport," she said after he had tried putting the empty jar into the instep of one of his socks. There is nowhere, nowhere at all, to hide an empty jar of Iranian caviar on plane or person when everything is going to be searched. He looked desperate. She leaned over him to whisper, and he said in a rush, obeying, "Soho, yes, of course—that's where you bought it."

Less calm than he about the likelihood of bugged headrests, she put her finger to her lips, and swiftly scratched off the Iranian label with her nail scissors and filled the jar half full of hair shampoo, so that she could carry in the evidence safely herself.

"I think the radar signals are messing up the birds' sense of direction," Boleslaw said.

She put her finger to her lips again, seeing another sort of trouble implicit for themselves, and studied his passport.

"A waiter," she said, seeing that he had altered "WRITER" to "WAITER," an easy enough change in the handwritten capitals of Her Britannic Majesty's passports. She flipped through the dozens of pages of visas. "You've been a waiter in a lot of countries," she said.

"At times. At *times*," he said with emphasis.

Wanda nodded. Poles cotton on to codes quickly. All right, then, "WAITER" was a disguise for a correspondent of the *Times*.

"You must see a great deal of food, this way and that, in your profession," she said.

"Also a filmmaker and marionette-theatre director," he wrote inside the vapid human outline of a life-jacket diagram, and then he scratched over it and turned the writing into waiters' buttons and lapels. He whispered, "The *Times*' foreign bureau knows there isn't much to file safely from Poland." More loudly, "I am primarily an artist, you see, proud though I am of waitering, which serves our people."

"Where are you going now?" said Wanda, hands gripping the armrests as they came in to land. She added, in code again, "Official instructions: Is your headrest upright?"

"Near Lodz," he lied. "To do the washing-up at the film school." He inspected his headrest swiftly and found the mike stitched into a flabby violet in the antimacassar embroidery. "Possibly all washed up by now," he said.

She shook her head and said, "I expect the bumping—the bumping of birds—was a matter of de-migration. The captain of the flotilla giving the command to stay. No birds obeying. Communications among several thousand birds would be bound to be difficult. I believe it's colder this year in the Balkans than here. Nicer here, isn't it?" She screwed on the top of the hair-shampoo jar more tightly and then held his hand on the armrest, thinking not to clamor.

"So why are you coming back to Poland with a Polish birthplace on Her Britannic Majesty's passport?" He was only asking the immigration people's question for them. Pretending to be an upstanding line-toeing Pole. She approved the simulation.

"I've been working in a Polish bookshop in London and I got homesick," she said.

"To come would be risky, though?"

"No more than most things?"

"Because of the birthplace in your passport, as I said."

"A lot of regimes since then," she said.

"Bureaucrats are unchangeable."

"But stupid."

"Stupid and worldly. The most dangerous combination."

The plane in front of theirs suddenly changed course to the military side of the airport and crashed into a row of small government houses. When they landed, Boleslaw stayed seated. Wanda rushed to the accident. No one, it seemed from the first quick count, had been killed, even though the houses were made of matchstick. The passengers on the plane were Olympic athletes and their non-Polish coaches. Sabotage was suspected. In a country of peril to everyone, from steelworkers to sandwich-makers, athletes had become to the outside world an emblem of the valuable: rare in constancy, running or swimming or pole-vaulting as they did, wrapped in the flag of their benighted nation.

Because Wanda had witnessed the accident, running in espadrilles from the plane to see what might be done, she was held at the airport for five hours. No one cared about what she was bringing in, apart from anything made of gold. Her rings (two) were taken off and counted again and again, and entered again and again on a form that had to be clipped to her exit form. Her earrings (also two, the one-per-head punk mode not yet having entered Poland) were also carefully counted and entered. A tooth of hers had recently been broken in London by a child on a skateboard. The dentist had covered the remaining witch's fang with a crown, which he felt might well come out again in a piece of Polish black bread, and he had therefore honorably supplied her with the jaw impressions he had taken, to save her possible expense of zlotys. The impressions looked to her Neanderthal, and also breakable.

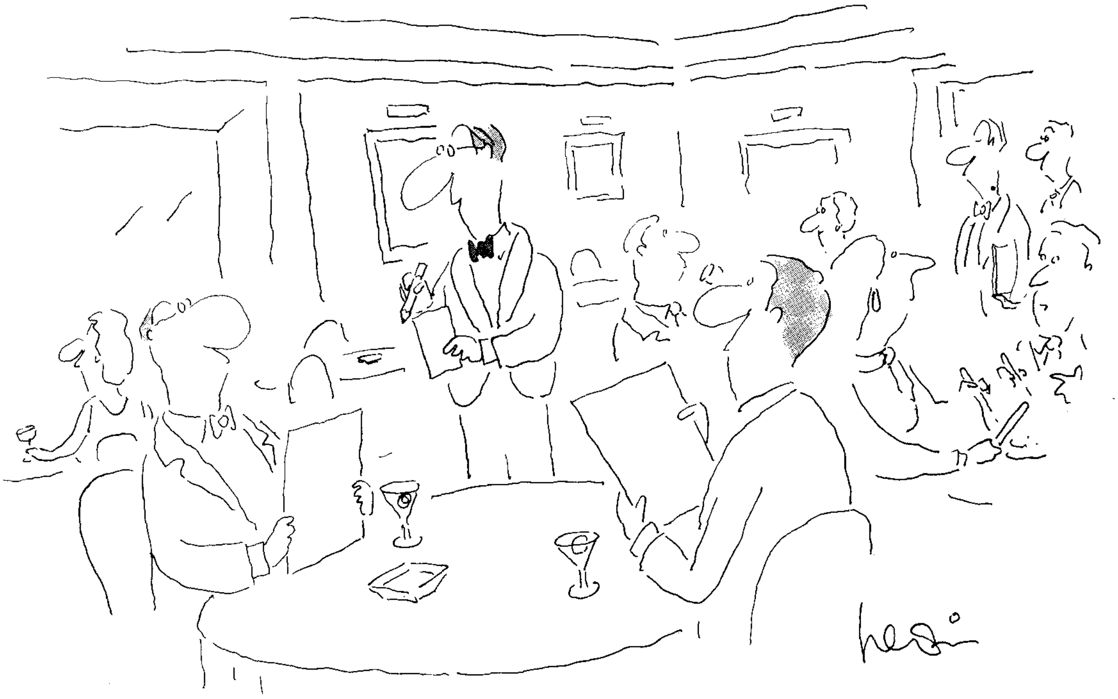
"A zoologist," said one inspector.

"An anthropologist. Female," said another.

At customs, the dental impressions were indeed broken, with appealing care, to see if they were filled with gold. It occurred to no one that the plaster might be a disguise for heroin or cocaine. As no gold spilled out, the customs men concentrated on gluing the impressions together again and gave them back to her labelled "No gold."

"In the West," Wanda said, putting her rings back on, "there is an advertisement for diamond rings that says 'A diamond is forever.' Except that they've changed it to 'A diamond is for now,' because people want things that are now, now." Seeing no way out of this sentence, she rushed into incoherent chatter about the crash. The chatter was reported to some authority, and she sat alone on a packing case for several more hours before she was released. Only in Poland, she thought.

AND only in Poland, thought Boleslaw, speaking German in Gdansk to the younger strikers, because he wished to seem a good mar-


"Well, sir, that depends. Are you having lunch or doing lunch?"

• •

keting Pole of the new order. But he found an old shipyard employee who had been in the yard in the French-speaking long-ago, when his own sailboat had needed an overhaul on a voyage that he was undertaking on a route once sailed by Shackleton. The old worker nodded at Boleslaw's picking him out to speak to in French. "German is necessary as the language of the economic miracle that is missing us, and Russian is not to be preferred," he said, also in French. He tied a bowline around a bollard, his tough hands at odds with the lean cut of his thought. He added, with a very Gallic flutter of his callused hands, "French is the language of diplomacy, and Poles have never been diplomatic with Russians. We have been used as a corridor too often."

Boleslaw said, "And shrunken too often."

The worker went on, coiling another line, "There is a medal of St. Stanislaw, engraved in our alphabet and not in the Cyrillic, that was awarded by the Russians to heads of the militia who had significantly overrun our country. When the Czarists hit hard times, they sold their jewelry, and there are many of these medals in Poland. We have appropriated them, because they are beautiful in design, however ugly in meaning. The Writers' Union Awards, too; undeniably fine. Czarist pendants given to foreign members to whom we cannot pay the deserved zlotys. You will please not say that I can speak German."

Only in Poland, thought Boleslaw again, who had been honored fearlessly in Polish only a year before by the Journalists' Union.

BACK in Warsaw, a while later, Boleslaw was on the loose in an English library endowed just before the war by a rich Englishwoman widely loved and widely regarded as batty. The place was staffed by Polish-loving English remnants, mostly women, some quite young. He had his own secondhand and unused copy of "Divas of Yesteryear" to fall back on —never go into a house of plenty without provisions of your own— when he felt himself to have bumped into someone.

Wanda. It was actually Wanda who had done the bumping. But Boleslaw, a skinny man, saw others rather as he would see small and rocky Sheraton tables: probably reproduction and badly made, definitely cause for spilling. So he lifted his book, in lieu of a hat, and apologized.

"Again you don't remember me," said Wanda.

"Yes, I don't," said Boleslaw. Though he did indeed, of course, even if not yet her name. He went over what he had said, and found the haplessness impermissible. Wanda left the library carrying a pile of notebooks. Boleslaw noticed that she had a list on top of them. He remembered that someone had once said that making lists was the mark of a poet. He went up to a librarian and asked if she knew who had said it. "Or written it," he added. Other librarians joined in the hunt, but it was near closing time and

MEMORIAL DAY

In Field Guides they are always in repose:
tiny female, olive-gray, so like the local birds,
the male, shiny black with tailstripes, wingbars,
"shoulder coloration" such a vivid orange
I might have recognized him in the elm.
But this close—for days, midday, over and over
they sprang from the nearest branch of the shrub,
slinging themselves at the glass, then hovering there
with so much apparent purpose my son said,
"Why don't you open the window and let them in?"

For a moment, it was the voice of clearest reason.
And it must have been the same for the early fishermen
on the Klamath River, after
the terrible dark winters of retribution,
seeing the water clot with fish and fish twist
willingly into their nets, who thought the salmon
had been sent to feed them and their families—
hadn't they prayed steadily, and weren't the fish
laboring upstream?
                    Likewise, my father's cousin,
deep in the mud and confusion of the war,
heard a woman's voice, distinct
as a mouth harp, his dead wife's voice,
urging him out of the foxhole, out of the path
of the sudden German shell that killed the others.
And now, two rare, impatient birds flying at me, erect,
sunstruck, treading the air, their mouths propped
open as if to speak, as if they were not birds
but messengers—
                    but I am overrun with signs and omens:
the pair death has taken
swim up like motes in my eye, I find them
everywhere I look, I put them there: it is a blindness.
American Redstart Warblers. If they have meaning,
maybe they represent the living, not the dead;
and I am meant to understand
death is locked behind the glass
that teases with our own reflections
until the implicating sun moves to the southwest
and the window once again holds only shadow.

It's been a week since their last visitation.
At the window, the smudge of purple,
those small rich berries the buds made,
has opened into the blossoms'
distinguishing pastel, a thicket of lilac.
From time to time I catch among the usual calls
a sequence of notes—not a warble at all but abrupt
chips of sound—to match the guide's
approximating graph, which records,
though it cannot translate, what they say.

—ELLEN BRYANT VOIGT

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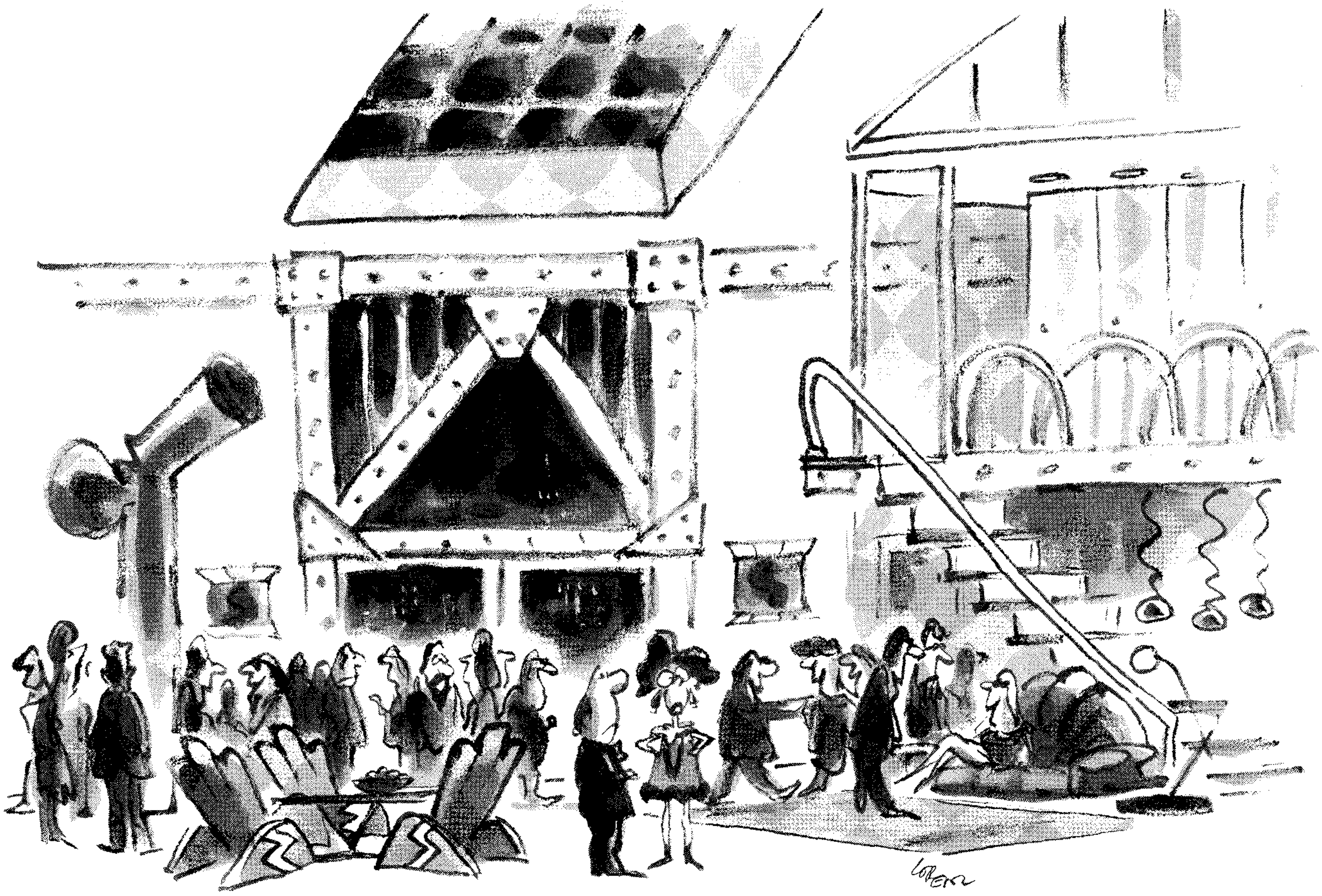


"Is this some kind of 'tech'?"

• •

they retreated to guessing as they were putting books back into the stacks.

"Does it matter?" one said.

"Well, it's better to get things right, isn't it? I got an author wrong just now," said an official with eyebrows that he would lift in apology as others lift their spectacles.

"You could try Auden," said an elderly librarian. "If only he were here to ask," she added to herself. "I think I never saw such a fine face, apart from Mr. Beckett's."

A partridge-shaped librarian with a very tight and nurselike belt whisked Boleslaw from library thought to reporter's fatigue in a moment. She whispered unsympathetically that the dictionaries of quotations were in the reference section and the reference section was closed.

"I'm not making for dictionaries, I'm making for Auden," he said. Frowning in rage, he turned back and asked her if she had a volume of the latest book by the author of the one under his arm.

"Author?"

"Flora Stuberdale. 'Divas of Yesteryear.' A key work of its time." He stabbed his finger at the list of her other works on the flyleaf. "It's her next one I want, you see. 'Lesser-Known Divas of Yesteryear.' You won't have heard of her."

The librarian took the insult in her stride, as she always did near closing time, and said, "She'd have got a flipping Foyles' Literary Lunch for that, I bet," and looked up the title in "Books Out of Print." "O.P.," she said. "Out of print through demand, I expect."

"Do you happen to know the name of that young woman in the trouser suit? The one I bumped into? I used to know her. Ages ago."

An even harsher librarian took over and said, "We can help you with the names of books, sir, but the names of library users are not part of the service."

"Some people are doomed to sound farcical," Boleslaw said in the low murmur he used when talking to himself, "but I'm sure you don't mean to sound like a record."

"The record department is shut," said the librarian.

"This day is a granny knot," said Boleslaw to himself, "so it will come apart if pulled."

He read Auden as he walked back to his hotel. In the way of things, he remembered more and more about Wanda as he read. A small child when he had leaped over the electrified wire with her. The empty seat on the plane: Wanda's younger brother, killed when they made the jump. Given a little hush, many mislaid thoughts can occur at once. It is only in the noisiest conditions that one can truthfully give a single answer to "A penny for your thoughts."

HAVING many Polish friends in London, Wanda knew that there were three exchange rates for the zloty: the official rate, the official black-market rate, and the unofficial black-market rate. The descriptions were solemn and accurate. The official rate greatly favored the zloty; the unofficial black-market rate, rich in zlotys beyond the dreams of avarice and a worry to anyone Polish-born, meant standing on a street corner for five minutes of dangerous observation, so hard pressed for foreign currency was the country. Wanda bought a few zlotys at the official rate and then a lot more at the unofficial black-market rate.

The concierge at her hotel, a cheap one at the center of rebuilt Warsaw, remembered her as a little girl. He had been greatly fond of her parents, both killed in the Warsaw Uprising. She walked in the twilight past the Cathedral of St. Jan and went to a café to have some dinner: potatoes; delicious cauliflower rolled in butter and chopped hard-boiled egg; no meat. People ate together, in the Polish way, at tables for ten or sixteen, and cleared their own plates. Talk was surprisingly unguarded.

So, indeed, was everything in Warsaw. By the time she had strolled back to her hotel, she found Boleslaw there, by a wonder. Without a beard, though he had been very much bearded on the plane. How had he found her? By chance? No. He was, after all, an investigative reporter. No miracle, just slog. They spoke Polish, eschewing the German they hated. After her brother's death, left unspoken of, they had made it separately to England with the sometimes magicked heels of the young, and there never found each other.

"I lost heart that I'd ever see you again," she said. "But then I found you on the plane."

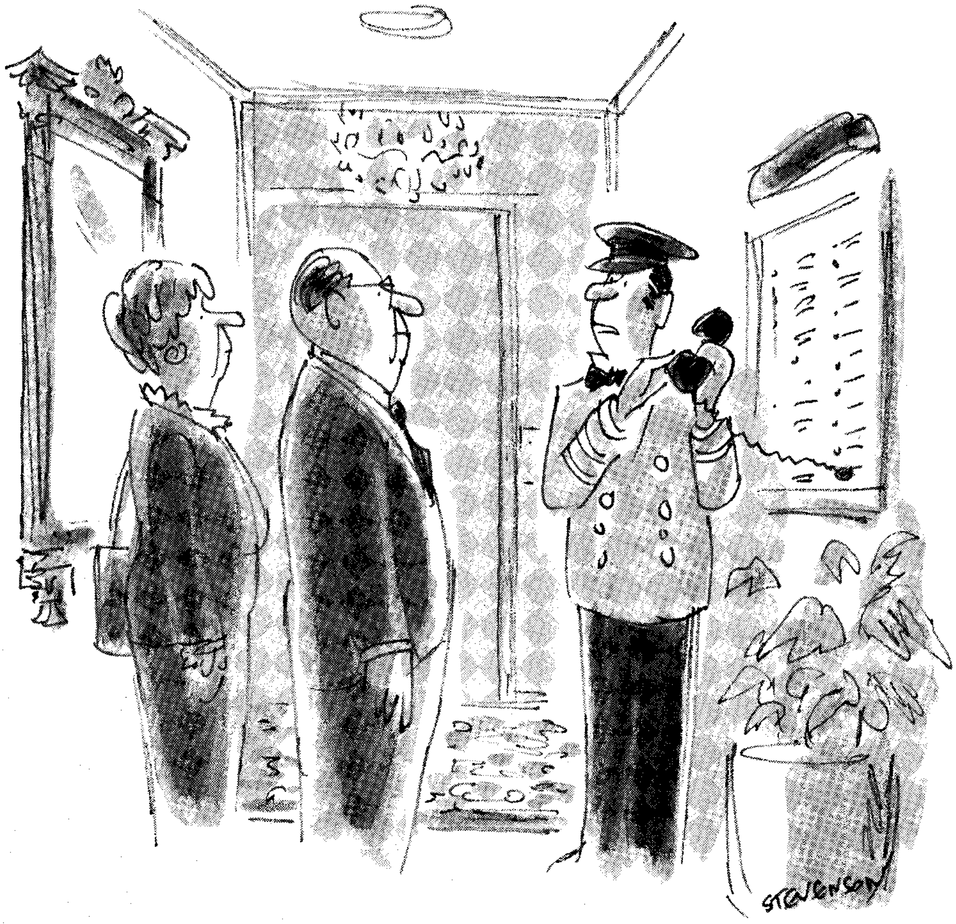
"Vital things can take a long time," he said. "It's only gradually dawned on me."

"But it wasn't that long ago. We weren't that young."

"Pre-student."

"One's always pre-student. And also always retired, of course. Cart horses put out to grass." At that, Wanda saw something equine in the face of a hotel resident passing by, a man who had lent his bedroom key to her when she lost hers and they had together discovered that one key worked for every door except the linen cupboard, the babushka's terrain. Wanda waved. The hotel guest, who had made no passes at her, merely bowed his head gently.

"Is that a boyfriend of yours?" said Boleslaw, twisting a coat button.



"Mr. Wilson has asked me to determine whether you come bearing gifts."

"No. But debonair."

"I've been waiting for this to happen for a long time," said Boleslaw.

"The man?"

"No. Finding you again."

"You couldn't say it was instant recognition."

"No, but you could say it was slow dawn of recognition and be just as commonplace."

"I don't see anything commonplace about you. You haven't picked up anything trite abroad."

"You make abroad sound like a germ," said Boleslaw. Thought and speech collided, minds merged, oiled a heavy hinge, and made things light again, as they always had been in the not forgotten days when they had leaped the fence.

Longing for news of him, this man in her presence, news as on a postcard, she said, "What have you been doing?"

"I worked for a while on newspapers, after a time in France. And acquired a red beard."

"Always a hot disguise. You haven't got it now." Thus the slow mulling of an intimacy dreamed lost, she thought.

"May we have an ashtray?" she said to the waitress, who was wriggling into jeans behind the bar.

"The bar is closed."

"An ashtray with water in it."

"Vodka is closed."

"Water is what I said."

The waitress obliged. Wanda, moved to sound wifely, said, "For his contact lenses." Boleslaw took the lenses out. They were colored blue.

"Does that make you feel sick?" asked Wanda.

"Not seriously," he said.

"Your eyes are like Jesus's," she said.

"Oh Christ," he said. "No. More like yours. Much more like yours." He had a sip from the ashtray and said, for relative calm, "Yours were always brown. You were wearing brown eyeshadow when we jumped over the wire, and it smudged, but it only looked like tiredness." He wiped tears of some sort away from his own eyes and, trying gaiety, said, "These contact lenses. I have seven pairs at the ready."

She said, "A foreign correspondent has to be free to be anyone." She could hear him think "No, no one," and muttered something too soft for him to hear, in this shared learned English. Learned far away from each other, and for different purposes, except that theirs now seemed the same. To look at the tiny blue lenses afloat in a blue-and-white saucer; now they could have belonged to either of them, long lost as both were from their homeland, and primed at any moment to take on disguises.

Pause. "What do you actually do?" Wanda said.

"Watch wars and queue for the telex."

"Have you been back to Poland much?"

"Every year."

"Doing what?"

"As I said, making films and running a marionette theatre."

"Underground cabaret?" She had been imagining a tiny political puppet theatre officially unknown.

"No." For the benefit of the possibly planted concierge. "A great attendance. Many interesting bureaucrats from the Ministry of Culture."

He lit a long brown cigarette, and talked out of the side of his mouth, so that only she could hear. "Most of the double meanings slip by the censors safely. The detected ones have so far never failed to benefit from the rule preventing any Pole from coming to trial. To public trial. I once got away with a film called 'The Pleasure of Your Company Is Requested at the Ribbon-Cutting to Celebrate the Train Line to Auschwitz.' I think it was the courtesy of the title that got it through."

They ran the gantlet of the watchful babushka knitting at the end of the hotel corridor. She warned them that the room was for the lady only, and then paused, implying another warning. It was, of course, that the room had been searched. Wanda had brought with her in her luggage a photocopy of a score with three of the many pages out of order. In the short time since she had left her room, the score's pages had been arranged in the right order. It was what she and Boleslaw were accustomed to. No fault of the babushka, who was Polish down to her flat black boot heels, which looked as if they had been growing out of the floor forever. When did she sleep? Where? In her chair, between comings and goings, though never wavering in patience. Some might have called her a purchased old soul, but not anyone who knew her. She was to be trusted in her connivances, which were as much on the side of the hotel guests as her knitting was. The knitting only seemed endless because she gave the thickest of what she knitted to the thin and chilly Poles in the little hotel, keeping two pieces of work going at once in case of enemy observance.

As Wanda and Boleslaw were about to go to bed, for the first time in their many thoughts of it, the babushka knocked at Wanda's door, poked in a crossed pair of needles, made a shake of the head over them, and disappeared. Boleslaw leaped out of the door and said, "See you tomorrow, before noon, at the Grand Hotel, and ask for the plastic convention." He also disappeared. Cloaked though they might have seemed to electronic listeners, such code-sounding words were the means of surviving an infancy in the sewers of Nazi-occupied Warsaw, of electric fences bounded over.

"Thank you. I think your ears are cute, too."

THE next day, on the way to meet Boleslaw at his more expensive hotel, Wanda found that it was one of the single Sundays in four that counted as a day off. Carnival reigned. Vodka was drunk, at great expense, behind charabancs. She remembered that in Poland a potato meal is enlivened by the saying that a potato in Poland grows dreaming of the vodka it is going to be made into. Because of the state of the economy, vodka was extremely expensive for Poles to buy, for it provided crucial export trade. Nevertheless, a potato grower is going to be a vodka drinker, Moscow economist in power or not. So there was a certain amount of sickness going on behind the charabancs, though a more joyful sickness she had never witnessed. Anxious wives and children watched with pride out of the backs of the charabancs at the hardy prowess, and provided clear spring water and singing as palliatives once the heroic trial by ordeal was over. There was no clapping. Applause is dangerous, when apt, in Poland.

In the hotel, thinking in Polish and waiting for Boleslaw, Wanda heard Geordie English at the bar.

"Blimey," she said.

The men asked her over at once. Five of them. About twenty-two years old, not more. They had been laid off in England and had seen on a bulletin board an advertisement for workers for six months in a plastic factory three hours away from Warsaw. And payment at the official rate of exchange, with a weekend free in an expensive hotel. Knowing few Poles but knowing one another, having no idea where life would lead them next but seeing no work for themselves in Tory England, they came.

They gave her a drink, two, and refused to let her pay. They called zlotys "zlots," said they had loads of them and couldn't take them out of the country.

"You've learned Polish a bit?" she asked.

"Not much point when we might be in Algeria next."

"You miss England?"

"What they call unrealistic, isn't it? We'd be on the dole back home," and then, breaking into song, "And we'll not go down the mines, Dad."

They were clearly cheered by the company of an English-speaking woman.

"What about the girlfriends you've got here? Leaving them behind?" said Wanda.

"Well," said a Geordie called Alan, "not much point in a lasting relationship, is there?"

Another of them carried on for him. "Not with someone you can't speak to, and they haven't got time to learn English. Not that they're prostitutes. Very hospitable. Very hospitable parents, if they've got them left."

The Geordies sang a short song, "Nice girls the zlot girls, well wortha lot girls," and raised the glasses of beer that the hotel provided free.

Boleslaw turned up and kissed Wanda, both of them remembering their code assignation with an affection not usually aroused by plastic. One of the workers, all of them sensing a need, slipped Boleslaw the key to his own posh room and said, "See you in a quarter of an hour. Telephone takes a long time to get through."

The time alone so long delayed was interrupted by a bed-maker, but bed itself worked beautifully, in the mystical way of such things in impossible circumstances, perhaps aided by the good will felt by the boys downstairs, who had no language in common with their temporary girlfriends and no idea where to go next.

"I think I should go back to England," said Wanda.

"I think I should stay here," said Boleslaw.

"I see that."

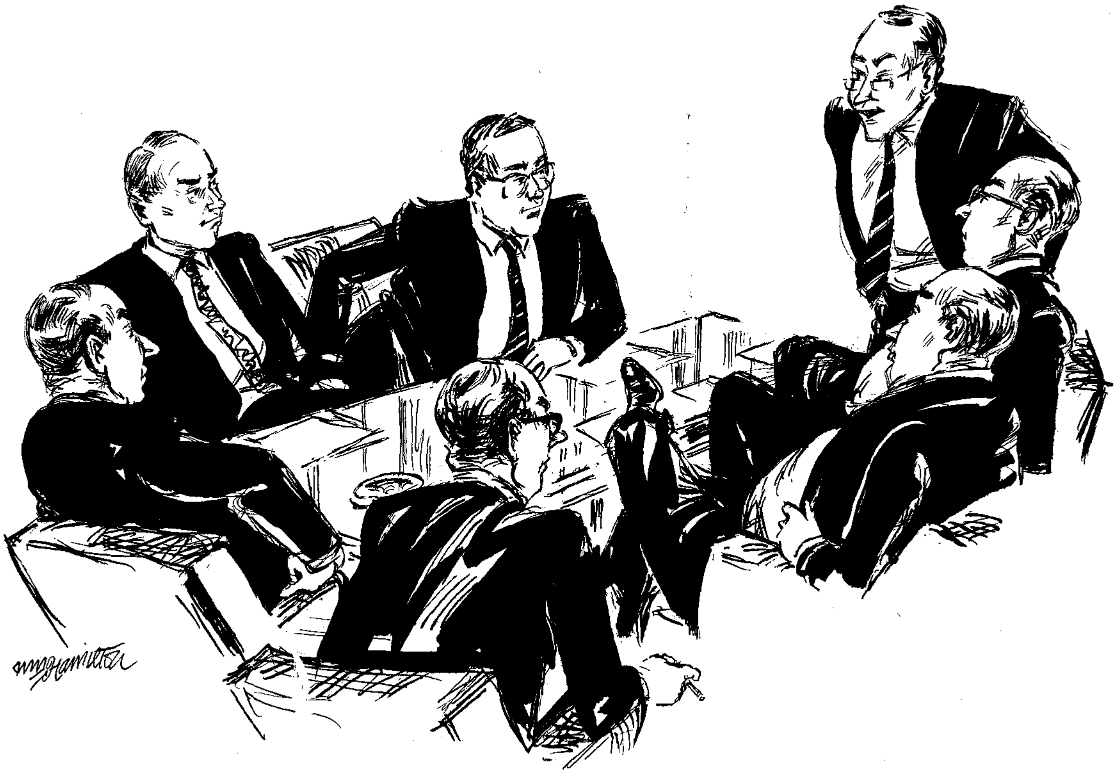
Kindred as they always had been, they left each other without ado. A great deal had happened in their lives, a great deal more would come. Anything of the present had the nature of a hallucination. Wanda shook hands with the babushka in this corridor. The babushka showed her what she was knitting. A balaclava helmet. "For Gdansk."

Even under the boot heel, people in Warsaw do not guard their words.

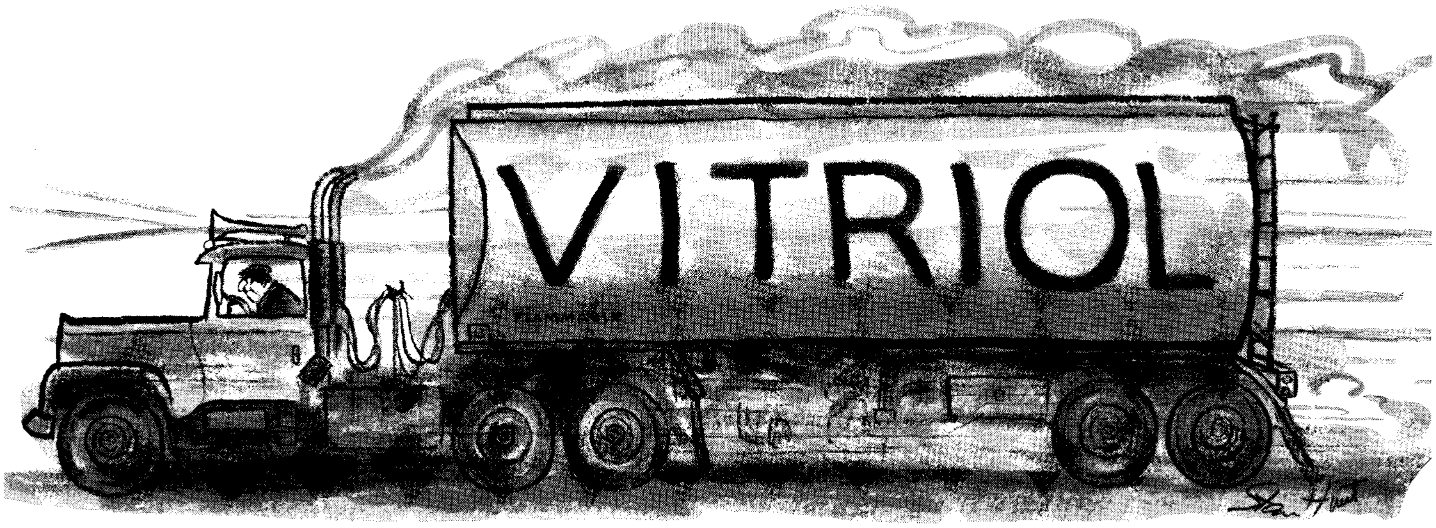
NEXT morning, the news must have spread that Wanda was back in Warsaw. An old friend named Kakia, a survivor of Auschwitz, sped on crutches into the hotel lounge, where Wanda was reading the papers. Kakia carried a bunch of freesias, the flowers of the Polish spring, which she had discovered she could freeze in her refrigerator to last the year round if she buried them in an ice-cube tray of water. Wanda had no idea that Kakia was still alive. She was not in the directory, but then no wise Polish Jew is: anti-Semitism still comes and goes in Poland.

Kakia was well into her eighties now. A scholarly, blithe, gentle woman. They spoke rapidly of many things. Kakia had lost her job as the editor of a film magazine, but friends helped her to manage. She could translate for them, and read possible scripts; even—not so curiously—give advice about how to deal with the Soviet-trained inhabitants of the white wedding cake of a building that dominates what remains of Warsaw.

Kakia asked Wanda back to her apartment for tea. She lived at the



"We are being wooed."



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top of a poor block of flats, walking up there on her crutches, both legs having been broken in Auschwitz. She made tea as they talked, interrupted constantly by the telephone, for everyone trusted in Warsaw knew her number by heart. Before Auschwitz, she had found time to leave her beautiful sixteenth- and seventeenth-century family books in the care of a less endangered writer friend. She also left him the family chandelier. When she survived and came back to Warsaw, her friend had saved the belongings of the razed family house. So now, in the minute flat, the walls were packed with the volumes of vellum, and at one side of the room the chandelier hung low over the sofa, where Kakia read with her legs up beside the telephone. Somehow, in foodless Warsaw, she had found a rich chocolate cake for tea. In the kitchen, she said that she couldn't remember whether Wanda liked milk and sugar in her tea: this after such decades. "Neither," said Wanda, putting an end to Kakia's effort to open with a crutch a high cupboard.

Kakia said, "How I hate people who say, 'Just a little,' as though that weren't just as much trouble as a lot."

While Wanda was there, Boleslaw rang Kakia about a possible job for her at the Lodz film school. Kakia said that she couldn't leave her telephone or her books.

Boleslaw came round early the next day. Wanda, concerned, had already dropped in again. "Sleepless from all-night shooting and all-day marionettes and the Warsaw *telephone*," he grumbled cheerfully. Then he said that there was a lighter job going in Warsaw as an interpreter at the Ministry of Culture. From Polish into Russian.

"Bravo and yes. Right into the heart of the enemy," Kakia said. "Well, I've been there before and got away with it. I look older than the records and I dye my hair."

Her hair was like a sink brush; even dyed pure white it still looked like a sink brush; but the bureaucrats of the Ministry noticed nothing but her cloak, dyed red, and her canes, purposefully exchanged for her crutches. Friends helped her down the stairs. Boleslaw weighed in as usual.

Later, over a cauliflower dinner, Boleslaw explained to Wanda that Kakia had often braved it to the underground university to teach. It was now far better than the overt university, he said. Sometimes it was called the flying university.

"Why?" said Wanda, in an undertone, because Boleslaw had his red beard on and his blue contact lenses in.

"Because there's no place for it. It doesn't ground anywhere."

"But people know where to go?"

"Of course."

"No prospectuses?"

"You can't copy-print more than nineteen of anything."

"Not twenty wedding invitations?"

"One aunt too many. Always a peril. As to the flying university, it flies underground."

"Might I?"

"Seven o'clock. Lecture on Swift. The basement of the Ministry of Culture."

Every evening for ten or more, Wanda went with Kakia to the university, once to a showing of a brand-new film by Boleslaw. Kakia had seen it already, at the censors' showing, and had laughed so much that she forgot to translate for several moments and lost the job from the furious censors, who made unpleasant threats. Expulsion. But worse had happened to her: Auschwitz, the Uprising, Lublin.

Wanda thought about the film. About the injuries caused in its making and screening, taken without qualm. She decided to stay, in spite of her noticed link with Kakia, if she could find a job. She and Kakia had lunch at the Writers' Union. Boleslaw was at another table, near them. Potatoes, leeks, gravy. Wanda could not understand why talk stiffened when their table was joined by an inoffensive-looking couple, who asked her how best to translate a line from "King Lear." She was friendly; both Kakia and Boleslaw said nothing. The couple quickly left.

"Why didn't you speak to them?" Wanda said in a low voice.

"Party hacks," said Boleslaw cordially, eating up the leftover potatoes on the couple's plates, which they had failed to clear away. Wanda left quietly, not looking back. Boleslaw stayed, observer that he was.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

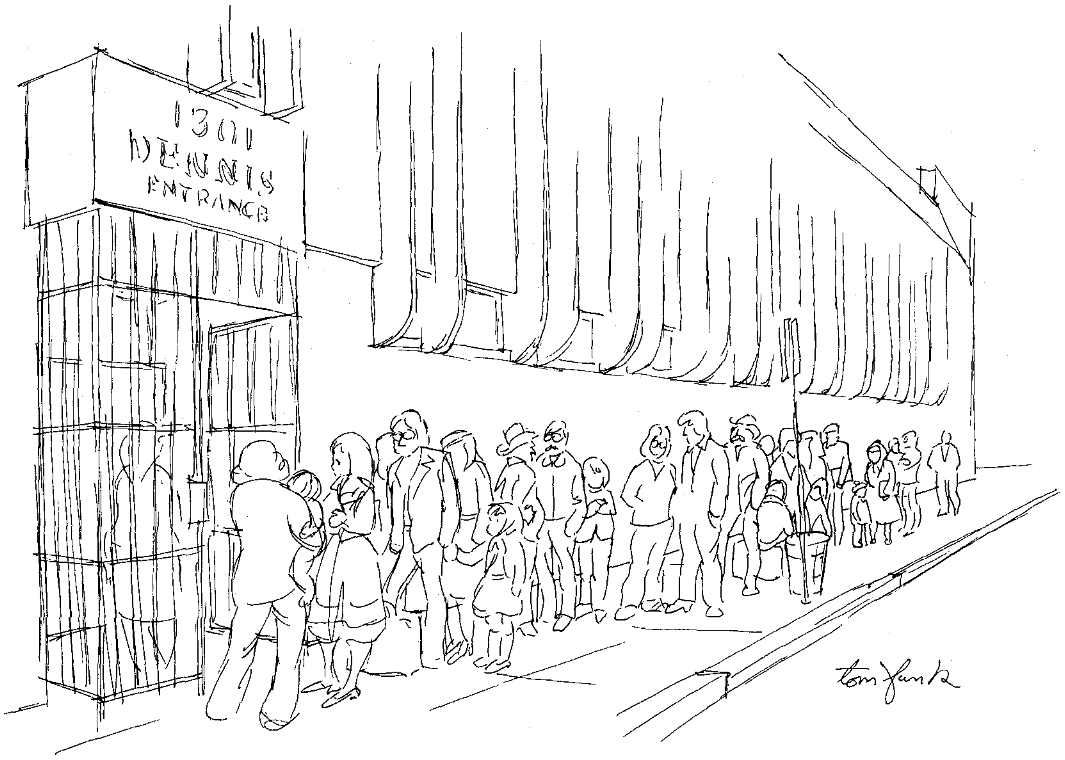
•

Dr. Alan Janes of Longmeadow, musical director of Baystate Medical Center's Blood Bank, has been appointed to a three-year term on the state's Medico-Legal Investigation Commission by Governor Michael S. Dukakis. He is the only Western Massachusetts physician named to the commission.—*Longmeadow* (*Mass.*) *News.*

And the only one who can carry a tune.

PROFILES

MAKING ADJUSTMENTS



“ALL the other lawyers in Houston are asleep.”

Just before seven on a rainy Wednesday morning, I reminded the lawyers standing in line outside the Houston District Office of the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service that their colleagues—corporation lawyers, tax lawyers, trust lawyers, even criminal lawyers—were still in bed. The lawyers in line just nodded and pulled closer to the wall of the building, attempting to draw some shelter from a short overhang. The thought had apparently occurred to them before.

There were half a dozen lawyers in line, some of them accompanied by clients. Pressed against the building on the other side of the entrance—an entrance set into an alcove that is protected by a heavy iron gate—sixty or seventy people stood in a separate line for the general public. A mobile snack bar had pulled up to the curb across the street from the longer line, and the proprietor was doing a fair business in hot coffee and doughnuts. The district office of the I.N.S.—what immigration lawyers in Houston refer to simply as Immigration—occupies a two-story corner building a mile or so south of the imposing forest of modern glass towers that is now Houston's downtown. In the days of the city's phenomenal growth, developers took giant strides around Houston, snatching up huge tracts of land for a shopping area here and an office complex there; the neighborhood around Immigration looks like one of the places they must have stepped over on their way to the southwestern suburbs. There are still some private houses, a few of them in need of a paint job, and some empty lots. The local office of the state employment commission is around the corner, with its own line. Next to where the snack truck had pulled up, there is a wholesale fish company—an enterprise that was pointed out to me when I said to the lawyers that standing in line must be less unpleasant in the summer. On the next corner from where the lawyers line up, there is a Chinese noodle factory. Ed Prud'homme, a lawyer whose office is only a block from Immigration, occasionally manages to get invited to lunch at the factory; he has handled some immigration matters for the noodle people. The location of Prud'homme's office is a strong part of his identification among his colleagues of the immigration bar. When I was introduced to Prud'homme—a short, storytelling man with a gray beard and an Arkansas accent—he said, “My claim to fame is being the first one in this line.” On the Wednesday in question, he was second.

Beaumont Martin had beaten him to Immigration. When Martin arrived, he reached into his attaché case, withdrew a contraption made of aluminum and canvas, unfolded it into a short stool, and sat down. Martin, who is six feet five, looked rather odd perched on the tiny stool, but he is a man who has always been more interested in being practical than in keeping up appearances. Early in his career, he decided that having a secretary did not make economic sense for him, so he gets by with an answering machine and his own typing. He takes only cases that do not disrupt the system he has worked out for processing applications effectively in the least amount of time—straightforward matters of an immigrant's obtaining permanent-resident status through being related to another permanent resident or through marrying a citizen or through being employed in a job that the Department of Labor certifies to be a job not sought after by any citizens with equivalent qualifications. Because he finds jumpsuits the most comfortable apparel, he wears nothing but jumpsuits—short-sleeved jumpsuits that he orders by mail from California. Not long ago, a testimonial dinner was held for Sam Williamson, the dean of the immigration bar in Houston, and Martin was moved by the importance of the occasion to vary his costume to the extent of wearing a specially designed black-tie jumpsuit. It did not turn out to be a gesture that caused him to blend in with the crowd, since the dinner was not black-tie.

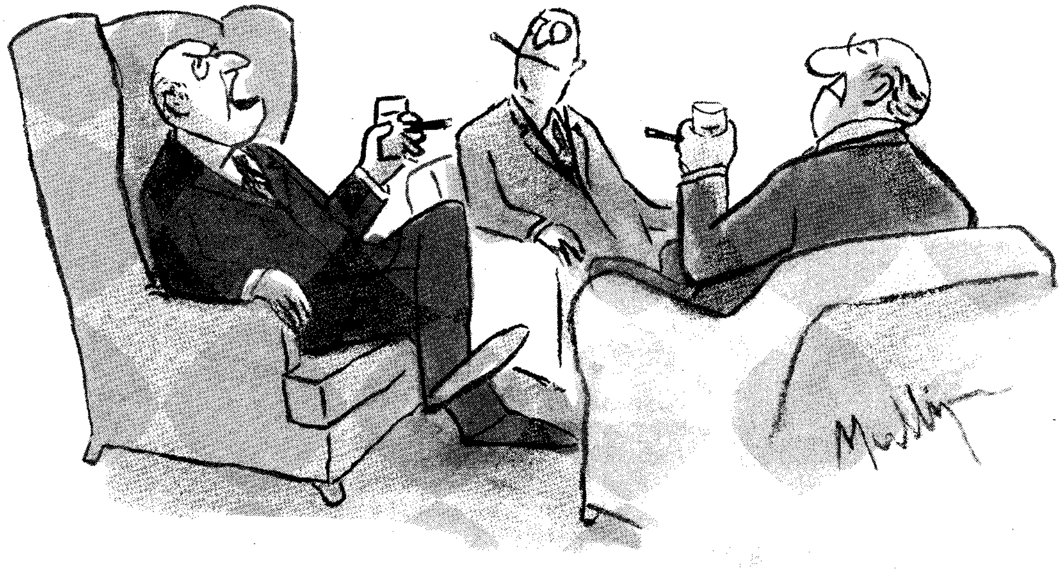
Martin was instrumental in negotiating what immigration lawyers in Houston always refer to as the Agreement of May 17, 1982—an agreement that gave immigration lawyers their own line, on one side of the entrance. Before that, they had to stand in line with the general public, across from the fish wholesaler. That line is let inside the gate in gulps of twenty or so; on mornings when it happened to have a couple of hundred people in it, a lawyer who hadn't arrived before dawn could spend most of his day outside the building. Before May 17, 1982, a lot of lawyers got to know one another well standing in line in the pre-dawn hours outside Immigration. Beaumont Martin spent so many hours with Sam Williamson that they sometimes speak of each other as father and son—although Williamson is as small and contentious as Martin is tall and detached. Williamson was not one of the negotiators of the May 17th agreement. He has always regarded Immigration as the enemy. In the days when lawyers had to stand in the general line, it was apparently common for Williamson to respond to tardiness in opening the doors at seven-thirty by rattling the gate and inveighing against the insensitivity and mindlessness of bureaucrats. Williamson is the sort of elder statesman whose advice to his younger colleagues is usually something like "Don't let those bastards get you!"

Under the agreement of May 17, 1982, a lawyer can use the special lawyers' line and file papers with a special clerk on one predetermined day of the week, according to the first letter of his last name. Wednesday is for people whose names begin with letters "H" through "P." On Wednesdays, Frank Halim, who studied law in Bombay as well as in New York, is almost always at Immigration. So is Patrick Murphy, a former English professor, who handles immigration matters for Fulbright & Jaworski, one of Houston's huge downtown firms. His business usually concerns the non-immigrant visas available for intracompany transfers—what I heard referred to at times as fat-cat visas. The Wednesday crowd also includes Richard Prinz, one of the few immigration lawyers in Houston who regularly go to court—defending someone accused of smuggling aliens into the country, for instance, or someone the I.N.S. is trying to deport under a provision of the law that permits the deportation of permanent residents who have been convicted of a serious crime. Sam Williamson occasionally shows up on Wednesdays, too. His last name begins with "W," of course, but Williamson hates rules.

A lawyer who has come to Immigration to accompany a client at an interview has another wait ahead of him inside the building, but that wait may be enlivened by the opportunity to buttonhole a passing immigration examiner and press for information on some other case. An immigration lawyer often has a case that he is particularly eager to have moved along quickly. An immigration lawyer always has a case that has been maddeningly, inexplicably delayed. The Houston office is thought of as more efficient than most I.N.S. district offices, but, considering the reputation of most I.N.S. district offices, that is not the sort of compliment that someone might be tempted to frame and hang on the wall. When people who deal regularly with the I.N.S. try to illustrate the depths of its inefficiency and obduracy, they often find themselves at a loss for American institutions to compare it with, and turn to foreign examples—the South Vietnamese Army, maybe, or the Bolivian Foreign Service. About the kindest remark that is ever made concerning the efficiency level of the Immigration and Naturalization Service is that the agency has been chronically underfinanced and overworked, and that is a remark usually made by an I.N.S. official.

Simply finding out, through the device of a shrewdly timed buttonholing, which examiner is handling which sort of visa applications is valuable in the immigration practice. So is knowing how to find him. When Immigration announced, a couple of years ago, that it was moving into its present building—a building that was previously occupied by a school called the Bunny Land A-Cat-A-Me—a few immigration lawyers immediately went over to check the place out. They studied the layout of the main public room—a large room that looks a bit like a recently modernized bus station—and poked around the area that was to be restricted to those called in for their appointments with immigration examiners. They studied the possibility of access through side doors and emergency exits. Patrick Murphy—who, partly because of his scholarly

*"Hey, George!
We can use some of your jokes over here!"*



"I lied, cheated, and stole to become a millionaire. Now anybody at all can win the lottery and become a millionaire."

background and partly because of the resources of Fulbright & Jaworski, has a renowned collection of books and documents relevant to the practice of immigration law—still carries among the papers in his briefcase a blueprint of the Houston District Office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. "A blueprint of the building is the key to the practice of immigration law," he told me that rainy Wednesday.

"I beg to differ," a colleague said. "The key to the practice of immigration law is knowing that an immigration examiner who wants to go to the bathroom has to pass through the waiting room to get there."

THE process of, say, transforming the holder of a tourist visa or a student visa into a permanent resident of the United States—what laymen call getting a green card—is referred to by lawyers as an adjustment of status. They talk a lot about adjusting people ("I adjusted that Chinese chemist last Wednesday"); a stranger who overheard immigration lawyers discussing visas might think he was listening to chiropractors discussing sacroiliacs. He would be even more likely to think he had stumbled across a crowd of federal bureaucrats—the people immigration lawyers spend most of their time dealing with. Immigration lawyers may talk to one another about the backlog on the I-130s or about who's handling the I-129Bs. It is said that Sam Williamson, gradually becoming more and more frustrated while standing in line inside the immigration office one day, suddenly shouted, "If Jesus tried to get into this country, they'd exclude him on a 212(a)(15)!" Section 212(a)(15) of the Immigration and Nationality Act permits the exclusion of an alien who is likely to become a public charge. Immigration lawyers tell the story as an illustration of Sam Williamson's temperament; they end it by saying that when Timothy Seo, a lawyer of Korean descent, looked astonished at the outburst Williamson thrust a finger toward him and said, "Buddha, too!" It doesn't seem to occur to them that there is anything odd about a man shouting "212(a)(15)" in anger.

"THERE are about thirty lawyers in Houston who do strictly immigration law and about thirty who do it fifty per cent of their practice," Patrick Murphy told me one morning while he and I and Beaumont Martin were standing in line outside Immigration. "And the rest are a danger to their clients."

"Some of the original thirty are a danger to their clients," Martin said.

Twenty years ago, the national professional organization for immigration lawyers had one member from Texas—Sam Williamson. The appearance of a few dozen colleagues was not a result of the increase in undocumented workers coming across the Mexican border. Very few Houston immigration lawyers have a significant number of Mexican clients. When undocumented workers are picked up, the Immigration Service encourages them to accept a sort of plea bargain that is known as "voluntary departure"—returning to their home country with no record of illegal entry or deportation. Almost all the Mexicans do. Posting bond and going through a deportation hearing is expensive and difficult; coming back across the border in a few days usually isn't.

The immigration bar, which was once a phenomenon of the East Coast, grew all over the country after the immigration policy of the United States changed, in the mid-sixties, from a system of quotas based on national origin to a rather more complicated system, which gives preference to reuniting families and filling jobs that American citizens are not available for. It grew dramatically in Houston partly because Houston grew dramatically. Houston now has any number of multinational corporations that are constantly transferring executives. It has huge hospitals that need nurses and technicians. It has colleges that attract foreign students who don't want to go home when they graduate. It has substantial ethnic communities, full of people who want to bring their relatives to this country. Before the changes in the law made in the sixties, natives of India were virtually excluded from the United States; Frank Halim estimates that there are now twenty to twenty-five thousand of them in Houston.

Various lawyers in Houston get various slices of the immigration-law business. Large corporations often take their intracompany-transfer matters to Charles Foster, who has been the national president of the American Immigration Lawyers Association and who has his office in one of the new Houston skyscrapers, and who even has a couple of young lawyers in the firm he can send to the line outside Immigration. Poor Mexicans facing deportation hearings or poor Salvadorans hoping to be granted asylum are often represented by one of the nonprofit organizations that grew out of the legal-services movement. A lot of Indians go to Frank Halim, but the division of clients is not strictly along ethnic lines. Corporations that do not

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retain Charles Foster might retain Harry Gee, a Chinese-American lawyer who speaks with a Texas accent. Beaumont Martin may have more Chinese clients than any of the first-generation Chinese lawyers who can speak one of the Chinese dialects. Martin is hard pressed to explain that, except to say that as a lover of Chinese food he figured the best way to start in the field was to spend a lot of his time hanging around a café called the Cathay House waiting to be asked if he knew of a good immigration lawyer.

"First, give me your word that no matter what I say later you won't sell me another herringbone."

• •

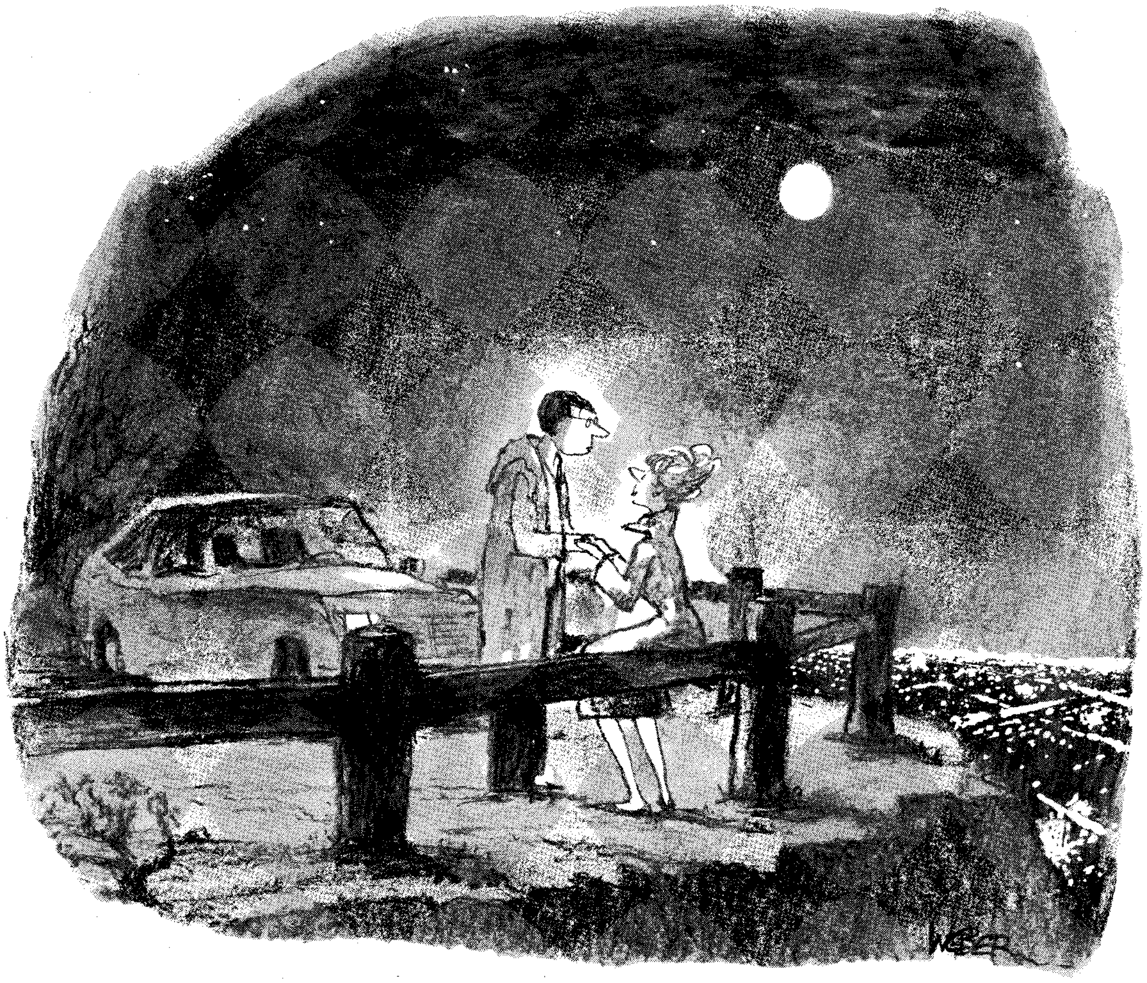
SAM WILLIAMSON could be spotted as a lawyer across the room, particularly if he happened to be speaking. Williamson—a short, dapper man with white hair and a full white mustache—speaks standing up. He might start a conversation sitting down, but anything more serious than a few exchanges about the weather is likely to bring him out of his chair. He uses his hands to help form his sentences. When he is angry, he punches the air with his index finger. He is usually angry. Luis Wilmot, a young Chicano lawyer who was instrumental in extending free legal services in Houston to immigration law, has said, with some admiration, "Sam's got the longest index finger in town."

Williamson's father was an immigrant named Solomon Wishneweski, who tried farming for a while in a Texas project designed to bring Jews back to the land, and ended up as a railroad worker in Illinois. He took the name Williamson from the plaque on a railway engine. Sam Williamson, now in his seventies, still seems to be a Wishneweski at heart. "It comes natural for a Jew to become an immigration lawyer," he told me. "There's something vestigial, something in your blood. We've been strangers so long we resent it."

Williamson is not the sort of lawyer who lays out options and invites the client to take his choice. "People suffer!" he said to me. "I tell them, 'You have a right to be here! You're a living person! You probably got an American kid!' A thing has to be right, not just legal!" Williamson's approach is based partly on his beliefs—that people can't really be divided up between homeborn and strangers, for instance, and that token enforcement of the immigration laws is all that was ever intended. ("The bosses don't want strict enforcement; immigrants represent cheap labor.") It is also an approach that is probably inevitable for a man of his nature. "I like to scrap," he says. "I come in slugging."

When I visited Williamson in his office one afternoon, he was irritated about a suspension-of-deportation case he was handling. An immigration judge can suspend an order of deportation if the alien involved can demonstrate that he has lived continuously in the United States for at least seven years, that he is of good moral character, and that being deported would cause "extreme hardship." The alien's lawyer may try to demonstrate that children who were born in this country (and are therefore citizens, whatever the status of their parents) would suffer cultural displacement or psychological damage by being moved to a country that they have never known. The judge is rarely convinced that the hardship being demonstrated is extreme. Williamson figures he has tried about a hundred suspension cases and won perhaps five. He wasn't optimistic about winning the one he was working on. "Some poor bastard has been here eleven years," he said. "His wife's a permanent resident. You ought to hear them down there rank gradations of hardship! The bastards! I could tear them apart!"

AS a former English professor, Patrick Murphy is among a number of Houston immigration lawyers who used to be in another line of work. Frank Halim, for instance, was a lobbyist for the wholesale grocers' association. George Sellnau, who is the chairman of the Texas chapter of the American Immigration Lawyers Association, was for many years a metallurgist. Even people who grow up wanting to be lawyers do not ordinarily aspire to the practice of immigration law. In the Southwest, the practice is sometimes associated in the public mind with people who advertise that they can fix papers or people who sell immigrants a worthless piece of paper that is said to constitute a "*permiso*." Immigration lawyers would point out that such people normally are not in fact members of the bar. Immigration lawyers would also acknowledge that there are members



"You might ask, 'Can two people who love each other find happiness in an era of skyrocketing deficits?' I think they can."

• •

of the bar who exploit aliens—people willing to collect monthly fees, for instance, for doing nothing on cases that offer no chance of a successful conclusion anyway. Even the reputable practice of immigration law is not thought of as an exalted form of the profession. "There has always been an image problem," Charles Foster told me. "The immigration bar has always teetered between a profession and a visa-application service."

The only immigration lawyer in Houston who must have considered immigration law as a career since childhood is Peter Williamson, who is Sam Williamson's son. Even he started out in another area of law—as an attorney for the farm workers' union. Peter Williamson is thought to have inherited some of his father's contentiousness. A year and a half ago, when he became frustrated at his inability to get any information from Immigration about cases that had been delayed for years, he began going to Federal District Court and filing for writs of mandamus that would have forced I.N.S. officials to act. "They hate to get sued," Pete Williamson says, with a certain satisfaction. Some of his colleagues think that his willingness to go to court was what forced the district office to institute a system by which each lawyer, in turn, is permitted to bring five exceptionally old cases to the personal attention of the deputy director. Sam Williamson, who complains that most of his fellow immigration lawyers are namby-pamby, sometimes makes a grudging exception of his son. "Oh, there's some hint in Peter that he grew up in my house," he told me.

"HAVE you ever won a suspension case?" I asked an immigration lawyer in Houston.

"It depends on what you mean by winning," he said.

Immigration lawyers win time. Given calendar delays and court appeals and bureaucratic lethargy, a suspension-of-deportation action might take years. The immigration judges in Houston have almost never granted asylum to a Salvadoran, so, strictly speaking, lawyers in Houston have almost never won a Salvadoran-asylum case. On the other hand, there is a backlog of eight thousand asylum cases to be heard in Houston, there are only two immigration judges to hear them, and there are three levels of appeal—so, speaking not very strictly, lawyers have won a lot of time in Salvadoran-asylum cases. In time, as immigration lawyers say, "something good could happen." The client might marry a citizen—giving him permanent-resident status unless Immigration decides that the marriage is a sham. The client might find a job that makes it possible to get permanent residence through labor certification. Congress might pass the Simpson-Mazzoli bill, which would legalize the presence of any alien who can demonstrate that he has lived in this country since before some specified date. The I.N.S. might lose the file. Meanwhile, the client is in the United States, and that is what he wanted in the first place. Nothing good is likely to happen to someone who is hanging around the American consulate in Karachi or Salonika waiting for an immigrant visa—one reason that, in the words of George Sellnau, "any immigration lawyer worth his salt would say, 'Get here first!' "

The fact that an alien has been living in the United States for months, or even years, with no more documentation than an expired student visa does not prevent him from getting a green card if, say, he manages to get labor certification before Immigration manages to deport him. One reason that lawyers are so eager to grab an immigration examiner as he walks through the waiting room is that they are often trying to juggle matters in a

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1. To enter, handprint your name, address, city, state, zip code, phone number and the answer to the "Hot Line" question on the official entry form or on a plain 3" × 5" piece of paper. No mechanical reproductions are allowed. You may find out the "Hot Line" question by calling toll-free 1-800-592-5537. Dial any time, day or night, seven days a week from May 1 to June 30, 1984. The answer to the "Hot Line" question can be found on the label of any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red. You may obtain a copy of the question and label with the answer by writing to: Johnnie Walker Red Hot Line Question and Label, P.O. Box 3556, Syosset, N.Y. 11775. Requests must be received by June 30, 1984.

2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately, to: Johnnie Walker Red "Hot Line" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 3600, Syosset, N.Y. 11775. Entries must be received by July 15, 1984. The Grand Prize winner will be selected in a random drawing from all correct and eligible entries received. The Grand Prize winner will receive $25,000 in cash. **Additionally, the Grand Prize Winner will be called and a Bonus Prize of $20,000 will be awarded if he or she can answer a special question about information contained on the Johnnie Walker Red Label.** To obtain a Johnnie Walker Red Label by mail, follow the directions in Rule #1.

3. **A Display Prize of $5,000 will be awarded to the Grand Prize Winner if his or her entry contains the prize phrase which appears on the displays found at participating retailers.** You may obtain a copy of the phrase by writing to: Johnnie Walker Red Display Prize Phrase, P.O. Box 3573, Syosset, N.Y. 11775. Requests for the Prize Phrase must be received by June 30, 1984.

4. **In addition, a random drawing will be held to select consumers who will be called and asked a question about information contained on the Johnnie Walker Red Label.** 100 correct and eligible consumers will be awarded a First Prize cordless telephone. To obtain a Johnnie Walker Red Label by mail, follow the directions in Rule #1.

5. Grand Prize and First Prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Bonus Prize and Display Prize will be awarded if correctly answered. Only one prize to a family or household. Prizes are non-transferable and no substitutions are allowed. Random drawings will be conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries and phone call questions. Taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners. Winners may be asked to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release.

6. **Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S. of legal drinking age in the state of their home residence as of May 1, 1984,** except employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., its affiliates, subsidiaries, licensed alcoholic beverage wholesalers and retailers, advertising and promotion agencies and their affiliates and subsidiaries. This offer is void in OH, PA, TX, UT, OK, and wherever prohibited or restricted, and subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations.

7. For a list of major prize winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Red Winners List, P.O. Box 3594, Syosset, N.Y. 11775.

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OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM
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Bonus Prize: $20,000 in cash	**First Prizes: 100 Cordless Telephones**

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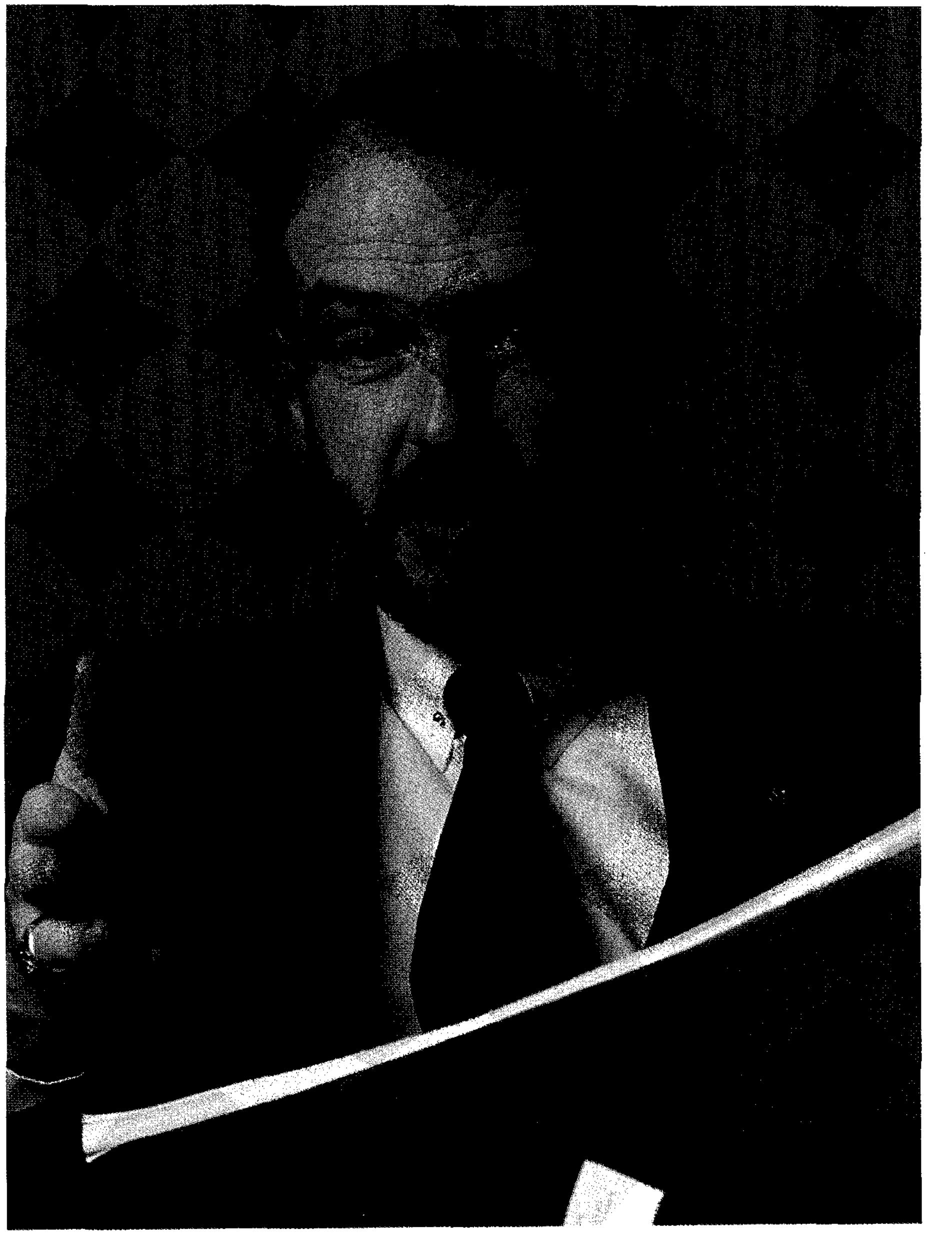

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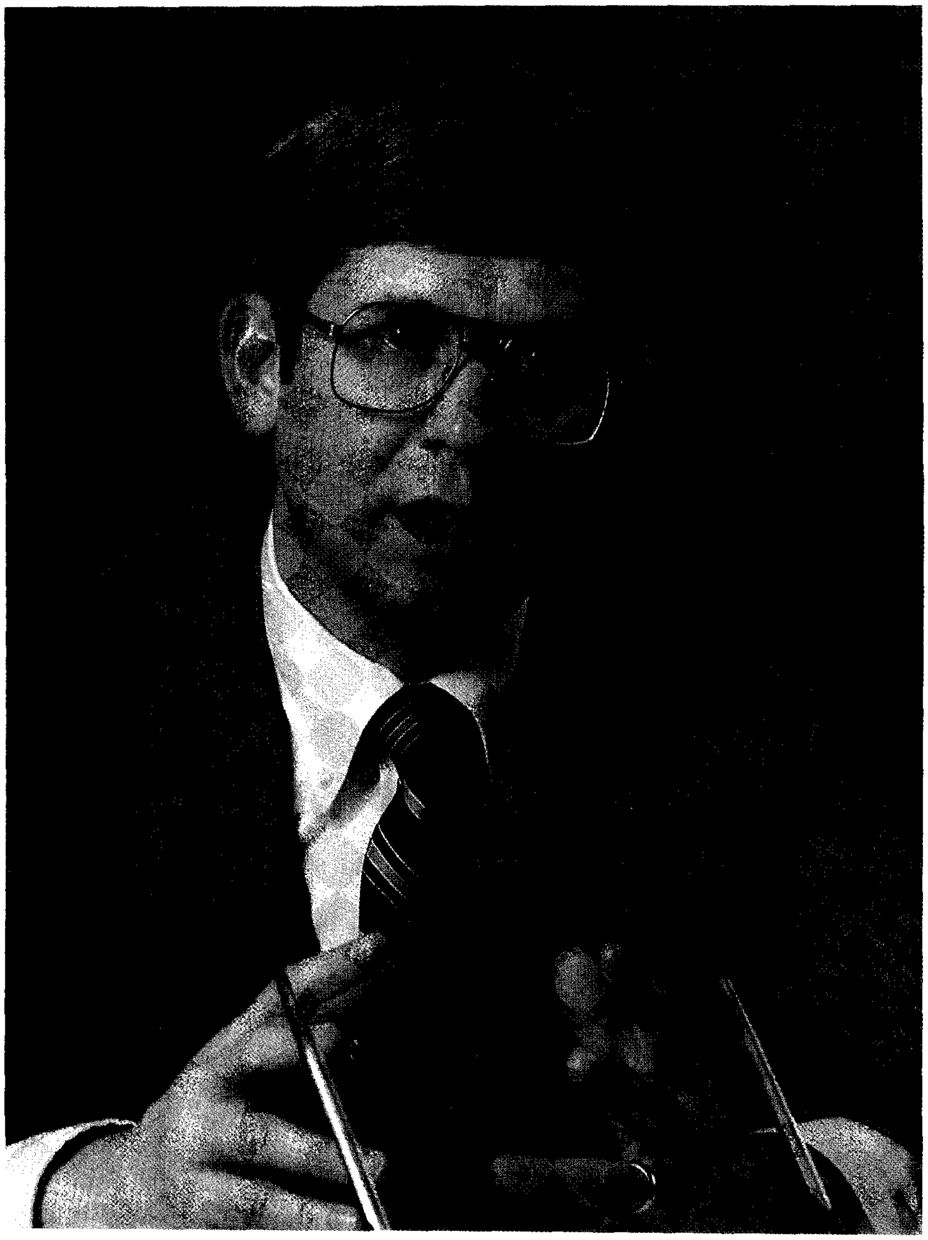

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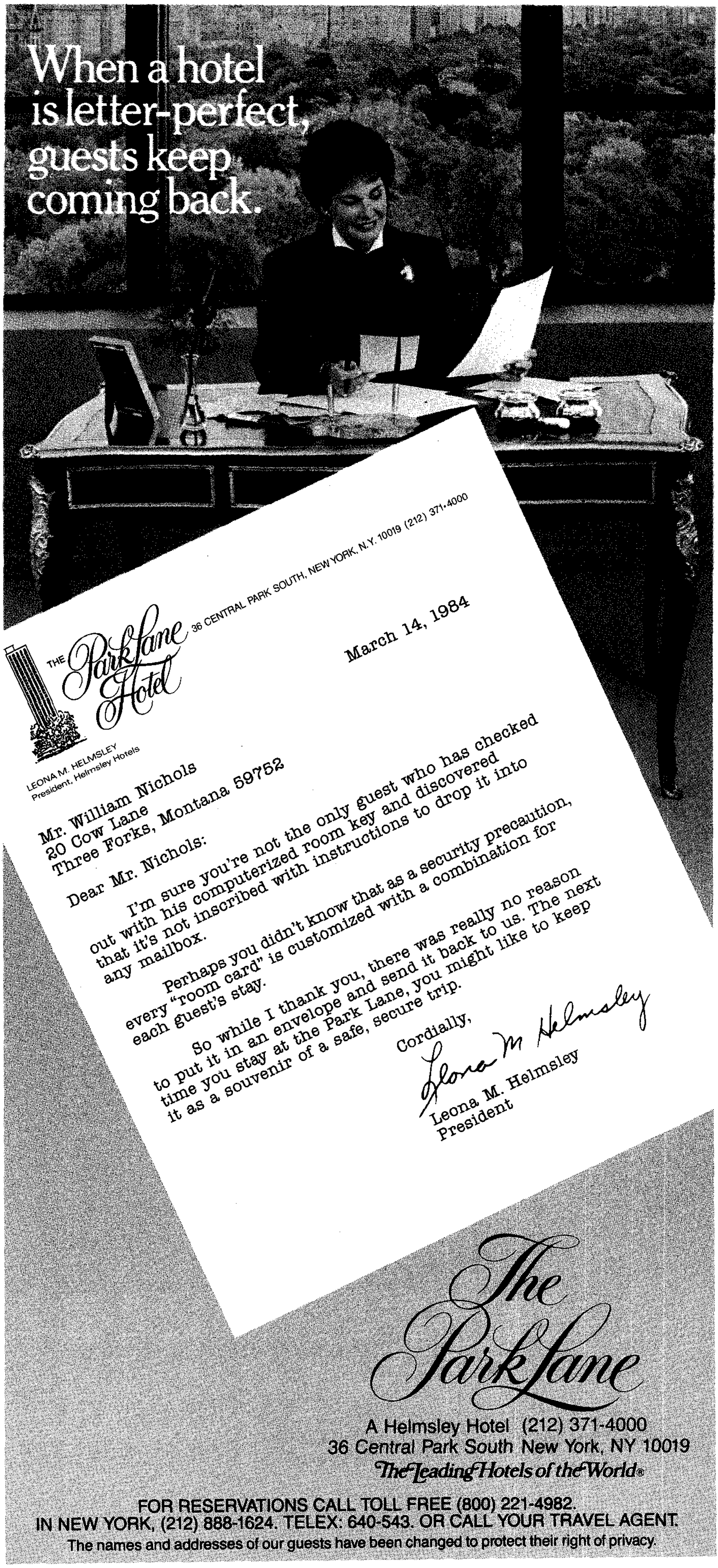
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March 14, 1984

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Perhaps you didn't know that as a security precaution, every "room card" is customized with a combination for each guest's stay.

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way that makes something good happen before something bad happens. Immigration lawyers are people who have an interest in seeing that some folders are on the top of the pile and some folders are on the bottom of the pile.

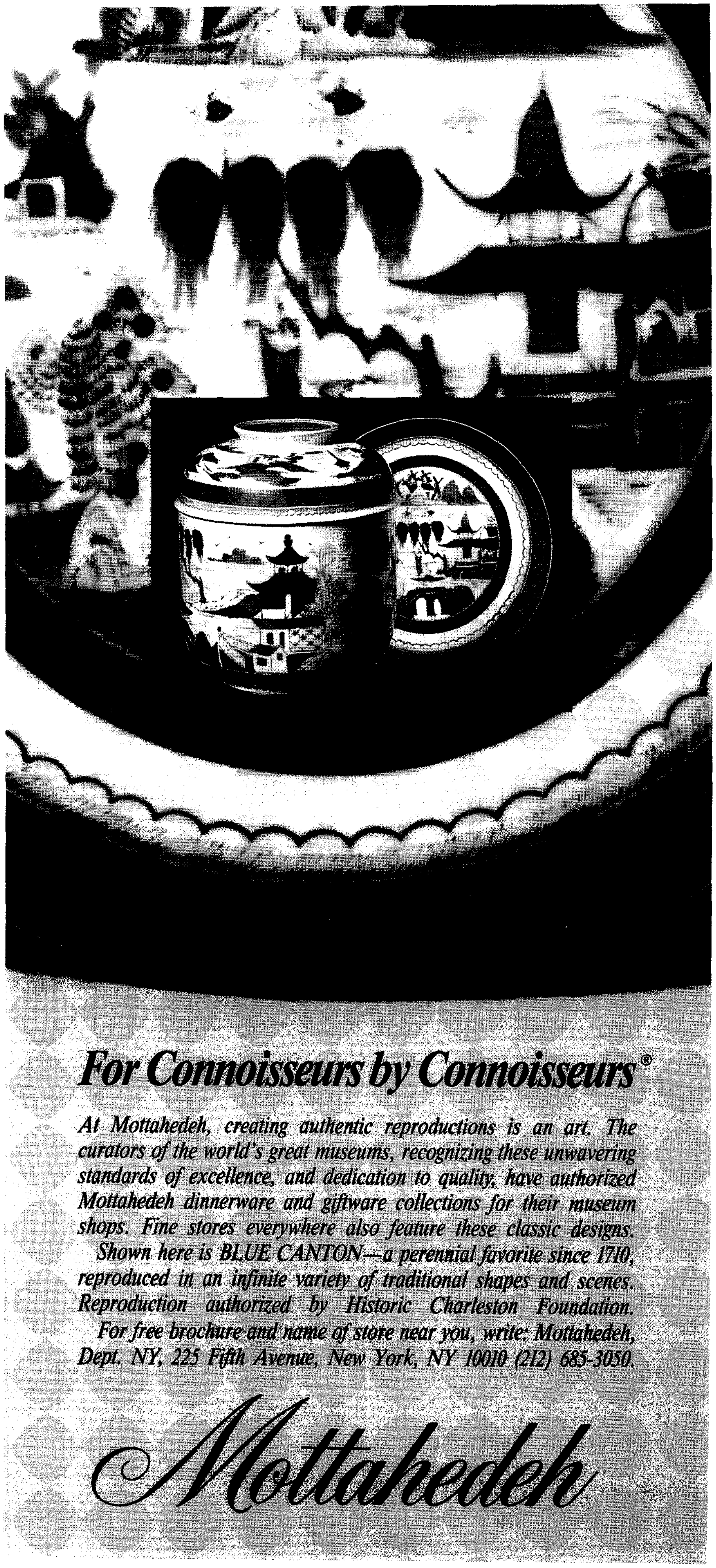
WHEN Patrick Murphy, of Fulbright & Jaworski, feels the need to consult a colleague, he often calls Beaumont Martin. They became well acquainted standing outside Immigration on Wednesday mornings. Once, finding themselves with time on their hands in the waiting room of Immigration, they collaborated with Ed Prud'homme and a lawyer named Sana Loue on a reading of "Hamlet"—a reading whose best dramatic effects were presumably lost on the Vietnamese boat people and Salvadoran refugees who make up a good part of the waiting-room audience. "He's a very intelligent man," Murphy says of Martin. "He just marches to a different drummer."

Martin is quick to acknowledge being out of step. "When clients refer people to me, they say, 'He's a strange guy, so don't be put off by his personality,' " he told me. Martin finds that reasonable advice. When he came to Houston, some twenty years ago, a friend recommended a dentist, and thought to mention that Martin should not be put off by the dentist's singing. "There I was in the chair waiting for him to come in, frightened already," Martin told me, "and I heard a man outside the door singing." Martin began to imitate the singing dentist: " 'Oh, the dentist is your friend, tra-la-la, the dentist is your friend.' " He paused. "If I hadn't been warned," he went on, "I might have become alarmed."

Potential clients who have not been warned are sometimes alarmed by Martin's jumpsuits or his office. He shares a small brick building with the singing dentist on an otherwise run-down street close to Houston's medical complex. It is not a neat office. Martin has a desk, but he tends to sit in a lounge chair and pile papers on the floor next to him. The office is filled with souvenirs—a fat-tummied little Buddha, a huge walking stick, an ersatz armor breastplate. Martin likes to bring things back from trips, and he likes to send away for things. He is often hot on the trail of something through the mail—a ketchup-making kit, or a phonograph record that someone in England made by tape-recording the noises of sheep and arranging them into a song ("Flock Around the Clock"). He is equally intent on local investigations, such as a search for a supermarket having a sale on York Peppermint Patties, one of his favorite foods. The dominant design element of Martin's office is provided by statues of bare-breasted women. Apparently, some client brought Martin one of the statues as a souvenir, and then he started getting bare-breasted women from everyone, the way some people with collections are always brought pipes or porcelain animals. Someone also brought him a sign that says "BOOB NUT!"

Martin is a man in his late forties with slicked-back hair and an intense gaze and a way of enunciating each syllable distinctly. He is married to a nurse from the Philippines. He was brought up in Washington, and while he was working as a lawyer for the federal government he asked for a transfer to Houston in order to get out of his home town. When he decided to go into private practice, some sort of federal administrative law seemed natural, and people around the hospital complex provided the core of an immigration practice. Ed Prud'homme describes Martin's practice this way: "Beaumont takes nice, clean cases with no funny Joneses in them."

Martin does not have any of the corporate business that is generally an immigration lawyer's most lucrative trade—I suspect that Houston corporation executives tend not to patronize singing dentists, either—but he also avoids the least profitable cases, like deportation hearings. While I was in the office one day, he met with a Turkish waiter who had married an American citizen, an Egyptian who was getting a green card for his twelve-year-old daughter, and two Chinese students who had come to Houston and were now trying to get their green cards through labor certification. The process of getting labor certification amounts to staging a sort of sham employment offer. The lawyer writes a job description that complies with the Department of Labor's standards, and the potential employer of the alien actually advertises such a job through the state employment commission. If someone shows up who is a citizen and has the qualifications outlined in the ad and is willing to work for the stated wage, the labor certification is not granted—although the employer has no obligation to give the citizen a job. If the lawyer who



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wrote the job description has been skillful, there is a good chance that no qualified citizen will show up. Writing job descriptions that pass the Department of Labor but attract no other potential employees is what Ed Prud'homme calls "one of the few art forms in the business," and Beaumont Martin is considered one of the artists. One of the Chinese students had managed to get a job in the accounting department of a small oil company, and, since the job required some computer expertise, Martin decided to write a job description that nudged her over a bit from accounting to computer analysis. ("There are a lot of people running around with accounting degrees.") When he had typed it up, he handed it to her:

SYSTEMS ANALYST 020.067-018

Conduct analyses of accounting, management, and operational problems and formulate mathematical models for solution by IBM computer system, using FORTRAN, COBOL, and PASCAL. Analyze problems in terms of management information. Write computer programs and devise and install accounting system and related procedures. Masters or equal in management information systems. $1667/month.

She read it over. "It's beautiful," she said.

In his waiting room, Martin keeps a supply of brochures that answer questions about immigration law and list his fees—somewhat lower than those of most lawyers in town. For Martin's work in acquiring a green card for her through labor certification, the Chinese student would pay nine hundred dollars. Martin often tells people who come in for less artistic procedures that they don't really need a lawyer. ("You could do it yourself—I'll even give you the forms. If I do it, I'll charge you six hundred dollars.") His brochure says, "If you have consulted me and decide that you do not want me to represent you, don't ruin my day by telling me. Smile, pay the consultation fee, and leave." Apparently, most people stay. Martin's approach is based on carrying a high volume of cases, and he seems to do that. Some immigration lawyers do quite well financially, and there is a widespread feeling among the members of the bar who wait outside Immigration that Beaumont Martin, working without a secretary or a necktie, makes more money than any other immigration lawyer in Houston.

Unlike Charles Foster, Martin does not worry much about whether immigration law is taken seriously as a profession ("I'm a paper pusher, not a

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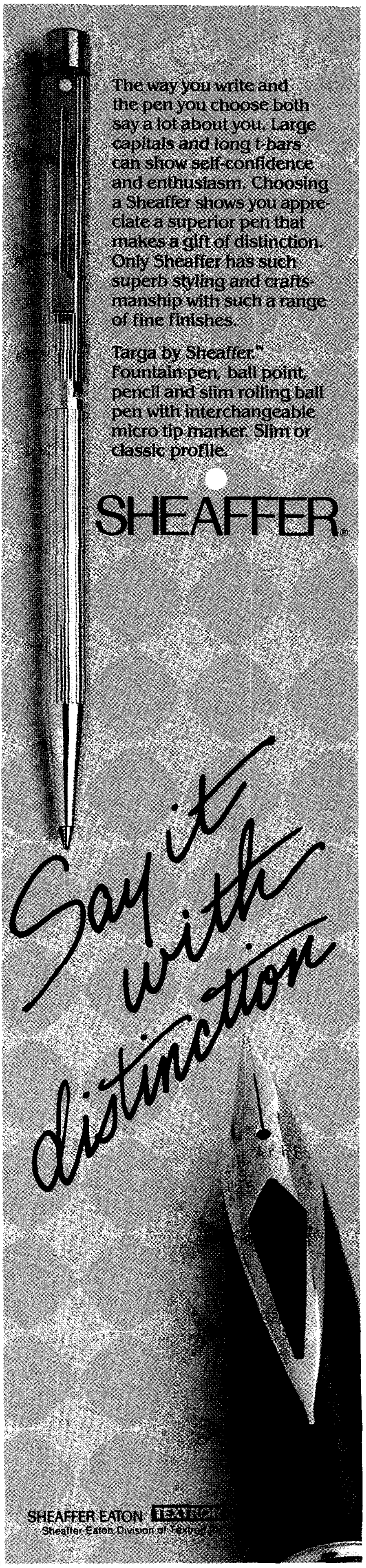

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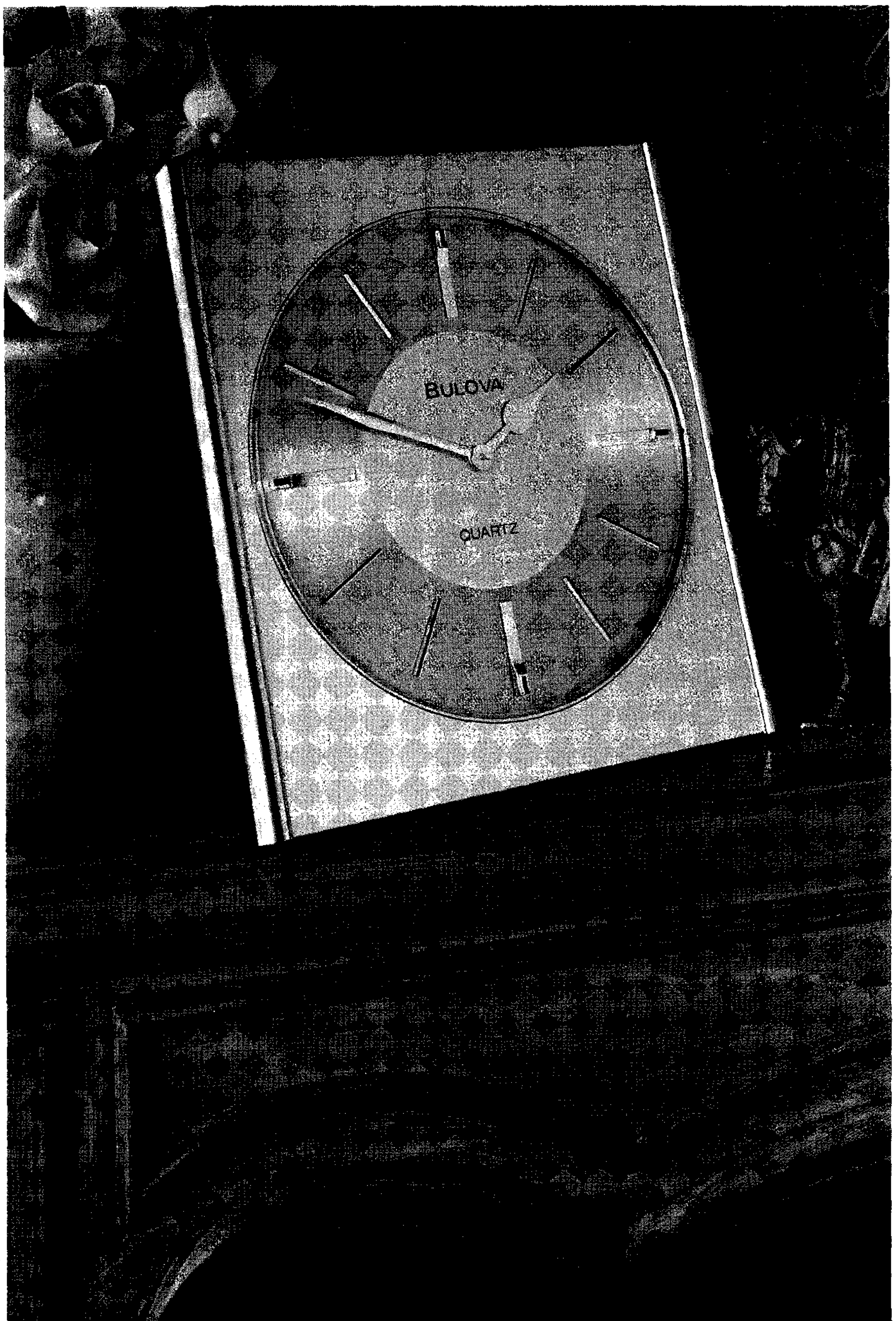
lawyer"); unlike such people as Sam Williamson, he does not see his practice as a cause ("They have an attitude that is based on a noble concept of the profession, and I just don't have it"). Martin says that he sees his practice as "a vehicle for me to support my life style." He says that it is often mundane and repetitious. "I hear my colleagues talk about these fascinating cases," he told me. "My cases are generally not fascinating. Maybe it's the office. Maybe they wouldn't trust me with a fascinating case. I might say it was simple, and they'd figure that meant I was too stupid to understand it."

"WE do nothing but deportation work here," Luis Wilmot told me. "And we're going out of business." When Wilmot helped establish legal services for poor people in Houston who had immigration problems, he was with a legal-services agency called the Gulf Coast Legal Foundation. While I was in Houston, both he and the one other immigration lawyer at Gulf Coast were about to leave for other jobs. A sort of spinoff immigration-law center that Gulf Coast organized still exists, and so do a couple of other nonprofit organizations in the field; they have all been forced to start charging small fees, though, and there is some question whether they can operate at a volume that will allow them to survive. The free legal service offered to immigrants by Gulf Coast will end partly because of fund cutbacks but mostly because guidelines handed down by the federal Legal Services Corporation severely restrict the sort of aliens who can be taken on as clients. Although the guidelines are complicated, Wilmot can state in one phrase his interpretation of which clients they eliminate: "the people who need the most help."

There are several private lawyers in Houston who represent poor Mexicans and Central Americans. A few of them have legal-services backgrounds; Wilmot's response to the mention of one or two of the others is a silent shudder. The local chapter of the American Immigration Lawyers Association has anticipated that some of its members will be taking some deportation cases on a pro-bono basis. The sort of cases that may turn out not to be handled by anyone, legal-services lawyers think, are those which have to do with the general rights of aliens. What is known as the Alien School Case, for instance—the case in which



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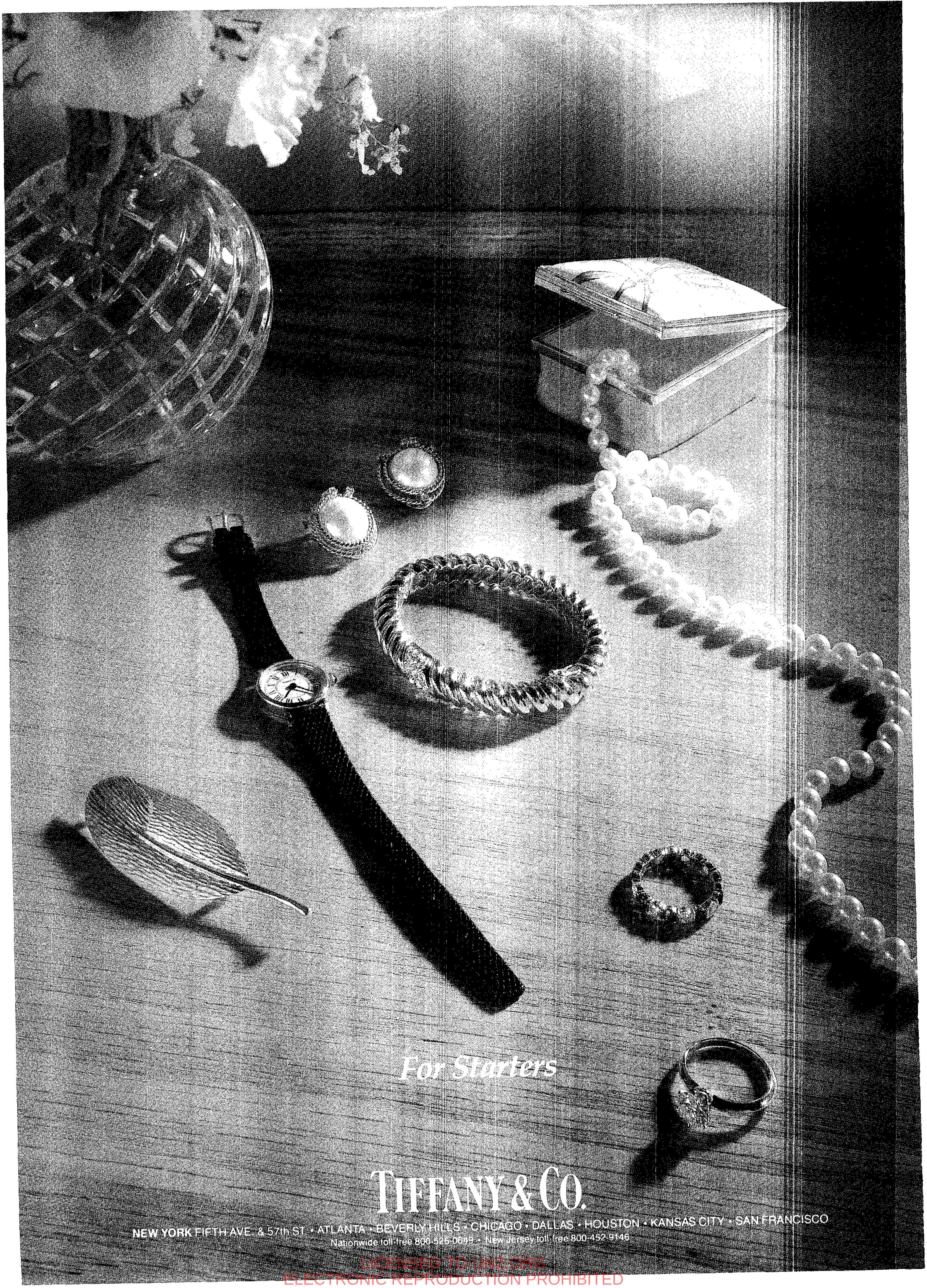

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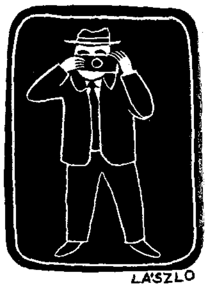
the Supreme Court ruled that the children of undocumented aliens could not be prohibited from attending Texas public schools—was brought by legal-services lawyers. Although the Houston lawyers with legal-services backgrounds think of most private immigration lawyers in town as "pro-immigrant," they also think that most private immigration lawyers "don't want to rock the boat down at Immigration."

Private lawyers tend to think that the system for admitting immigrants to the United States is not well run; legal-services lawyers tend to think that it is basically unfair. They think that it is unfair to treat Mexico, a country that shares a two-thousand-mile border with the United States, "as if it were Luxembourg." They believe that it is unfair to give asylum to a Russian ballerina who faces no persecution at home that she did not provoke by defecting, and not give asylum to a Salvadoran refugee who has a fair chance of getting killed in El Salvador. It is accepted among immigration lawyers that a request for asylum—a request that, by law, must be based on a well-founded belief on the part of the alien that returning to his homeland would cause him to be persecuted for his politics or his religion or his associates—is much more likely to be granted if the homeland in question has a government that the State Department considers to be in the camp of the wicked. (Salvadorans whose most fervent desire is to stay in the United States permanently are presumably rooting for the guerrillas.) Legal-services lawyers tend to have a sympathy for Salvadoran refugees which is based on political as well as humane considerations—on the belief, for instance, that Central Americans have been forced to seek refuge partly because the United States has propped up dictatorial regimes that do not have the support of the people. "The United States is not an innocent party," Luis Wilmot says.

ONE of the procedures that Beaumont Martin often tells potential clients that they can carry out themselves is filing for a green card on the basis of having married an American citizen. If they are good at English and uncowed by bureaucrats, they might indeed file the papers themselves—although they might stand in line for hours, present documents to the clerk at the counter, and be told, perhaps not terribly politely, that some mistake or omission means that they have to go through the process all over again another day. Also, immigration lawyers can predict a good number of the questions an immigration examiner is likely to ask if he has reason to suspect that the marriage is a sham: Where does she put her shoes at night? What do his parents do for a living? What's his favorite food? Where did you meet her?

A lawyer is not allowed to coach his clients during the interview, but his presence can provide not just a sense of security but a sort of implied character witness. An immigration lawyer's practice depends to some extent on his reputation at Immigration, so it is obviously not in his best interest to become known as someone who shows up in the company of couples he suspects are attached only by the requirements necessary for a green card. Immigration examiners, many of whom began their career as border patrolmen, tend to be suspicious by nature, and most of them have seen their suspicions confirmed any number of times. True love hit Iranian students with a peculiar frequency a few years ago, when a lot of them had visa problems; Nigerian students are also known for being quick down the aisle. Any couple who seem far apart culturally or ethnically or linguistically obviously raise suspicions, even if they are accompanied by a pillar of the immigration bar. When the Turkish waiter Beaumont Martin was representing showed up with his new American wife outside Immigration one Wednesday, she turned out to be a nice-looking, exceedingly dark-skinned black woman. Ed Prud'homme looked the couple over, turned to Martin, and said, in the shorthand that allows old acquaintances to place bets with each other without much elaboration, "Three dollars."



ALONG with the forms and folders on the floor next to Beaumont Martin's lounge chair was a worn copy of a fourteen-hundred-page government book called Dictionary of Occupational Titles—known to immigration lawyers as the D.O.T. For anyone who wants to make labor certification into an art form, the D.O.T. is an essential piece of equipment. It contains one-paragraph descriptions of virtually every occupation practiced by anybody in the United States. It describes the task of a neurosurgeon and it describes the task of a fibre-glass-container-winding operator. In a consistently direct style, it says what a leak hunter does ("Inspects barrels filled with beer or whisky to detect and repair leaking barrels") and what a sponge buffer does ("Tends machine that buffs edges of household sponges to impart rounded finish") and what an airline pilot does ("Pilots airplane"). Using the D.O.T. as a guide, an immigration lawyer tries to give the client an occupational title in the least crowded field available and then describe the job in a paragraph that sounds pretty much like a paragraph in the D.O.T. but happens to describe almost nobody but the client in question. "Immigration law is taking a short-order cook and making him into an executive chef," Pete Williamson told me. "What we're talking about here is a matter of focus."

When I was discussing labor certification with Pete Williamson one afternoon, he mentioned a young woman he had seen that day who wanted to stay in the country but did not fall into any of the categories of family reunification. She obviously did not qualify for any of the non-immigrant visas available to businessmen or investors. She was already married—to someone who, as it happened, had more or less the same visa problems that she did. Her only hope for a green card was labor certification. Her only occupation was looking after the children of a neighbor.

I said that it didn't sound promising. A few days with immigration lawyers had greatly broadened my view of how the employment sections of the immigration law were actually used. I was no longer under the delusion that the law worked to bring to this country people who had rare skills or worked in fields where there were serious shortages of American workers. "It's a matter of nudging the client's situation over a bit one way or another in order to make it fit into a category that's eligible," one lawyer had told me. "And sometimes, if you want to stay in the United States, you have to shape your career to fit the immigration law." Williamson had explained that it was possible for, say, a South American shirt manufacturer who wanted to resettle here to come in on a visitor's visa or a business visa, establish a corporation, have the personnel department of the corporation file an application to have him labor-certified as the president of a shirt firm doing business with Latin America ("Must know Spanish. Must be familiar with South American cottons . . ."), apply for a green card through the labor certification, and settle in for life. Still, it seemed unlikely that being a mother's helper in Texas was a job "for which a shortage of employable and willing persons exists."

There were two other important elements in the case, Williamson said. The young woman in question was a college graduate. Also, both she and the children she looked after were Muslims—all from Pakistan. Williamson intended to nudge her over from a nanny to a tutor—a tutor qualified to instruct the children in their own culture and religion. He thought it unlikely that any citizen with similar qualifications would respond to the ad. Williamson takes some satisfaction in such focussing—enough, he says, to offset the repetitiousness of certain aspects of the practice and the frustrations of dealing with the Immigration and Naturalization Service. "It's a competent, involved, technical job in which, if you're successful, you can see the consequences of your actions," he told me when I asked what appealed to him about practicing immigration law. "Also, I don't like the government."

ASKING immigration lawyers what they don't like about the practice of immigration law amounts to requesting an address on the evils of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Immigration lawyers talk about the I.N.S. with the intensity that people reserve for discussing institutions that dominate their lives. For most immigration lawyers in Houston, Immigration is the only adversary they face and the only judge they petition. Their connection with Immigration is the connection that permits them to ply their trade and the connection that sometimes makes them wonder if they have gone into the right trade after all. The significant favors that are bestowed upon them are bestowed by Immigration. The most devastating disservices done to them are done by Immigration. For an immigration lawyer, Immigration is the enemy and Immigration is the benefactor—and which one it is going to be on any given day often seems to be a matter of whimsy. When immigration lawyers in Houston want to kid one another—sometimes with a bit of an edge—the form that the kidding often takes is an accusation of being a sycophant at Immigration.

CHARLES FOSTER, a friendly, energetic man in his early forties, has the style and accoutrements of a successful downtown lawyer. His firm is in one of the modern Houston towers that have the equivalent of designer labels to distinguish them from the off-the-rack office buildings—architecture by Pei, in this case, and plaza sculpture by Miró. His office furnishings include an antique sideboard and a picture of himself with the governor and diplomas from the University of Texas and a picture of himself with John Glenn, whose campaign he served as co-chairman of Texas Attorneys for John Glenn. For lunch, he often walks over to a nearby office building that has on its top floor an attorneys' luncheon club called the Inns of Court.

As someone who had always been interested in foreign affairs, Foster decided as an undergraduate that he would go into international law—a field that he later realized did not have as much to do with the great issues of public policy as an undergraduate might imagine. He began his career in the international section of a large Wall Street firm, and returned to Houston in the late sixties to join a large downtown firm—about the time the change in national immigration policy began to present the opportunities that eventually convinced him he should go out on his own with a specialty in immigration law. Foster likes the client contact involved in the immigration practice—on Wall Street, he had been practicing for six months before he laid eyes on a client—but he laments the fact that a lot of clients, having come from countries where documents are acquired by quiet exchanges of cash, regard immigration lawyers as fixers rather than as professionals. "I had one client, from the Middle East, and I was explaining to him through an interpreter that his case was a very complicated and difficult one," Foster told me. "Finally, the interpreter stopped me and said, 'Mr. So-and-So will pay your fee.' It was hard to make them understand that I wasn't trying to get more money to bribe someone."

SPINACH
RADISHES
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Westman

When some commission wants to know the opinion of attorneys about immigration policy, Charles Foster is usually one of the people asked. In his day-to-day practice, though, he is no more concerned with the great issues of public policy than he would be if he were an international lawyer giving an opinion on whether or not a particular corporation was operating in conformity with the zoning laws of a foreign country. "What I do is take a bunch of diverse facts and put them into a pattern in a way that will fit into the statutory system," he says. An attorney is normally hired not to decide what is fair or what is in the public interest but to decide what is possible. "Often, people come in here and tell me they would like to sponsor the person they've brought in," Foster said. "And they start telling me what a wonderful addition to the country he'd make and what a fine, upstanding man he is. And I listen, because I think it's good to have those things said. But what I'm doing while he talks is listening for the technicalities."

LATELY, the monthly get-togethers of the Houston immigration bar have been held in the cocktail lounge of the Tokyo Gardens restaurant, just down the street from the Galleria shopping center. They are usually jolly events. Immigration lawyers in Houston tend to get along. They routinely trade information—what new questions examiners are asking to test for sham marriages, for instance, or how some document that is easily obtained can satisfy the requirement for one that is always difficult to get. They have a variety of viewpoints concerning the practice, of course. Sam Williamson says immigration law divides into cases and procedures, and leaves no doubt about which he considers the higher calling. Beaumont Martin, whose practice is made up almost exclusively of what Williamson would call procedures, says Williamson "wants to take every case to the Supreme Court." Charles

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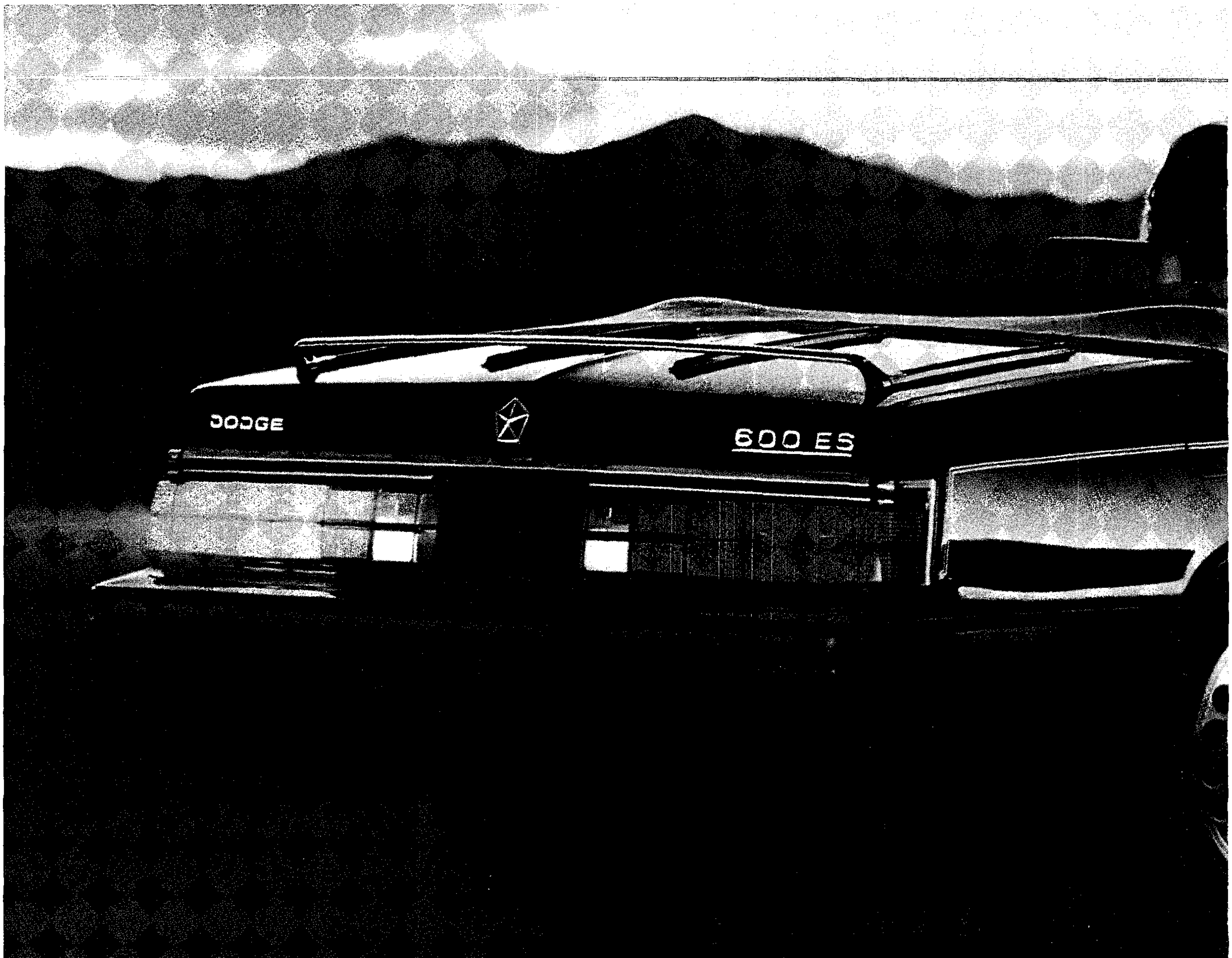

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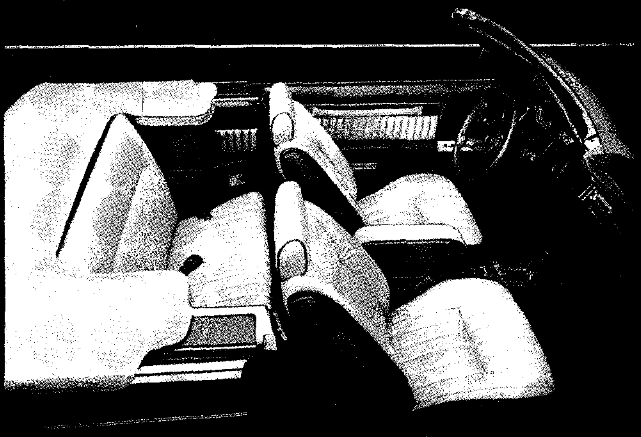

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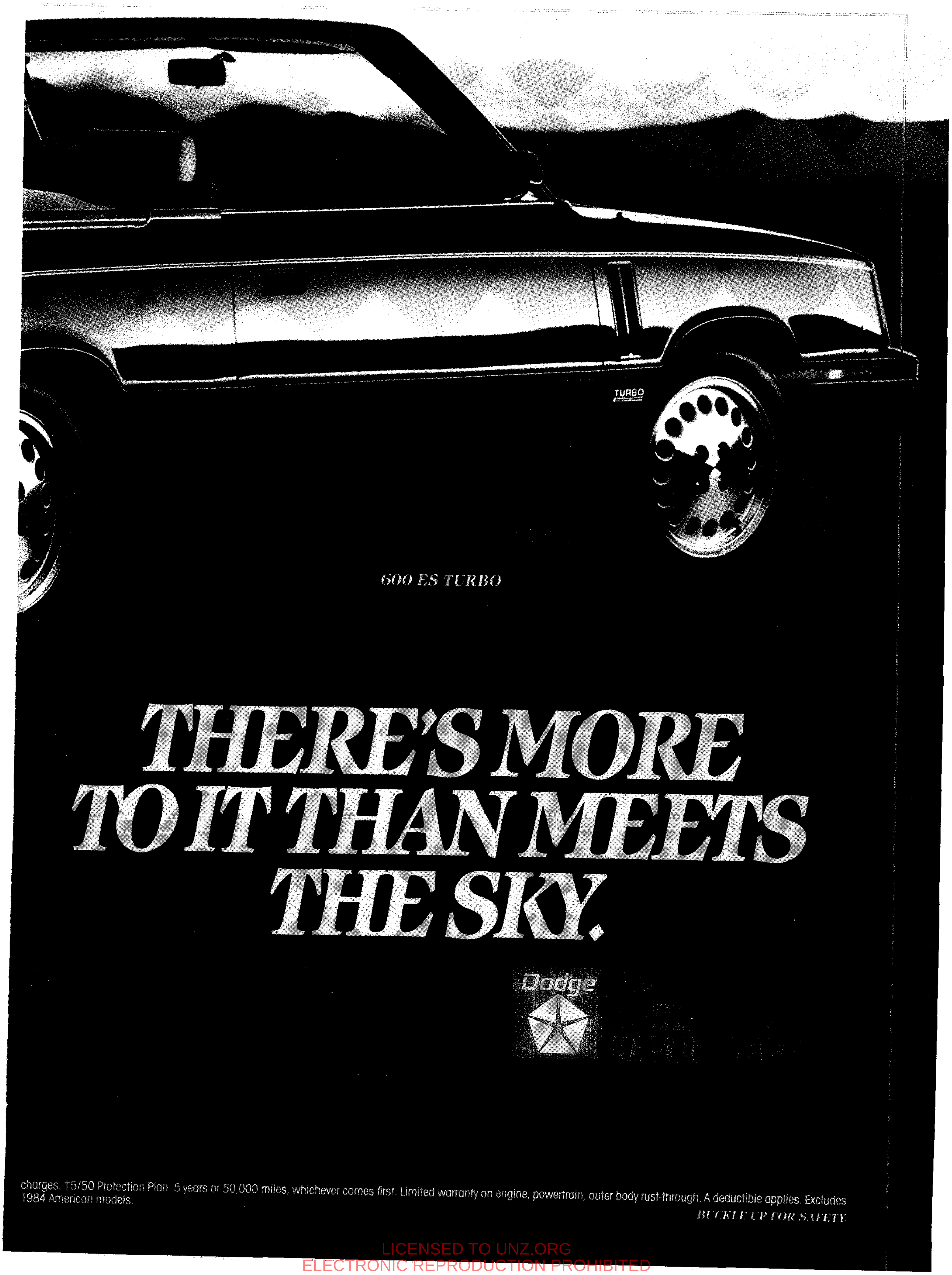

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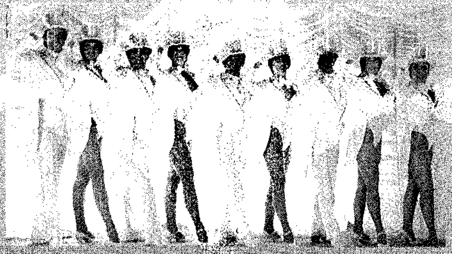

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Foster says he admires Beaumont Martin but makes no secret of being relieved that most members of the Houston immigration bar practice law more conventionally and wear more conventional clothing while doing it.

At the gathering I attended, Ed Prud'homme found out that he had not in fact won three dollars on the outcome of the Turkish waiter's interview. Beaumont Martin acknowledged, though, that the questioning had been unusually prolonged. The waiter, he reported, had almost destroyed his own case when he seemed to avoid giving a specific answer about the last gift he had received from his wife. Before the waiter was in the room, his wife had answered the same question by saying that she had given him some undershorts; apparently, he was embarrassed to mention such intimate apparel before strangers. "I finally started laughing," Martin said. "So did the examiner. It was so much like 'The Newlywed Game.' "

The business meeting, chaired by George Sellnau, was dominated by a discussion of relations with Immigration—particularly concerning the special line for lawyers. Someone had been at the district office one morning that week when there was a scuffle between the gate guard and an out-of-town lawyer who thought he had a right to enter a public building. Someone else had been present when an Iranian who was handling his own case complained loudly that the two lawyers ahead of him in line at the clerk's window had not been in the line outside. Someone had been present when there were complaints outside Immigration that lawyers were being allowed through the gate while old people and women with babies remained outside in the cold. The discussion reflected the realization by everyone in the room that even skill at an art form like labor certification was not as important to an immigration lawyer as simple access to the district office. A lawyer named William Sim, who had that very week heard an I.N.S. official say something that made him think the entire system was in danger of being scrapped, summed up his response to that prospect in one sentence: "I had the feeling the sky fell down."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

* * *

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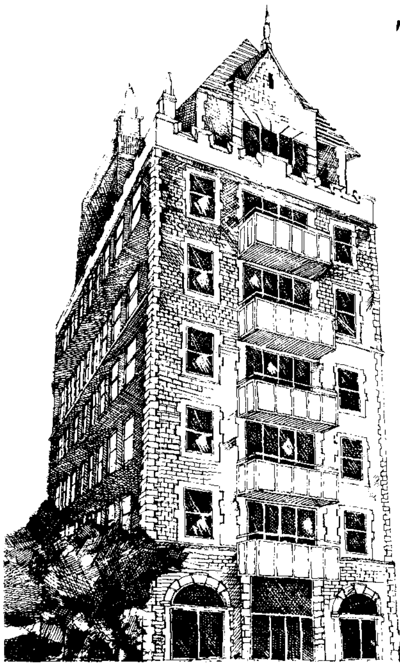

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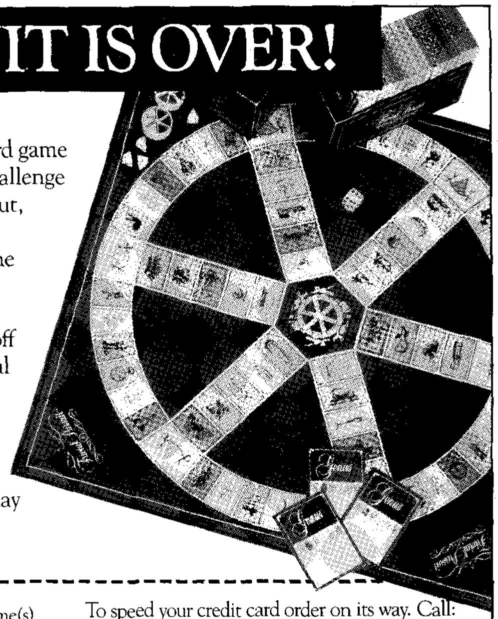

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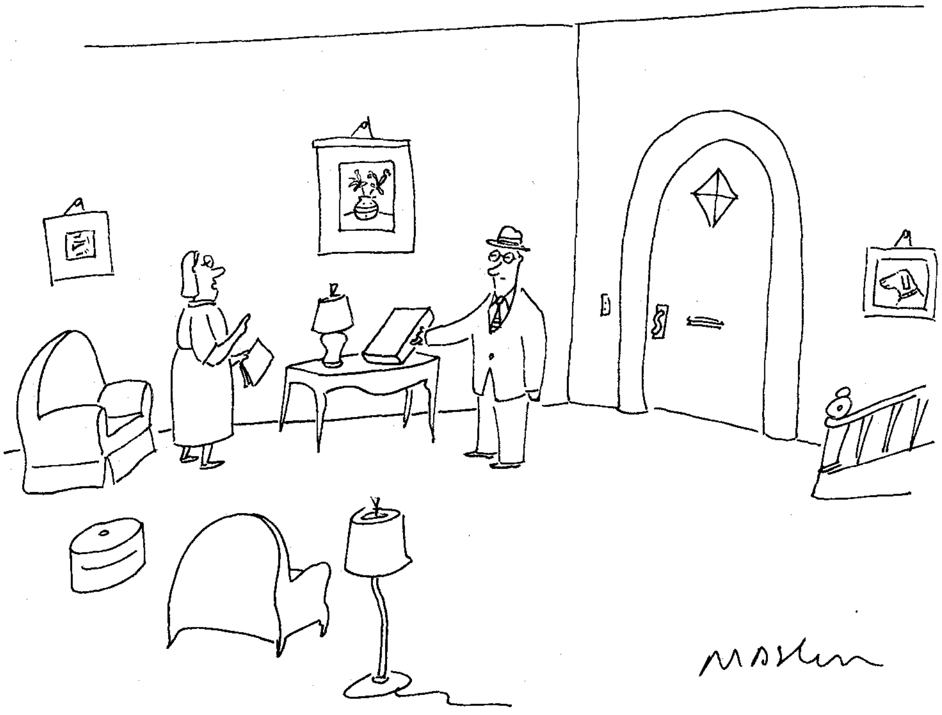
THE MASTERS

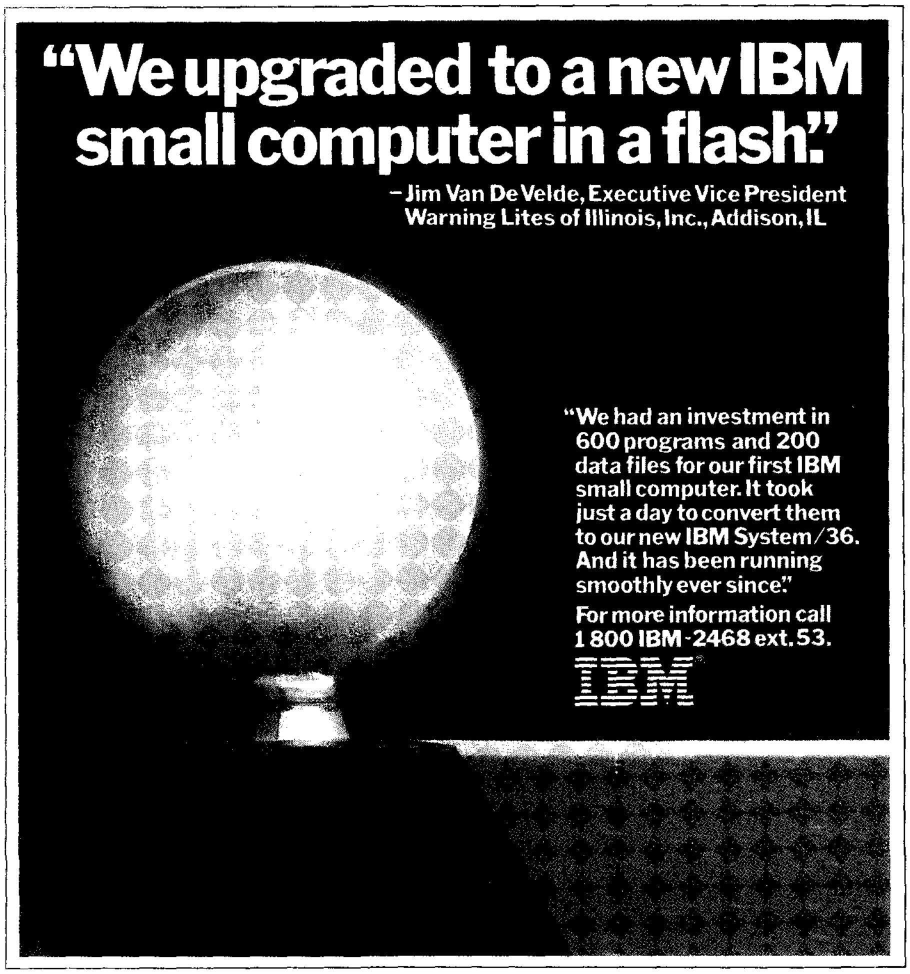
IT is generally agreed that there are three kinds of golf: ordinary golf—the game the average golfer plays at his club; tournament golf; and major-tournament golf. The strain in tournament golf—be it an event for amateurs only, for professionals only, or for both—is much greater than it is in ordinary golf, where nothing much is at stake, but even a seasoned touring professional finds it infinitely harder to stand up to the pressure of major championships, because a victory in one of them can mean so much in money and prestige that it may well change a man's life. The British Amateur and United States Amateur championships still count for a lot, but they cannot today compare in stature with what are considered to be the game's four major tournaments. The oldest of these is the British Open, which was established in 1860. The field in the first British Open consisted of eight professionals from seven Scottish golf clubs, but the next year the men running the event made it clear that it was open to the crack amateurs of the day and, indeed, to all golfers in the world. This is why it came to be called the Open championship. The second-oldest major tournament is the United States Open championship, which was started in 1895 by the newly organized United States Golf Association. Our Open gained steadily in significance as the game prospered in this country and as talented native players emerged to challenge the transplanted Scottish and English professionals, but it was not regarded as a tournament on the same level as the British Open until the nineteen-twenties. During that decade, American-born golfers demonstrated—principally through their astounding successes in the British Open—that they were not only as good as the leading British players but better. Walter Hagen, from Rochester, won the British Open four times (in 1922, 1924, 1928, and 1929), and Bobby Jones, from Atlanta, won it three times (in 1926, 1927, and 1930). The United States has continued to produce more first-class golfers than any other country, and, as a result, since around 1930 the U.S. Open has been considered—certainly by Americans—the most important tournament in golf. The third major tournament, the Professional Golfers' Association championship, was first played in 1916, the year the P.G.A. of America was founded. A match-play event open only to professionals, it may have reached the peak of its popularity in the nineteen-twenties, when the colorful Hagen won it four years in a row and five times in all, and when Gene Sarazen and Leo Diegel won it twice each. In 1958, the format of the P.G.A. championship was changed from match play to stroke play—a questionable move in the opinion of many golf enthusiasts. Over the last quarter of a century, Gary Player, of South Africa, has won the P.G.A. championship twice, and David Graham, of Australia, has won it once, but the tournament has not regularly attracted many of the outstanding foreign players, and it does not compare in stature with our Open or the British Open, or, for that matter, with the youngest of the four major events, the Masters.



"How did it go today? And, if I may, I'd like a followup."

THE Masters, which came into being in 1934, was then called the Augusta National Invitation tournament. It was meant to be a modest, informal get-together. Jones—who had retired from competitive play following his Grand Slam, in 1930, of the British Amateur, the British Open, the U.S. Open, and the U.S. Amateur, in that order—invited his old friends in the game and its rising stars to a tournament to be held in early spring at the Augusta National Golf Club, in Augusta, Georgia, over the course that he had designed with Alister MacKenzie, the well-known British golf-course architect. The players who received invitations had qualified for them through their achievements: they had won the U.S. Open, the British Open, the P.G.A., the U.S. Amateur, or the British Amateur. Filling out the field were the members of the current American Walker Cup and Ryder Cup teams. From the beginning, because the field at the Augusta National was composed of the game's most distinguished players, some members of the media took to referring to it as the Masters, but it was not until 1938 that Jones, who didn't want the tournament to lose the aura of the affable, relaxed reunion of friends which he had intended it to be—and which it was—yielded to the general pressure and, as the host of the tournament and the president of the Augusta National Golf Club, agreed that the annual tournament would thenceforth be known officially as the Masters. The recent Masters, won so impressively by Ben Crenshaw, was something special: it marked the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the event.

How did the Masters—which is not a championship of a nation but simply a tournament run by a private club—manage to acquire such esteem that, before anyone had given real thought to its position in the realm of golf, it had come to be accepted as a major competition? Well, it was the result of the extraordinary concurrence of a number of factors. To start with, the tournament had both worth and glamour simply because it was played over the course that Jones had long dreamed of building—an altogether excellent course that turned out to be perhaps the most beautiful inland layout in the world, and one that introduced some revolutionary principles in golf-course design. The Masters also possessed a flavor distinctly different from that of all other golf tournaments. Leisurely in tempo, like a country fair, it was the first stroke-play tournament in which the field played only one round a day. (In the British and U.S. Opens, and in the lesser stroke-play events as well, it was traditional to play thirty-six holes on the last day.) Accordingly, the golfers had ample time to sit down together and catch up on things, either at the club or at the Bon Air Vanderbilt, the pleasant hotel at which just about all the players stayed in the years before the Second World War. A tournament is only as good as its field, and from the outset, because of its singular appeal, the Masters attracted the best players in the game. For another thing, the tournament was held at the perfect time of year—early spring. (The first Masters was played in late March, and then the tournament was moved up to April. Since 1940, it has usually been held during the first full week in April, when the azaleas, dogwood, redbud, and the other flowering trees and shrubs that make the Southern spring so glorious are busting out all over.) For American golf fans who had spent the long winter months in the cold Northern states, there was no cure like a week of balmy weather in Augusta. After the war, the Masters, as the first big tournament of the year, came to signify for golf fans around the globe the beginning of the new golf season. It also possessed two other incalculably valuable assets. In Clifford Roberts, a New York investment banker, it had possibly the most talented administrator that tournament golf has ever known. A man of perfectionistic zeal, Roberts came up with a series of innovations at the Masters which showed the game's other entre-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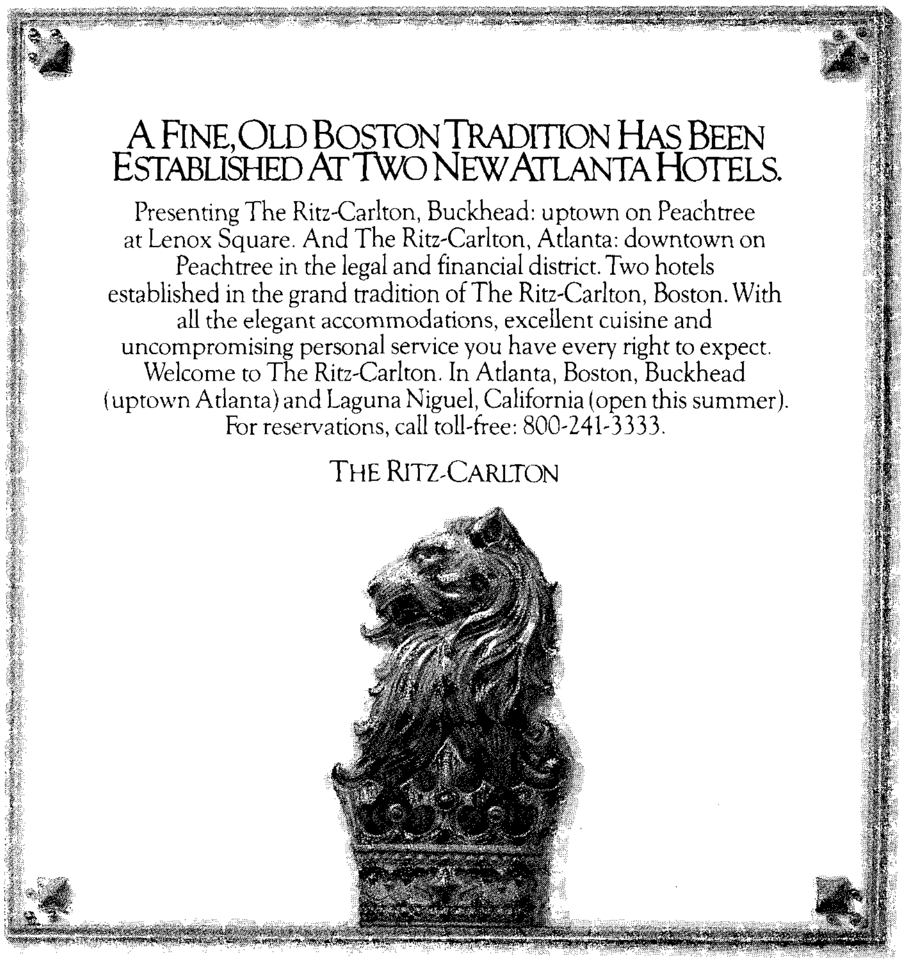
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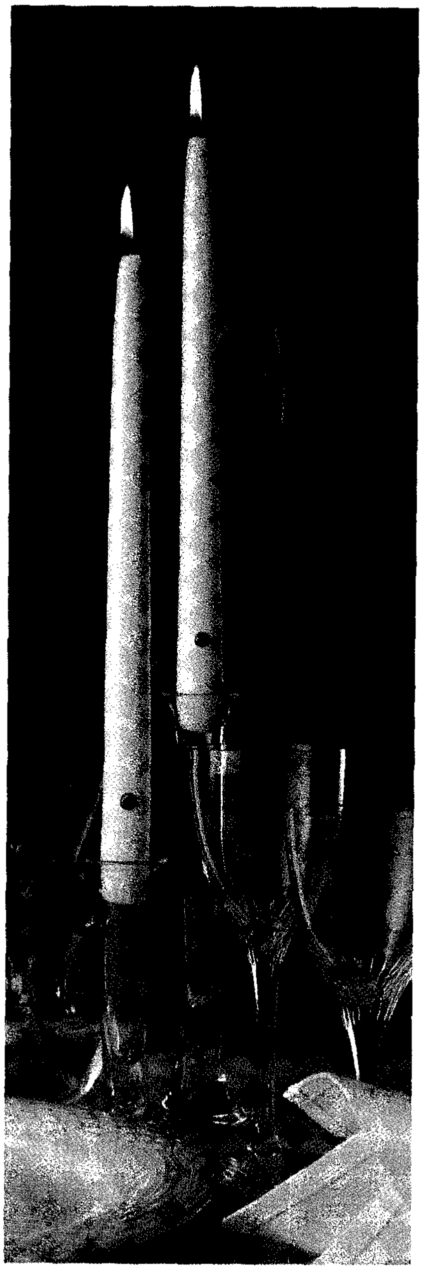
preneurs how a modern golf tournament should be run. And, finally, there was Bobby Jones—or Bob, as he preferred to be called. The most idolized of all the athletic heroes of the nineteen-twenties—the Golden Age of American sport—Jones proved to be everything that his admirers thought he was, and a great deal more. Along with wide-ranging knowledge, true sensibility, and a charming sense of humor, he had an instinct for camaraderie that communicated itself instantly. Because he personified golf and sportsmanship at their best, his presence imbued the Masters with a spirit that few occasions in sports can come close to. The Masters did not set out to be a major tournament, but through the fusion of these disparate elements it became one. In golf today, the situation is just the reverse: unexceptional tournaments aspire by incessant self-promotion to elevate themselves onto the same plateau as the British Open, the U.S. Open, the P.G.A. championship, and the Masters, and to be acclaimed, as it were, genuine major events.

From the outset, the goal of the Masters was simply to put on the finest golf tournament possible. In the initial Masters, in 1934, Jones made his first appearance in a tournament since his retirement, and that assuredly served to thrust the Masters immediately into the spotlight. It didn't hurt the Masters, either, that in the 1935 tournament Gene Sarazen played what is without a doubt the most spectacular shot in golf history. On the last round, he was three strokes behind the apparent winner, Craig Wood, when he came to the par-5 fifteenth, then 485 yards long. He proceeded to hole his second shot, a 4-wood, for a double-eagle 2. This enabled him to tie Wood in the tournament and to go on to defeat him in their playoff. But what really made the Masters was the pleasure that the competing golfers derived from their week in Augusta—that and the exuberant endorsement of the tournament by the people who were lucky enough to attend it. My own case, I think, is typical. I saw my first Masters in 1947. By then, I had visited a number of famous courses, but none of them had quite the ambience of the Augusta National. It was the prettiest course I had ever seen. In those days, its Bermuda-grass fairways were overseeded with an Italian rye grass that gleamed a lovely shade of green in the sun. Most of the holes had a striking originality of design,



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and four or five of them possessed both a golf beauty and a scenic beauty that were inseparable. The galleries were still small. There couldn't have been more than two thousand people on the course on Thursday and Friday. On Sunday, five thousand at the most were on hand for the final round. It was a treat to be there. Inside the clubhouse, Mrs. Helen Harris and her staff provided a perfect blend of efficiency and hospitality. Out on the course, the players were courteous and approachable. The spectators knew their golf. The pimiento sandwiches at the refreshment stands were fresh and exotic. The clubhouse, an elegant antebellum manor house wrapped in wisteria, overlooked the course, and let you know you were in the Deep South as explicitly as did the mockingbirds' song and the abundant flora. (Each hole at the Augusta National is named after the tree, shrub, or plant that frames it from tee to green.) Everyone who attended the Masters before the Second World War or in the first few years afterward realized that its delightful intimacy was bound to vanish quickly. It did. The tournament was soon "discovered" during the postwar golf boom, and it wasn't too long before the number of spectators daily pouring onto the course mounted to ten thousand, to twenty thousand, to thirty thousand, and eventually to forty thousand and more. Considering the size of the galleries these days, the wonder is how smoothly the tournament continues to operate and how miraculously it has retained its ineffable charm.

When did the Masters become a major tournament? That is, of course, a matter of personal opinion. Some people I know feel that when the tournament started up again in 1946, after being closed down for three years during the war, it was tacitly regarded as a major event. My own feeling, which I share with many other old Masters hands, is that if there was any one year when the tournament arrived it was probably 1954. That April, the two best golfers in the world, Ben Hogan and Sam Snead (each of whom had earlier won the Masters twice), held off a gallant bid by Billy Joe Patton, an amateur from North Carolina, and met in an eighteen-hole playoff that Snead won by a stroke.

WHEN one looks back at the Masters from the vantage point of 1984, many phases of its development are amazing, but none more so

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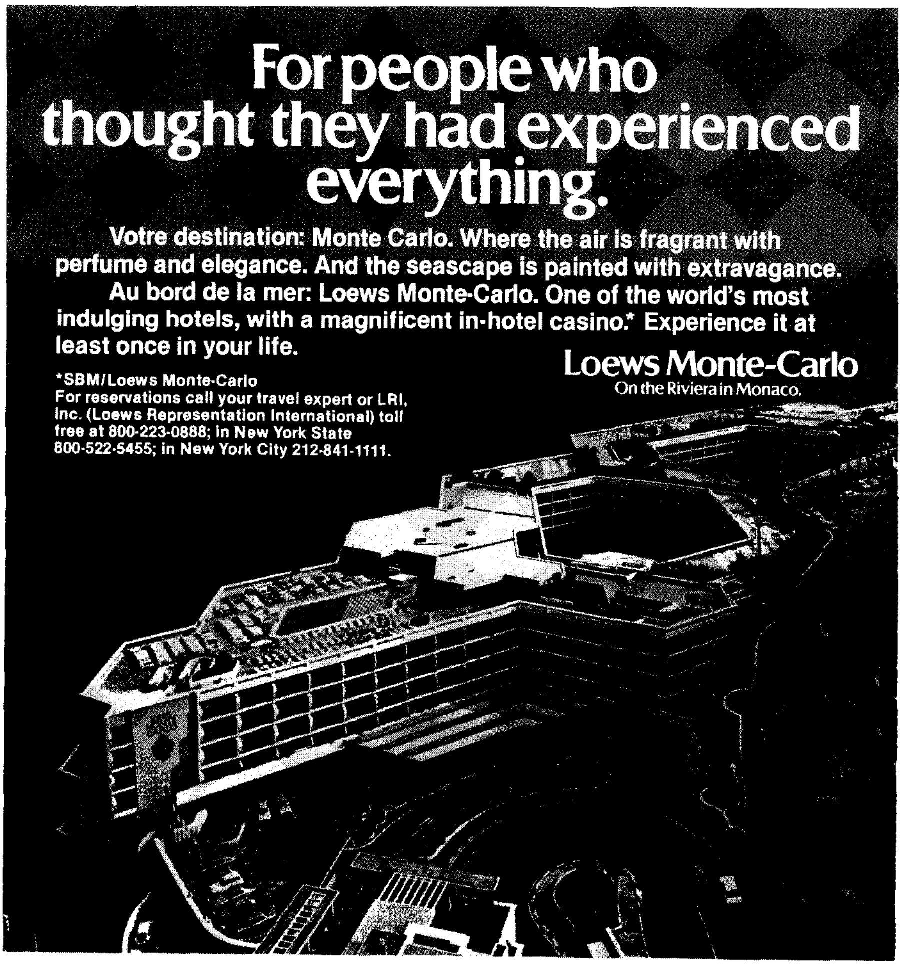

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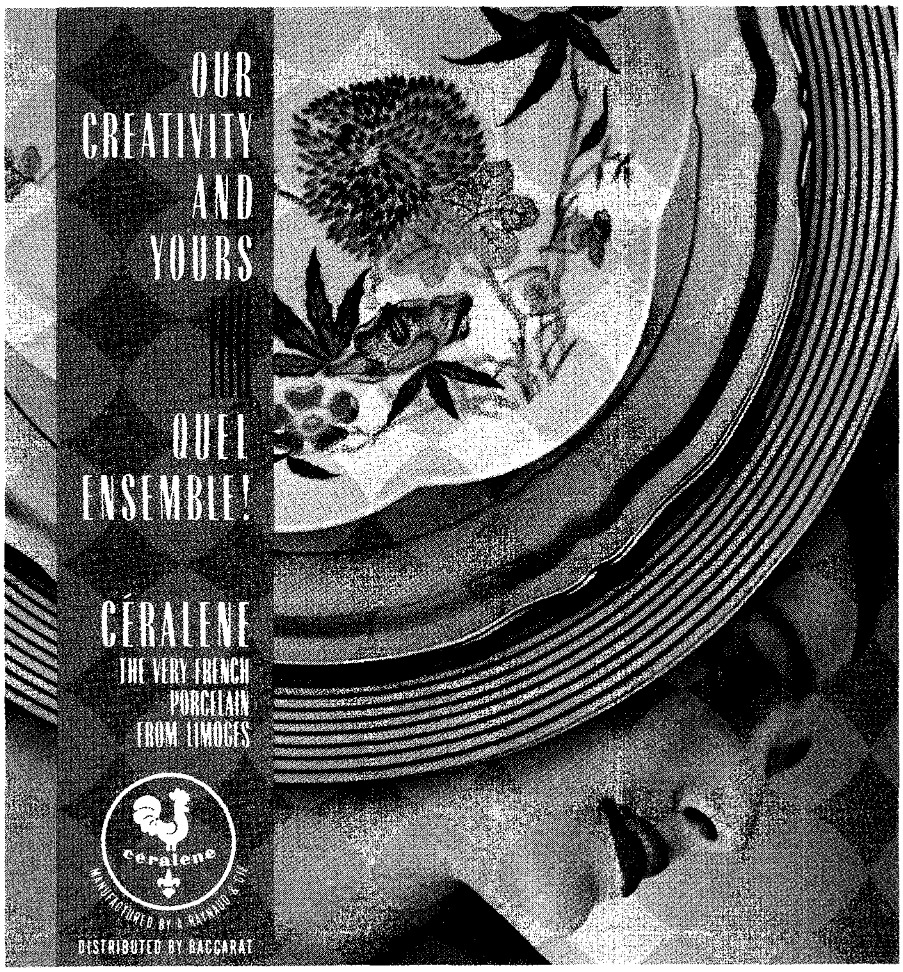
than the dispatch with which the club and the course came into being. During his competitive career, Jones had often mentioned that one of the things he would like to do when his playing days were over was to design his "dream course." On September 27, 1930, he completed his Grand Slam by winning our Amateur at the Merion Cricket Club, outside Philadelphia. Shortly afterward, he announced his retirement from tournament golf. He was only twenty-eight, but he was wise enough to realize that anything he might accomplish in golf after that incredible sweep would be anticlimactic. He was instantly besieged with all sorts of business opportunities. A surprisingly large number of people remembered Jones' reference to building his dream course, and they lost no time in informing him that they had just the piece of land he was looking for. Since Jones was an Atlantan, the majority of the sites he was asked to consider were situated in the countryside on the outskirts of his home town. This was not what he had in mind. He was thinking about Augusta and wondering if there was some land there on which a really first-class course could be built. Whereas Atlanta is a thousand feet above sea level, Augusta lies in a valley that is only a little over an eighth that altitude. In the winter, it is considerably warmer than Atlanta, and in the eighteen-eighties it began to develop a reputation as a winter resort. It was particularly attractive to people who liked to play golf. There were three excellent golf courses—two at the Augusta Country Club, near the Bon Air Vanderbilt hotel, and the other at the Forest Hills Ricker hotel. Jones had loved to come over from Atlanta in the winter and play them. The course he intended to build would be one that would be used primarily for winter golf.

Through Jones' many friends, word of his interest in a possible site in Augusta reached the city's mayor, Thomas Barrett, Jr., who thought immediately of a three-hundred-and-sixty-five-acre property on the edge of Augusta. Originally an indigo plantation, it had been purchased in 1857 by Baron Louis Berckmans, a Belgian nobleman whose avocation was horticulture. The following year, the Baron and his son, Prosper, who was a professional horticulturalist, had founded the Fruitland Nurseries there. They had imported many varieties of trees, shrubs, vines, and plants, and cultivated them with such success that



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Chinese porcelain vase, circa 1600. From the collection of Baron Bruno Schroder.

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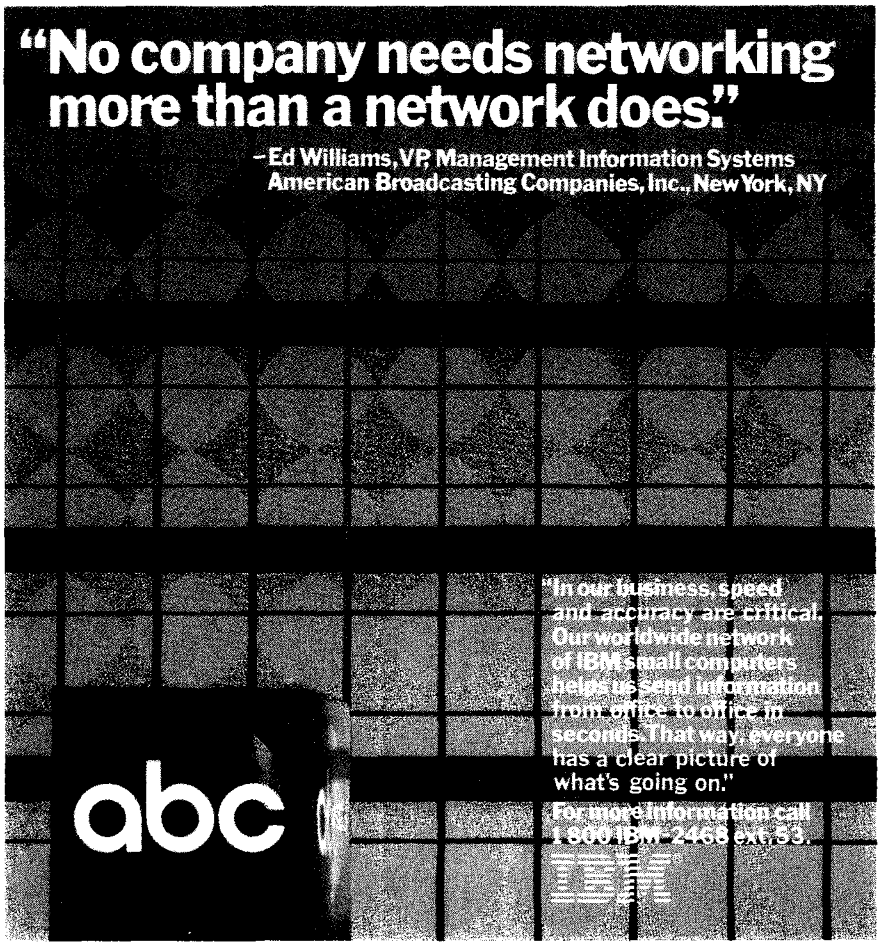
Fruitland Nurseries became the first large commercial nursery in the South. After the death of Prosper Berckmans, in 1910, Fruitland Nurseries closed down and its trade name was sold, but in 1930 the property was still available for purchase. That autumn, after Mayor Barrett got in touch with him, Jones came to Augusta to look over the old Berckmans estate. Barrett drove Jones and some friends of his down the majestic entranceway to the old plantation manor house—a lane two hundred and fifty yards long, bordered by magnolia trees that arched overhead. He conducted the party to the back terrace of the manor house, which sits at the crest of a long, rolling hill. Jones slowly took in the spectacular view: the wide stretches of cleared land that tumbled gently down toward Rae's Creek, about a half mile away; the thick dark-green stands of longleaf pines, many of them rising a hundred feet on almost perfectly vertical trunks; the handsome clusters of shrubs and flowers that Berckmans and his son had cultivated, setting off the manor house and brightening the acres of cleared land. Jones smiled thoughtfully and then said, "Perfect. And to think that this ground has been lying here all these years waiting for someone to come along and lay out a golf course on it."

An option was taken on the property, and an organizing committee of five, including Jones, was set up. Jones asked Clifford Roberts, who had an impressive background in finance, to serve as chairman of the committee. Jones and Roberts were well acquainted. A devoted golfer and a fairly good one, Roberts had regularly spent part of the winter season at the Augusta Country Club. Before the organizing committee went to work, Jones outlined to Roberts the kind of club he thought the Augusta National should be. Inasmuch as he had friends in many states, he wanted the club to have a national membership. It would be called the Augusta National Golf Club, and it would be open from the first week in November to the end of April. It would be a men's club, and membership would be by invitation only. The operation of the club was to be as uncomplicated as possible: there would be no living quarters for the members at the club, and there would be facilities for no sport but golf.

Jones then turned his attention to building the course. An admirer of the work of Alister MacKenzie, who had designed Cypress Point, on the Mon-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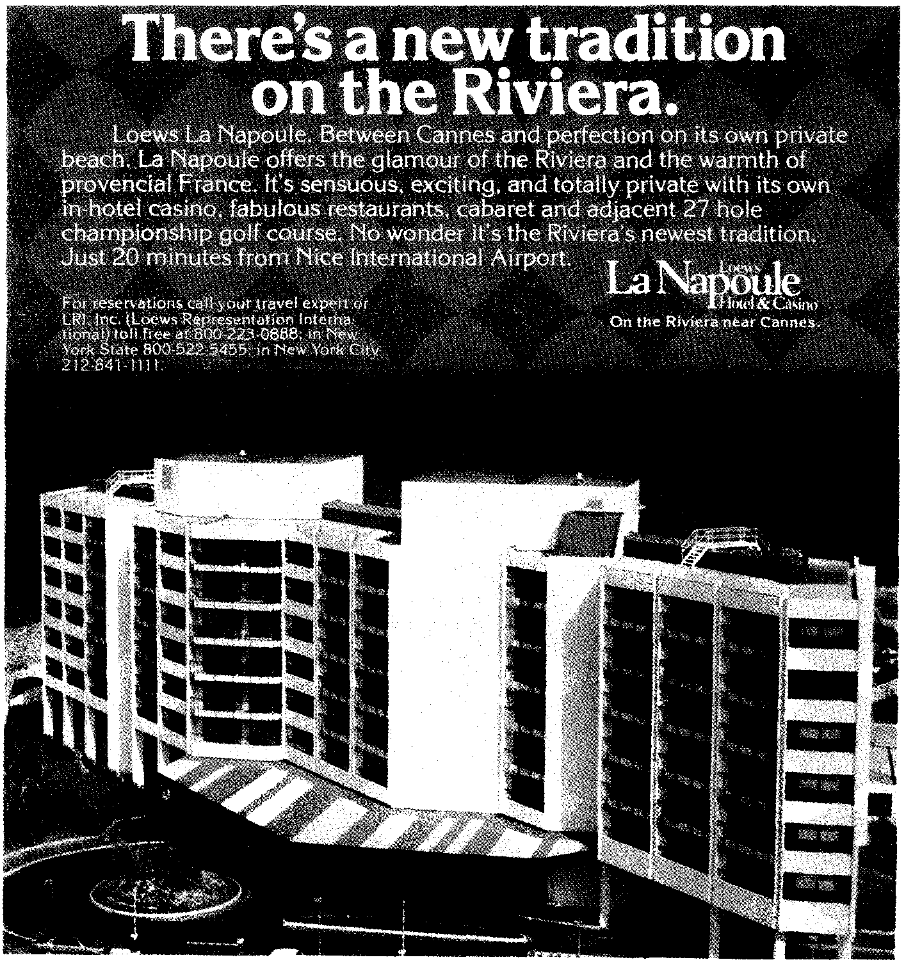
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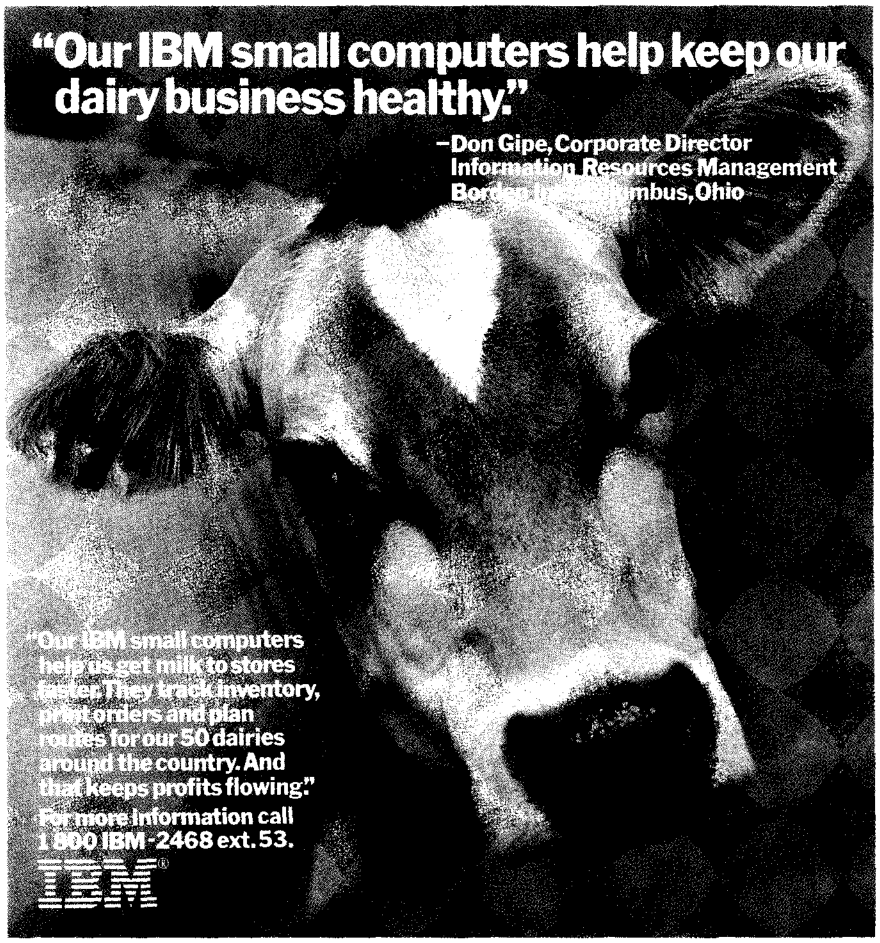
terey Peninsula, and many other superior courses, he was able to get MacKenzie to collaborate with him in laying out the holes at the Augusta National. Jones and MacKenzie started work in the spring of 1931. The course was ready for play in December, 1932, and was formally opened in January, 1933. It provoked immediate excitement, for it surpassed expectations in nearly every respect.

The unusually short time it took to build the Augusta National reflected the harmonious relationship between Jones and MacKenzie. They held similar views on the fundamental principles of course design. It was important, they thought, that a hole look natural—as if it had always been there. It was equally important that it be part of an over-all routing plan that offered a wide variety of holes in an interesting order. (What a triumph of routing the Augusta National is! No two consecutive holes run in the same direction. The sequence of the par-3, par-4, and par-5 holes is remarkable; there are no par 4s back to back until the ninth and the tenth. And there is not a single hole whose fairway is awkwardly tilted, as so many holes built on a hillside tend to be.) Jones and MacKenzie agreed on the value of creating holes that were scenically arresting as well as functionally sound. For example, they cut through large stands of trees to open up the stunning views on the second and tenth holes. They made imaginative use of Rae's Creek and the other small creeks on the property, turning them into ponds on some holes. (On five of the first seven holes on the second nine—the course's most precarious stretch—a water hazard either guards the direct approach to the green or is situated adjacent to the green.) Jones and MacKenzie were also of one mind about sand bunkers. They felt that there was an overabundance of them on most American courses. They objected particularly to our predilection for placing bunkers so close to the tee that they caught only the mis-hit drives of the high-handicap golfer, who had enough troubles to begin with. They laid out their par 4s and par 5s at the Augusta National so that there wasn't a single fairway bunker less than two hundred yards from the tee. Further aid and comfort were provided the high-handicap golfer by the paucity of rough and the breadth of the fairways—many of them sixty or seventy yards wide. The hills and slopes on the old Berckmans property were monumental in scale, and this suggested to Jones and MacKenzie that they should design greens that were much larger and more boldly contoured than the typical American green. Both men, as it happened, were fascinated by the huge double greens on the Old Course at St. Andrews, in Scotland, and this was a supporting reason for making the greens at the Augusta National such a challenge.

However, if there was any one overriding goal that Jones and MacKenzie were striving to achieve, it was to come up with a course that would be eminently playable from the regular tees for the medium- and high-handicap golfer while simultaneously presenting a stiff examination from the back tees for the low-handicap or scratch golfer. They were successful in bringing this off because they both staunchly believed that strategic design was much superior to penal design, which for years had dominated golf-course architecture in America. On a course of penal design, the golfer who hits a shot that strays the slightest bit from the narrow path from the tee to the green is punished for it drastically. His ball often ends up in high rough but even more often in a sand bunker. The Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh, is probably the best-known penal-type course in this country. At the time the Augusta National was opened, Oakmont was sprinkled with well over two hundred bunkers. The Augusta National had only twenty-five. (Today, the number has risen to forty-four, but that is still an extremely small amount for a championship course.) Jones and MacKenzie were able to settle for so few bunkers because they were fortunate enough to be working with marvellous terrain and were intelligent enough to make the most of it. They had no idea that they were building a course on which a tournament would be held. They were simply out to build the best course possible on an exceptional piece of land.

In designing a golf course, the usual method is to first find natural sites for greens and tees. If it is possible, the architect prefers to work backward from a green site, deciding on the direction and swing of the fairway, the specific spot on the fairway that affords the ideal opening to the green on the approach shot, and, ultimately, the right site for the tee—a site that pulls everything together. As Jones and MacKenzie walked their acreage



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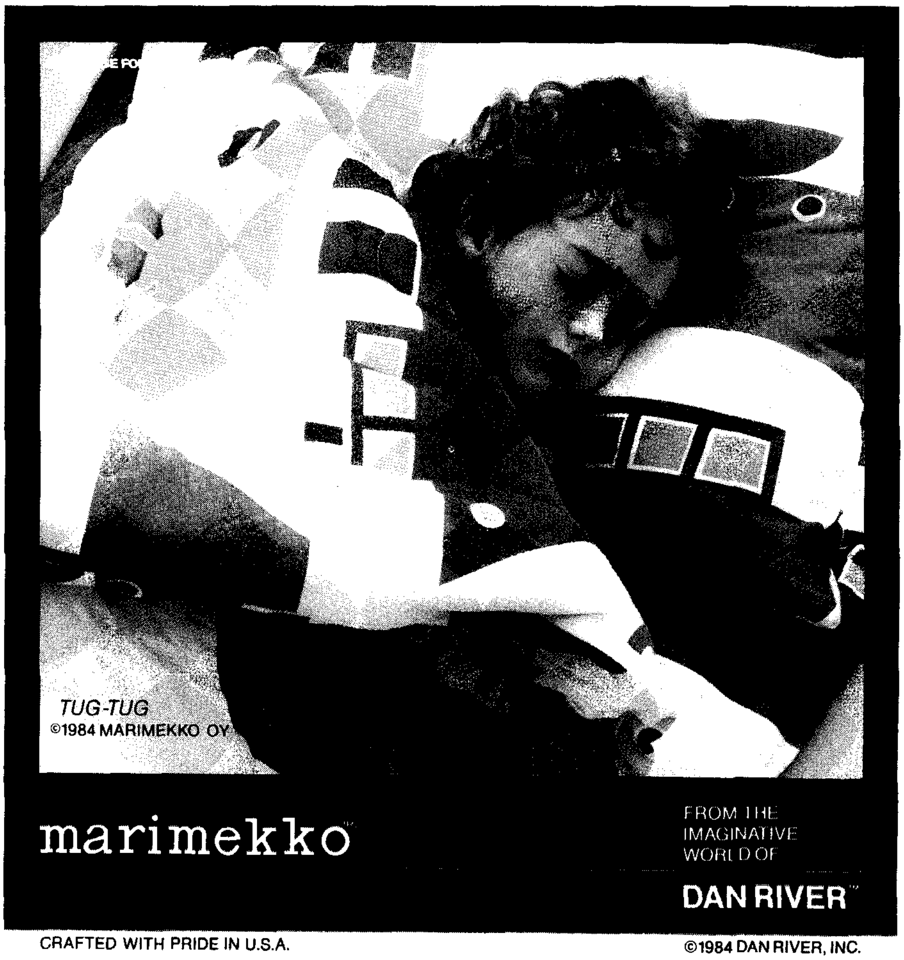

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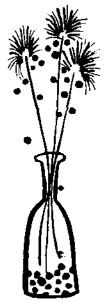
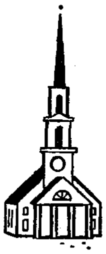
searching for golf holes, the first one they “discovered” was the thirteenth. It was there in its entirety—a 465-yard par 5 whose green could be reached in two if the golfer put together two excellent shots. Jones, it should be noted, was partial to short par 5s—par 4½ holes—because he felt that a long par 5, which required three shots to reach the green, was inclined to be dull. The basic principle of strategic design is to offer the golfer at least two routes to the green, and this the thirteenth does as dramatically as one could hope. The tee is elevated and gives the golfer a clear idea of his options on the hole. About two hundred and fifty yards from the tee, the fairway doglegs sharply to the left. At the bend, it slopes gradually up from left to right, like the banked corner of an indoor track. If the low-handicap golfer elects to gamble on taking the dangerous route down the left side of the fairway and succeeds in cutting the corner with a long, straight drive, he is in a position to reach the green in two, usually with a long iron or a fairway wood. Then if he hits the requisite second shot and gets down in two putts he has his birdie 4. On the other hand, the golfer who tries to cut the corner and hooks his ambitious drive pays a stiff price for his error. His shot will probably finish in the pine woods that border the left side of the hole, or in the narrow creek—an arm of Rae's Creek—that follows closely along the left edge of the fairway in the landing area of the drive. This creek later swings back across the fairway just before the green, and then bends so that it hugs the right side of the green. As is no doubt evident, unless a golfer needs to make up ground on his opponents there is ample reason for him to choose the right side of the fairway off the tee, the conservative route. If he hits a fairly long drive, though, he is faced with a difficult decision: should he go with a fairway wood on his second and try to carry the creek in front of the green, or should he lay up safely short of it? If he opts for the latter, he can be reasonably sure of his par 5, and there is always the chance that he can wedge his third shot close enough to the pin to get down in one putt for his birdie. All in all, as the thirteenth illustrates, a golf course of strategic design is not only fairer than one of penal design but much more stimulating. It rewards the aggressive golfer for his daring and his proficient execution of demanding shots. At the same time, it rewards clear thinking and prudence, for if a golfer tries to bite off more than he can chew he is punished for his poor judgment or his faulty execution of the shot. The Augusta National so entranced the erudite golfers who played the course themselves or watched the stars play it in the Masters that it is credited with changing the approach to golf-course architecture in this country almost singlehanded. The penal course was out and the strategic course was in. One could often recognize the influence of the Augusta National in the designs of the multitude of new courses that were built after the war. For one thing, the extra-large green became practically standard. This was regrettable. The heroic-sized green is right only on a course of heroic proportions, like the Augusta National.



Alister MacKenzie unfortunately did not live to savor the praise lavished on the course when it was publicly unveiled, in 1934, at the first Masters; he had died in January. Jones was naturally pleased by the generous words that the players and the press had for the course. (He was less pleased with his golf in the tournament: he tied with Walter Hagen and Denny Shute for thirteenth.) In 1934, the par-72 layout measured about 6,700 yards, a little over 200 yards shorter than it does today. (The holes were remeasured by laser beam in 1980, from the ball-washers on the tees to the midpoint of the greens.) In Jones' mind, it is interesting to note, work on the course was by no means finished. He was aware that there were quite a few holes that needed strengthening, and he meant it when he told people who really knew golf that he would welcome any suggestions they might have for improving this or that hole. Perry Maxwell, a golf-course architect from Oklahoma who had been a protégé of MacKenzie's, was responsible for the first significant change. Originally, the green on the tenth, then a 420-yard par 4, was situated in a hollow at the bottom of a long and steep slope. The green area had presented drainage problems from the outset. It was Maxwell's idea to shift the green up onto higher land farther back and to the left, where it would be framed by a breathtaking backdrop of tall pines. Jones heartily approved of Maxwell's suggestion, which, carried out expertly by Maxwell himself, turned an indifferent hole into one of the most beautiful par 4s in the world.

Nearly every year, Jones made one or more minor changes in the course. The next major alteration came in 1947, when the sixteenth hole was completely revised. A par 3 about 145 yards long, the sixteenth was not one of the more memorable holes. A shallow stream curled close to the narrow green, which had a prominent mound in the center. The tee, when the course first opened, was located to the right of the fifteenth green; Jones later added an alternative tee, set to the left of that green. In 1947, he worked out an altogether different plan for the hole: a new tee would be built farther back on the left side of the fifteenth green; the stream would be dammed and a pond created between the new tee and a totally new green. Robert Trent Jones, already a well-established golf-course architect, executed Jones' plan very well. The ugly duckling turned into a swan—a 170-yard par 3 over a fairway of water to a somewhat kidney-shaped green that offered a wide variety of pin placements. The new sixteenth added palpably to the pressure the leaders felt when they came to the finishing holes at the end of a round. (Some Masters regulars regard the seventeenth, a 400-yard par 4 whose green cannot be seen from the area of the fairway where most drives end up, as the only ordinary hole down the stretch, and they wonder why no modifications of consequence have been made on it.)

In 1950, the Augusta National underwent its last major change. The eleventh was made into an incomparably better hole. The original eleventh was a drive-and-pitch par 4. Its tee was positioned above and to the right of the present tenth green, and the fairway swung from left to right and then downhill to a green of no particular distinction. Just who conceived the new eleventh is a controversial subject, but Clifford Roberts, who wrote a history of the Augusta National, stated there that it was he who suggested to Jones that a new tee should be built in the woods, far back and to the left of the tenth green. In any event, the new tee was set there, a chute was cut through the trees, and a new fairway was created which ran nearly straight until it veered a little to the right as it plunged down over large mounds to a new green. The redesigned eleventh measured 455 yards and was a terror. An extension of Rae's Creek, which was later dammed and turned into a small pond, menaced the left side and front of the green; a bank five or six feet high separated the water hazard from the putting surface. After studying the new eleventh, Ben Hogan made up his mind that it would be folly to go for the pin on his second shot—usually anything from a 2-iron to a 4-iron—considering the penalty he would incur if his ball struck the bank in front of the green and toppled down into the hazard. Hogan always aimed his second shot at the right-hand fringe of the green, content to get down with a chip and a putt for his par. His decision on how he would play the eleventh prompted one of his most famous Hoganisms: "If you ever see me on the eleventh green in two, you'll know I missed my second shot."



Although from 1948 on Jones suffered from syringomyelia, a crippling disease of the spinal cord, he continued to oversee the alterations made on the course, and through 1968 he always managed somehow or other to be on hand for the Masters. He died in December, 1971, at the age of sixty-nine. I often wonder how he felt as he watched the club's unpretentious invitation tourney blossom into an authentic major event. I also wonder what went through his mind as he directed, with his inveterate astuteness, the alterations that turned the very fine course he and MacKenzie had designed into both a more subtle and a more formidable one. Beginning in 1956, the Masters was televised annually, and by the time of Jones' death the Augusta National had become the best-known course in the world and a touchstone for a new generation of golf-course architects.

THE Masters, it should be noted, would not have become the Masters without the unflagging ministrations of Clifford Roberts. Lean, dour, and gravel-throated, Roberts, an autocrat's autocrat, was the last person one would ever think of as an "idea man," but the Augusta National was inexpressibly dear to his heart, and he thought about the club morning, noon, and night. As chairman of the Masters, he thought no less incessantly about the tournament and how it could be made into a bigger and better event. Just as the Augusta National is unique in the continuing attention it gives to improving the playing qualities of its holes, so it stood alone for decades in trying to improve the lot of the spectator. From the start, the people who attended the Masters were not customers but "patrons." Roberts early saw to it that these patrons were provided with free parking on the club property—there was room for thousands of cars. (The main parking area was subsequently enlarged, and new parking areas were added; today there is space to accommodate over eight thousand cars.) Roberts was responsible for an endless series of innovations. For instance, the Masters' patrons were not asked to buy bulky programs; free pairing sheets were distributed each day. On the reverse side of each sheet was a map of the course, which also indicated where the various refreshment stands and rest rooms were situated. Another item available at no cost to the patrons was a small guide written by Jones in which he discussed the best vantage points for watching the play. Almost every year, new spectator mounds were built on a number of holes to afford more people a clearer view of the action. The new mounding was done with such care that it appeared to be natural terrain that one just hadn't noticed before.

Roberts had a lot of good ideas. The first time I attended the Masters, I was struck by how clean the grounds were throughout the day. This was no happy accident. Roberts had long before organized a uniformed trash squad that moved over the course picking up and bagging refuse. He appreciated that the Masters, as the only major tournament held on the same course each year, had certain advantages, and he meant to make the most of them. Underground telephone lines were laid to connect the scoreboards out on the course with Scoring Control, which is situated in the Tournament Headquarters building, close to the clubhouse. The phone lines allowed the scores of the players leading the tournament to be quickly posted, hole by hole, around the course. Roberts decided to call these scoreboards leader boards, and he had giant ones constructed which could be read from a good distance by spectators equipped with binoculars. His most important contribution in this area, however, was the simplified scoring system introduced at the Masters in 1960. Previously, in order to figure out how close to the leader a particular player was at any moment a spectator had to read the player's score for each hole, compute how he stood in reference to par, and then work out the number of strokes by which he trailed the leader. In the Masters' scoring system, each contending player's cumulative score in relation to par was posted hole by hole. A red number denoted how many strokes he was under par, a green number how many strokes he was over par, and a green zero that he was even par. It took hardly more than a glance for a spectator to know the state of the tournament. The Masters' system of scoring was soon adopted by tournaments everywhere.

In 1958, Roberts paused from his labors long enough to collaborate with George Cobb, a golf-course architect from South Carolina, in building a splendid nine-hole par-3 course to the east of the clubhouse, but his thoughts were never away from the big course for long. In 1962, the first observation stand for spectators was erected. Today, there are four observation stands, three of them on the second nine. Never lacking for energy, Roberts spent untold hours on such glamourless tasks as overseeing the installation of more efficient course drainage systems; improving the watering systems; working with turf experts on the seeding and overseeding of the fairways and greens, so that the Augusta National would continue to be the racy, fearsome test it was when the Masters was initiated; revamping the practice grounds and the spectator stands behind them; and superintending the telecast of the tournament, so that the action was interrupted far less frequently by commercials than was the case in other sports telecasts. He even selected the sponsors whose commercials would be run. In addition—often to the dismay of certain members of the club, who thought they should be consulted on these matters—Roberts called the shots on the expansion of the clubhouse. Before the Second World War, the old plantation manor house, with its two-story columns, nine-and-a-half-foot-wide porches on all four sides, and four-sided roof slanting up to a four-windowed cupola, was modernized into a cozy, functional clubhouse. One of the seven ground-floor rooms was made into a kitchen. After the war, an east wing was added. It contains a commodious dining room, called the Trophy Room, and living quarters owned by individual members—five suites on the ground floor, four single

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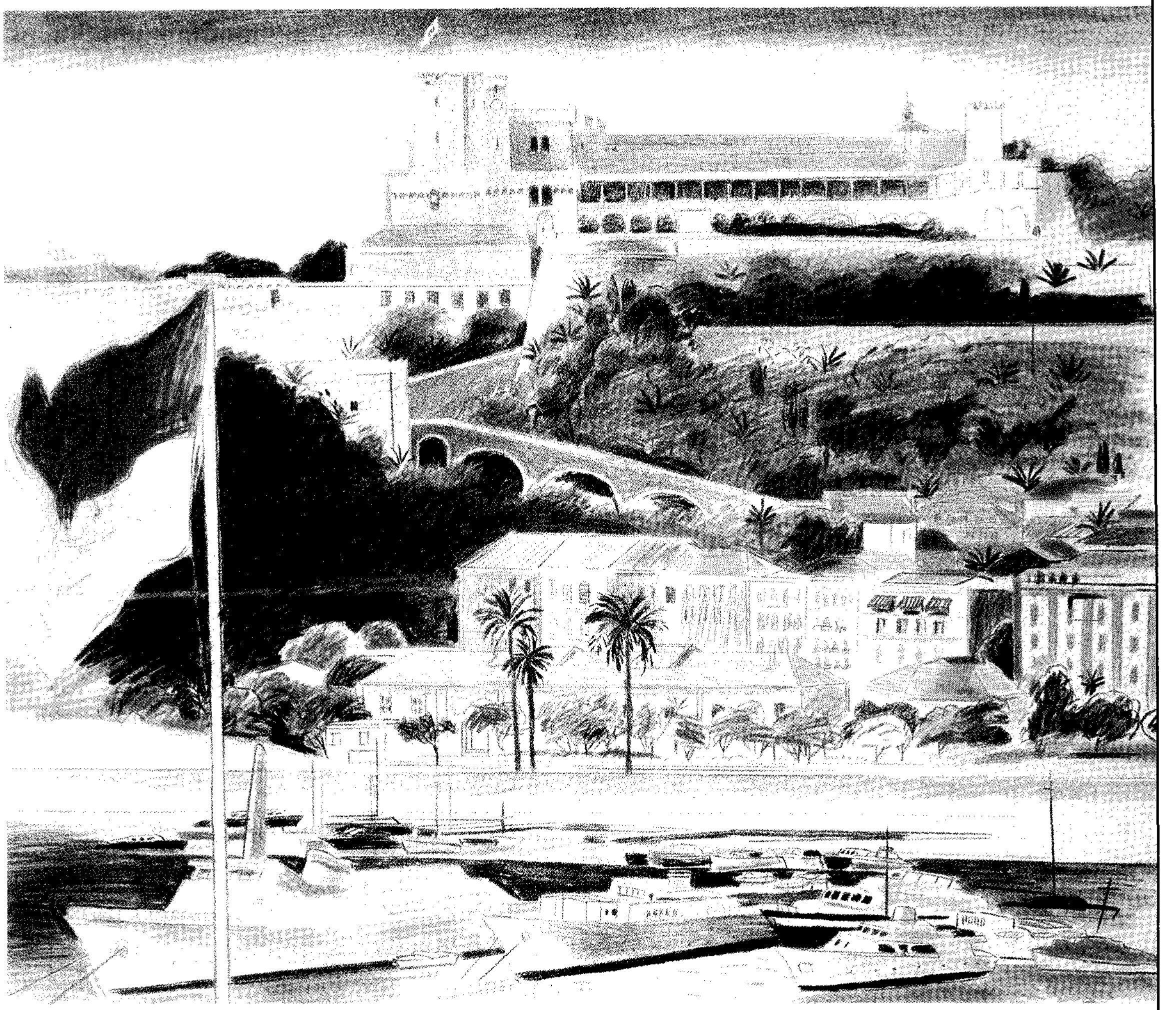

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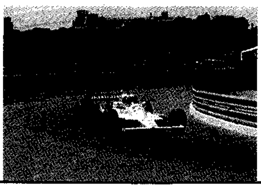

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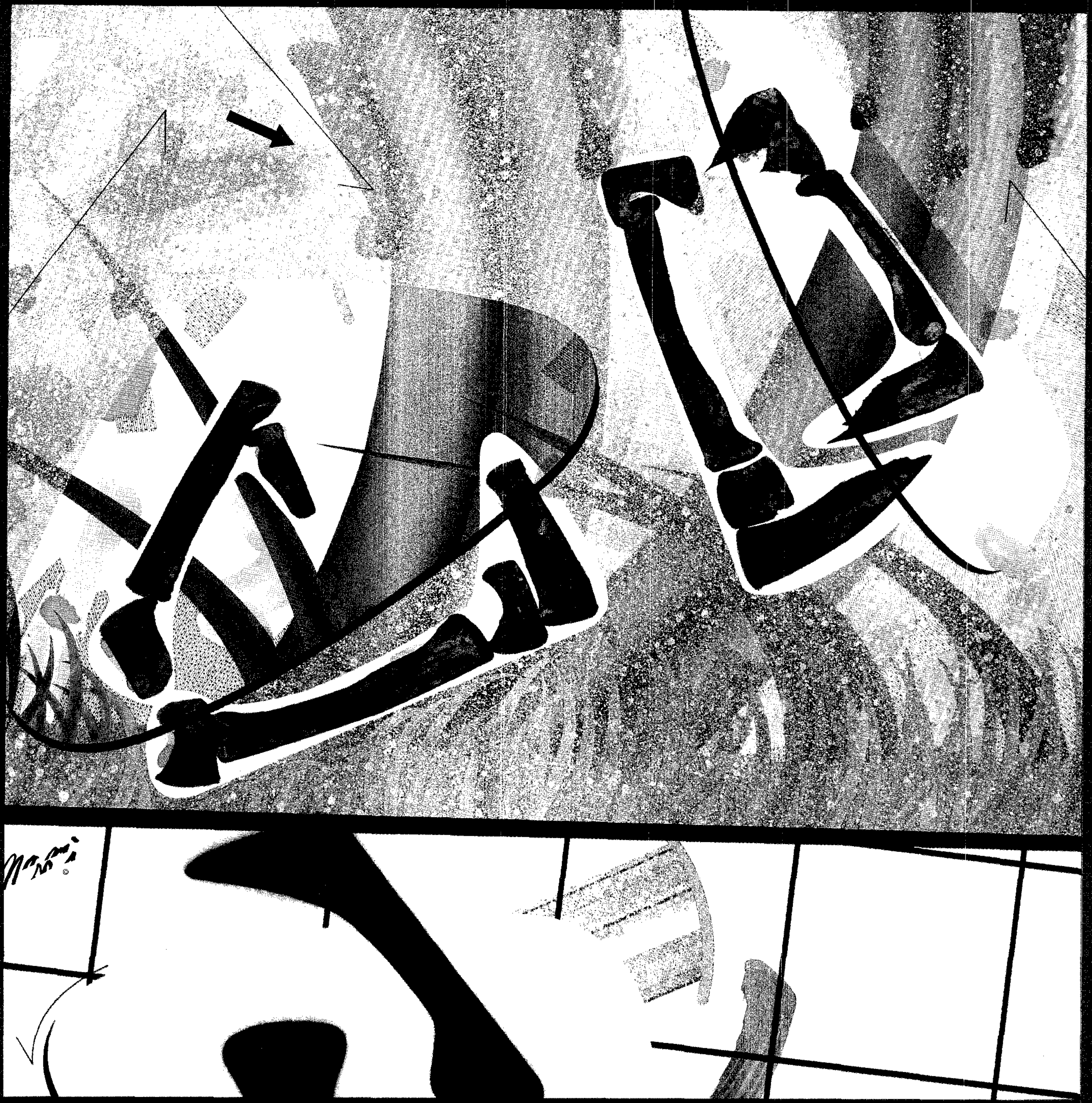

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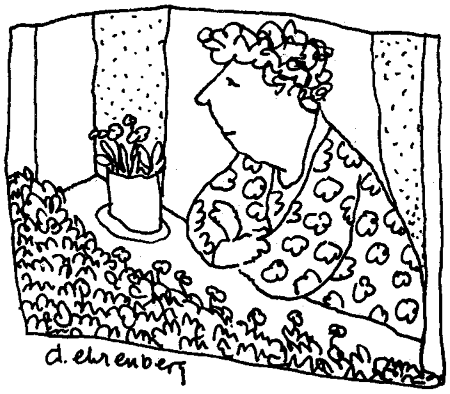
rooms on the second floor. A west wing was also constructed, which today houses a grillroom, a locker room, and guest rooms. Just beyond are the Tournament Headquarters, the pro shop, the press building, and the new media-interview building. It was decided in 1946 to grant permission to members to build individual cottages in the area southeast of the clubhouse. The cottages, following the old plantation custom, were referred to as cabins. The Jones cabin, the first to be built, faced the tenth tee. The Eisenhower cabin was at the east end of the vast practice green. Today, there are nine cabins, six of which are multilevel buildings.

Roberts, a one-man gang if there ever was one, ran the show at the Augusta National until he died, at eighty-three, in 1977, in his private suite in the clubhouse. William Lane, of Houston, then took over as Masters chairman for three years, and he was followed by the man who is currently the chairman of the club and the chairman of the Masters, Hord Hardin. A native of St. Louis, Hardin, now seventy-two, is a retired lawyer. As a young man, he was a capable golfer; he qualified seven times for the U.S. Amateur and once for the U.S. Open. He was president of the United States Golf Association in 1968-69 and chairman of the Masters Rules Committee from 1970 to 1980, when he took on his present duties. Hardin lives an enviable life. He and his wife winter in Naples, Florida, and summer in Harbor Springs, Michigan. He spends nearly three months of the year in Augusta, including the six weeks before the Masters. He plays golf about five days a week, and on the other days he hits out practice balls. He has shot a 69 from the members' tees at the Augusta National. A traditionalist who is pleasant in manner and diplomatic by instinct, Hardin is a good man for the job.

EARLY in its career, the Masters established a reputation for thrilling finishes. Horton Smith won the first Masters when he sank a twenty-foot birdie putt on the seventeenth—the seventy-first hole of the tournament. He won again in 1936, when he holed a fifty-foot chip shot on the sixty-eighth. In between Smith's two victories, Sarazen had lit up the skies with his double eagle. The other major events have had their share of sensational finishes, but the Masters has probably had a higher ratio of tournaments in which the outcome hung in the balance until it was decided fairly late in the fourth round by the kind of melodramatic dénouement that might have been co-scripted by Charles Dickens and Burt L. Standish. One possible explanation of this is the strategic verve of the last nine holes. If a contender hits a poor shot at the wrong time, his chances can be ruined then and there. Conversely, a number of these holes offer enticing birdie opportunities for the golfer who feels that fate has tapped him on the shoulder and nothing is beyond his doing.

Consider the roles that the twelfth and thirteenth holes played in the 1937 and 1939 Masters. In 1937, Ralph Guldahl, then just coming into his own, seemed to have the tournament locked up when he reached the twelfth, a 155-yard par 3, on which the thin, angled green is perched just beyond Rae's Creek. The pin that day was set at the back-right corner of the green—the toughest position. Instead of playing a conservative shot for the center of the green, Guldahl went for the flag. He may have cut across the ball a fraction, or the gusty wind may have caught it; in any event, the ball tailed off slightly to the right and dropped into the creek. Guldahl took a 5 on the hole, and this may have shaken him. On the thirteenth, the 465-yard par 5 that doglegs to the left, he played a mediocre second shot that wound up in the creek before the green, and took a bogey 6. About forty-five minutes later, Byron Nelson, a young man who had yet to make his reputation, came to the twelfth. He put his iron shot twenty-five feet from the pin and knocked in the putt for his birdie. On the thirteenth, he hit two big shots to the edge of the green and then holed his chip for an eagle. On those two holes, Nelson picked up no fewer than six shots on Guldahl. As he walked to the fourteenth tee, he was out in front in the tournament by two strokes, and he preserved his lead by playing the last five holes in par. Two years later, Guldahl was again in the thick of the fight at Augusta. He was a much more deeply respected golfer by then, having won the two previous U.S. Opens. On the last round, when he came to the thirteenth the grapevine had spread the news that Sam Snead had finished with a 68, to post a record low total of 280 for the Masters. Guldahl's drive on the thirteenth was not especially long, but he knew that any hope he had of catching Snead depended on his picking up a birdie. He decided without a moment's hesitation to go for the green on his second, although he had a sidehill lie and would have to carry the ball 230 yards to clear the creek. He went with a 3-wood and played an absolutely marvellous shot. It landed on the green, rolled straight for the flagstick, and finished six inches away. He tapped it in for his eagle 3. As it turned out, this courageous gamble won the tournament for Guldahl.



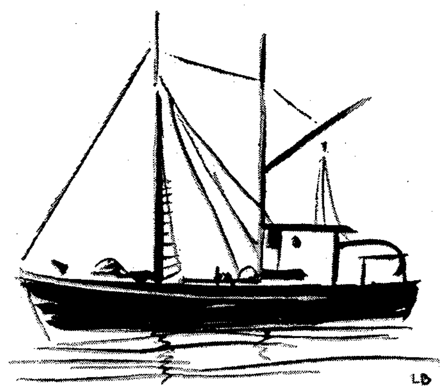
At about this time, it began to dawn on people who followed golf closely that most of the game's new stars were Texans. Guldahl was from Dallas. Nelson was from the Fort Worth area, and so was Ben Hogan, then emerging as a leading figure on the P.G.A. tour. Jimmy Demaret, from Houston, became more than just another promising player by winning the 1940 Masters. He finished four strokes ahead of the runner-up, Lloyd Mangrum, who was from Trenton, Texas. It was difficult to understand the sudden rise of Texas as a breeding ground of golf champions until the word got around that most of the impressive new pros from that state had grown up on courses with hard, resilient fairways, and that, as often as not, there were strong winds to be reckoned with. Consequently, these golfers had learned how to make contact with the ball on the downswing and to hit it in a low trajectory—"quail high," to use the local term. The playoff between Hogan and Nelson in 1942—the year before the Second World War caused the suspension of the Masters—produced some of the finest golf that had been seen in the tournament. On the first five holes, Hogan jumped out in front by three strokes. He played the next eleven holes in one under par and lost five strokes to Nelson. Nelson ultimately won their duel by a stroke. Demaret won again in 1947 and once more in 1950, to become the first player to win the tournament three times. Demaret was an unusual man—

kindhearted, companionable, and spontaneous whatever the circumstances. When he accepted the Masters trophy at the presentation ceremony in 1950, he told the crowd gathered around the practice green that he could best express his thoughts by singing a popular song. A former dance-band vocalist, he proceeded to render a properly professional chorus of "How Lucky You Are."

Demaret's third, and last, triumph in the Masters occurred during one of the most glittering periods in the tournament's history. In the stretch between 1949 and 1954, with the exception of 1950, Snead and Hogan, the two giants of the day, alternated in winning it. Snead's victories came in 1949, 1952, and 1954, Hogan's in 1951 and 1953. A good many of the game's cognoscenti were at a loss to know why it had taken Snead so long to win the Masters. The man and the course seemed made for each other—Snead, the powerful, picture-postcard swinger, and the beautiful rolling terrain of the Augusta National. A proficient all-around athlete, Snead had grown up in the resort town of Hot Springs, Virginia. He developed his classic golf swing without anyone's telling him what he had to do to improve his natural ability to hit a stationary ball from a stationary stance. He was exceptionally supple. For instance, when he was in his sixties he could still kick a seven-foot-high ceiling with no effort at all. This suppleness undoubtedly helped to explain the fluidity of his swing and its slow, rhythmic tempo. It was a thrill just to watch Snead hit the ball. Not only was his technique flawless but the ball really did seem to go practically out of sight as it whistled off the tee and climbed higher and higher until it peaked, say, 260 yards from the tee. Snead's weakness, as everyone knew, was his putting. He was a superior approach putter, but he had his troubles with the short ones, and this was often costly. Much later in his career, when his palmy days were over, Snead switched to a croquet type of putting stroke. He has putted so well since making the change that many people think he might have won many more championships if he had used this method during the years when he was at the top of his game.

When Snead finally broke through in the Masters, in 1949, he did it in style: he finished with a pair of 67s. He showed his fibre in winning his second Masters, in 1952. The leader at the halfway mark, he held on firmly the last two days, when heavy winds blew over the course, and won by four strokes. His victory over Hogan in their playoff for the 1954 Masters title was well earned. Both men played the first nine in 35, one under par. On the tenth, Snead went into the lead by holing a sixty-five-foot chip from the back fringe of the green for a birdie. He gave that stroke back by bogeying the twelfth after hitting his tee shot into a bunker behind the green. He moved out in front again with a birdie on the thirteenth, getting home with a drive and a 2-iron. He went ahead by two strokes when Hogan three-putted the sixteenth. On the eighteenth, Snead put his approach shot into the bunker to the right of the green, but he played a superb recovery five feet from the hole. Knowing he would win if he got down in two for a 5, he took no chances. He bunted his first putt inches from the cup, and then tapped the ball in.

In contrast with Snead, Hogan had to work hard and long to become a champion. People who went to high school with him thought that he had a limited talent for golf, and they didn't know what to make of it when he turned professional at nineteen, in 1931. The compact, functional, glistening swing that Hogan at length devised was the product of countless hours of cerebration, experiment, and practice. No one has ever devoted himself more assiduously to mastering a sport than Hogan did. What with his undeterrable concentration and his coolness under fire, it was small wonder that he was almost invincible during his best years. His first victory in the Masters, in 1951, is worth examining, because it brings out his aptitude for course management. The last of the leaders to go out in the final round, he played the front nine in 33, three under par. He learned at the turn that the other men in contention had not scored well and all he had to do to win was to play the second nine in even par, 36. That would beat the lowest total posted for the tournament, Robert (Skee) Riegel's 282. A good-sized gallery went out with Hogan on the last nine. A 36 didn't seem like too tall an order, but even a Hogan could run into trouble on those five hazardous water holes. Poker-faced and detached, as always, Hogan played two superb shots on the tenth, but he missed the short putt he had for his birdie. On the eleventh, he adhered to his practice of playing his approach shot away from the water hazard. The ball finished just to the right of the green, and he got down in a chip and a putt for his par. A routine par on the twelfth. On the thirteenth—one of two par 5s on the second nine, each of which can be reached with two big shots—Hogan, after a solid drive, decided not to risk going for the green. He laid up short of the creek with a 6-iron, and then played a little wedge pitch about seven feet from the pin. He made the putt for his 4. On the fourteenth, a routine par. After a rather long drive on the fifteenth—the second par 5—he chose to lay up short of the pond guarding the green. He played a nice wedge pitch, and was down in two putts for his par. A routine par on the sixteenth, and another on the seventeenth. On the eighteenth, the pin was set on the lower level of the terraced green, which slopes downward from back to front. From previous experience, Hogan was well aware that one should never be above the pin on that green. He deliberately played his approach a couple of yards short of the green. His crisp chip stopped four feet below the cup. He made the putt. He had a 35 on the nine, then, for a 68 and a total of 280, two shots below Riegel's. Many of the people in Hogan's gallery were a little disappointed with his golf on that last nine. They had been hoping for fireworks and had instead been treated to a sterling demonstration of how to stick with par by playing one well-executed shot after another. He made it all seem as easy as answering the phone.



When Hogan won his second Masters, in 1953, his control of the golf ball was even more astonishing than it had been two years before. In the course of his four rounds—70, 69, 66, 69, for a record-setting total of 274—he did not hit one really loose shot. His game was at its zenith that year. He went on to capture the U.S. Open

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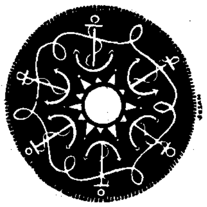
and the British Open. No other golfer has won those three major events in the same year. He and Snead—both were born in 1912—proved to be marvels of longevity. In the 1963 Masters, Snead, at fifty, finished only two strokes behind the winner, Jack Nicklaus. In the 1974 Masters, a month short of his sixty-second birthday, he finished only eight shots behind the winner, Gary Player, with rounds of 72, 72, 71, and 71. (I wonder if any other man that age has ever brought in a four-round total of 286 in a major tournament.) Snead continued to play in the Masters until 1983, when, at seventy, he made his farewell appearance.



Hogan played in the Masters through 1967. On that last visit to Augusta, when he was fifty-four, he had a notable round on the third day. His play from tee to green was still sharp and consistent, but on the greens he now froze over the ball. It took him ten seconds or longer to take his putter back from the ball, and when he did the stroke was a terribly awkward one. It must have been a torment for him. (In his prime, Hogan did not hole many long putts, but he was a sound putter.) Anyhow, on that third round in 1967 he went out in even par. On the tenth, he planted his approach about five feet from the pin. He had a nasty downhill putt for his birdie but stroked the ball smoothly into the cup. This did something for him. He hit his tee shot so far on the eleventh that he broke his old rule and went for the green with his second. His 6-iron stopped a foot from the pin. On the twelfth, he holed from twelve feet for his third birdie in a row. He added another birdie on the thirteenth—on in two, and down in two. He saved his par on the fourteenth when he holed a touchy four-foot sidehiller. After a drive of only moderate length on the fifteenth, he tried to carry the pond in front of the green with a 4-wood, and did. He got down in two putts for another birdie. Orthodox pars on the sixteenth and seventeenth. On the home hole, his 5-iron approach finished sixteen slippery feet past the pin, which was set on the lower terrace. He would have preferred to be below the pin, but he hit his try for his birdie with a confident stroke. The ball took the subtle break just right and fell into the middle of the cup. That gave him a 30 on the back side and a 66 for the round. The gallery packed around the green exploded with a tremendous salvo of appreciation, and Hogan, pleased by his performance, bobbed his head in response and smiled one of his rare broad smiles. The next day, after missing a couple of holeable putts early in the round, he was no longer in the race, and he eventually brought in a tired 77. Of course, it is his 30 on the second nine on the third round that lingers in one's memory.

One more thing about Hogan and the Masters: Since 1960, to entertain the patrons, it has been the practice for the field to compete in a tournament held on the nine-hole par-3 course on Wednesday, the day before the first round of the tournament. In previous years, a long-driving contest or a teaching clinic was generally held. However, in 1955, to mark the twentieth anniversary of Sarazen's double eagle, the field was asked to assemble on the fifteenth fairway, and each player was given two attempts to see how close he could come to getting the ball into the cup from about the same spot Sarazen had played from. Few of the pros expected Hogan to participate; he generally bypassed clinics and other such added attractions at tournaments. The two dozen or so golfers who preceded him in this contest had, with few exceptions, played rather ragged shots. Only a handful of shots had finished anyplace near the pin. When Hogan's name was called, a heavy silence fell. No one held him in more awe than his colleagues did. Hogan set himself up carefully before his first ball. He hit a nice low fade that landed on the front part of the green and finished about fifteen feet to the left of the flag. He then set himself up for his second shot, and hit an exact duplicate of the first. He shook his head a little and walked away.

THE era of Arnold Palmer, the next distinct period in the history of the Masters, began in 1958, when he won the tournament for the first time. Palmer, who had turned professional at twenty-five, shortly after winning the 1954 U.S. Amateur championship, was certainly not an unknown quantity in 1958. In 1955, his first year on the P.G.A. tour, he had won the Canadian Open. The next year, he had won two tour events, and the year after that he had won four. In the 1958 Masters, Palmer shot a 68 on the third round to go into a tie for the lead with Snead. On the morning of the last round, I asked Bob Drum, a sportswriter for the Pittsburgh *Press*, if he thought Palmer had a chance to win the tournament. Palmer, the son of a club professional, comes from Latrobe, a town some thirty miles east of Pittsburgh, and Drum knew him and his golf game as well as anyone did. "I think Arnold can win today," Drum said. I asked him why he thought so. "Because all his life he's demonstrated an ability to win the tournaments he should win at that stage of his career," Drum replied. "As a young kid, he won the Western Pennsylvania Juniors three times. He had a good record in college golf at Wake Forest, and he won the Western Pennsylvania Amateur five years in a row. When it was time to see how he would stack up in national competition, he won the Amateur. He's had a pretty fair record on the pro tour. Yes, I think Arnold is about ready now to win something big, like the Masters." Drum hit it right on the nose. Palmer made a number of mistakes on his last round, a 73, but he won the tournament by a stroke. His eagle on the thirteenth may have been the difference. On his second shot—from a sidehill stance similar to Guldahl's in 1939—he went down the shaft a little on his 3-wood. He met the ball squarely, and it rose in a low parabola. There was some draw on the shot, and it curved from right to left as it crossed the creek and landed comfortably on the green. The ball ended up hole-high, eighteen feet from the pin. His putt for the eagle was in all the way.

In 1959, Palmer won three tournaments on the tour and came close to winning the Masters again. Leading the field as he came to the short twelfth on the final round, he didn't allow enough for a deceptive wind puffing against him, and the ball splashed into Rae's Creek. He took a 6 on the hole, and the Masters suddenly became a free-for-all. (Art Wall won it.) It was a tough tournament to lose, but Palmer has a buoyant nature and snapped back quickly. He really arrived in 1960, when he won the Masters and seven other tournaments, many of them by pulling off miraculous shots down the stretch. His victory in the 1960 Masters was a perfect illustration of this. On the last round, with six holes to play, he was trailing Ken Venturi by a stroke. He missed the birdie he needed on both of the par 5s. On the par-4 seventeenth, however, he finally snagged it, holing for

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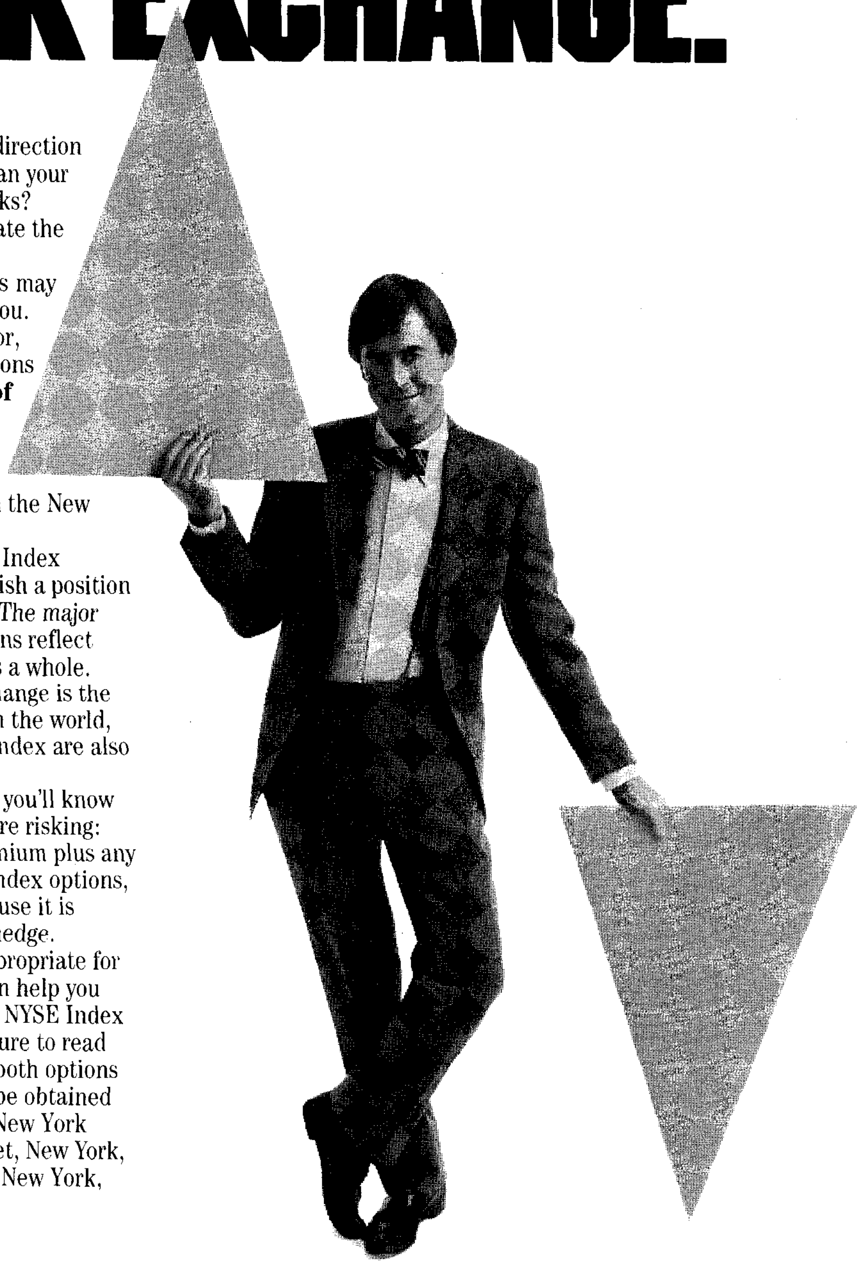

a 3 from twenty-seven feet. This put him in a position to win the tournament if he could birdie the eighteenth, a par 4, uphill all the way. He followed a well-placed drive with a great 6-iron. The ball landed hole-high two feet to the right of the pin, and the action on the ball set it twisting and twirling. It came to rest five feet to the left of the cup and a little below it. That 6-iron was one of the best shots ever played to the last green in a major tournament when the outcome was still to be decided. On his putt, Palmer aimed for the left corner of the cup. The ball broke to the right just a hair, and dived in. The gallery went wild. It was that year, at that Masters, that "Arnie's Army" was born. Thenceforth, wherever Palmer played, local regiments of his army sprang up to root their hero home.

What lay behind Palmer's enormous popularity? First, his galleries were attracted by the attacking style with which he played the game. He was not afraid to gamble, and three times out of four he pulled the shot off. He got into trouble quite often, because he was an arms-and-hands hitter who came through the ball with such velocity that he had to block out his shots a bit with his left arm to prevent his right hand from taking over and hooking the ball. Besides being an extremely strong and long hitter, he was a superlative putter. He holed many long, sinuous putts because he had complete confidence that if he missed them he would make the three-footer or four-footer coming back. Palmer brought Walter Hagen to mind in the way he could recover from seemingly impossible positions and, all in all, make a round of golf seem like an adventure. Like Hagen, he had the kind of personality that dramatized everything he did on the course. In other respects, though, he was the exact opposite of Hagen, the suave, pomaded, impeccably dressed internationalist. Palmer was a handsome, clean-cut, rugged, All-American type that people could easily identify with. He had a natural manner and an unusually mobile face, which expressed his thoughts and emotions vividly, and these traits enhanced the closeness the members of his army felt for him. People were charmed by his politeness and his patience. He was never too busy to autograph a book or a program. His coolness under pressure was the real thing. During a tournament round, he would walk over to a friend he had spotted in the gallery and begin a conversation. The friend would be as tight as a drum, fearful that he might be disturbing Palmer's concentration, but that was never the case. Palmer was the right man to be the dominant personality in golf at a time when it was enjoying a gigantic boom for several reasons—among them General Eisenhower's well-known fondness for the game, and the advent of color television and better coverage.

Between 1960 and 1964, Palmer won thirty-one tournaments, including three Masters, the U.S. Open (in 1960), and two British Opens (in 1961 and 1962). He did not win the Masters in 1961, although he was in an ideal position to do so. All he had to do was par the seventy-second hole to edge out Gary Player. He mis-hit his approach shot, though, and it hung out to the right and came down in the shallow bunker at the right of the green. Most people thought Palmer would still get his 4. He played a very bad sand shot, however. The ball carried too far, rolled over the green, and finished about twenty-five feet down the slope. When it took him three strokes to get down from there, he had presented the tournament to Player. Palmer did not let this bother him. He played first-rate golf that season, and the following spring he won his third Masters in typical Palmer fashion. On the fourth round, the chances of his winning looked bleak when he failed to birdie either the thirteenth or the fifteenth. The way things stood, he would have to pick up two birdies on the last three holes to tie for first place with Player, who was paired with him, and Dow Finsterwald, four groups ahead. On the short sixteenth, Palmer's 5-iron tee shot ended up in the fringe at the back-right corner of the green, about forty-five feet from the pin, which was positioned that day in the small tongue of the green that adjoins the pond on the left. Since the green slanted toward the pin, he played a soft pitching wedge. It looked as if he had hit the shot much too delicately, but the ball kept rolling and rolling, and on its last turn it fell into the cup. The shot itself and the earsplitting roar his army sent up gave Palmer a discernible lift. He birdied the seventeenth, stopping an 8-iron pitch twelve feet from the pin and then holing the putt. Now that he had caught Player and Finsterwald, Palmer played the eighteenth conservatively, made sure of his par, and set up a three-man playoff. Finsterwald was never a factor in the playoff, but Player most certainly was. After the first nine holes, he held a three-stroke lead. Palmer then took off on one of his unstoppable charges. He birdied the tenth, the twelfth, the thirteenth, and the fourteenth. During that run, he made up seven strokes on Player and built up a four-stroke lead. That was it.

Two years later, in 1964, Palmer continued his mastery of the Masters in the even-numbered years, capturing the tournament for the fourth, and final, time. Many students of the game consider the golf that Palmer played in that tournament the best of his career, even a shade better than his performance at Troon, in Scotland, in the 1962 British Open, when he put together four almost impeccable rounds—71, 69, 67, 69—and won by six strokes. In the 1964 Masters, Palmer played rounds of 69, 68, 69, and 70, and again his margin of victory was six strokes. He showed us a different Palmer that April. When he needed distance, he still smashed the ball far down the broad fairways, but there was more restraint and more finesse to his shotmaking in general. On his approaches, in particular, he played well within himself. His irons did not come smoking into the greens full of fire, fury, and backspin. They dropped down as gently as snowflakes.

The next three years, Palmer was within striking distance of victory in each Masters, but he was destined not to win it again. His undoing—this was true not only at the Augusta National but wherever he played—was the loss of his putting stroke. He began to miss the three-footers and four-footers coming back. After that, as was inevitable, he could no longer go boldly for the long ones. Palmer is one celebrated champion who would rather play golf than do anything else, and everybody was delighted when he won the P.G.A. Seniors championship in 1980, the U.S. Seniors championship in 1981, and a second P.G.A. Seniors this past winter. He has left quite a

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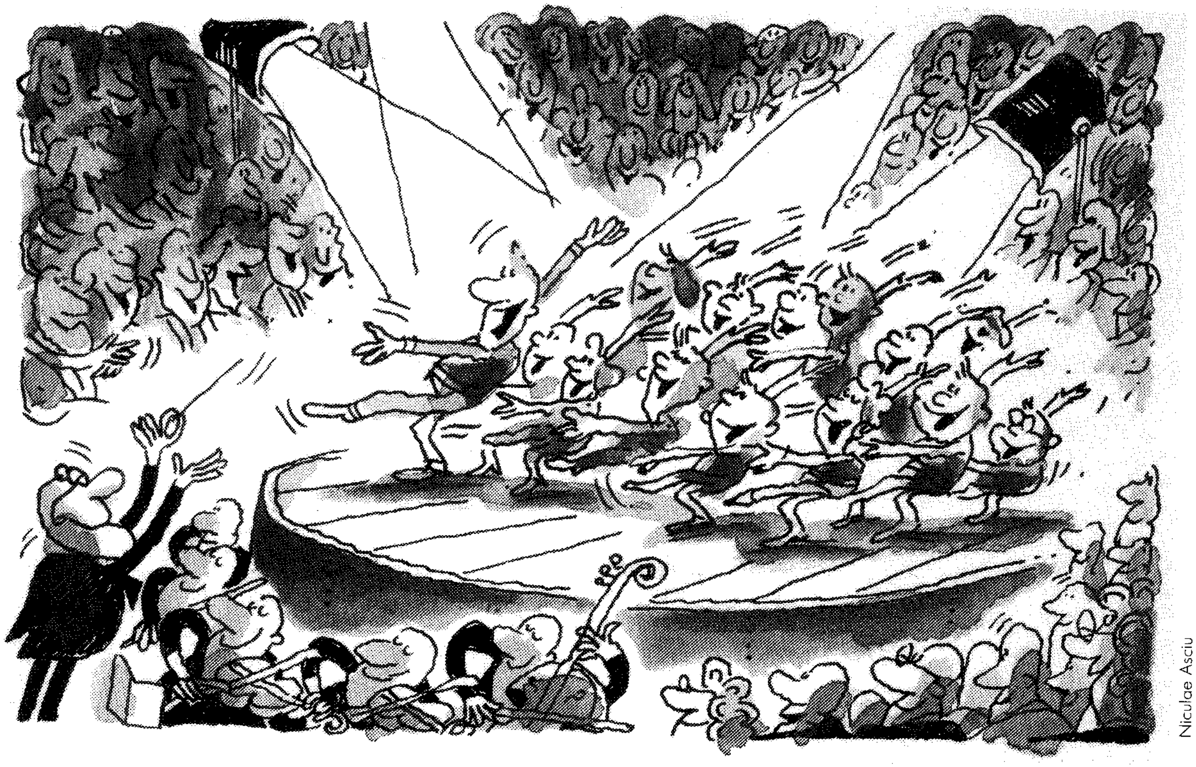
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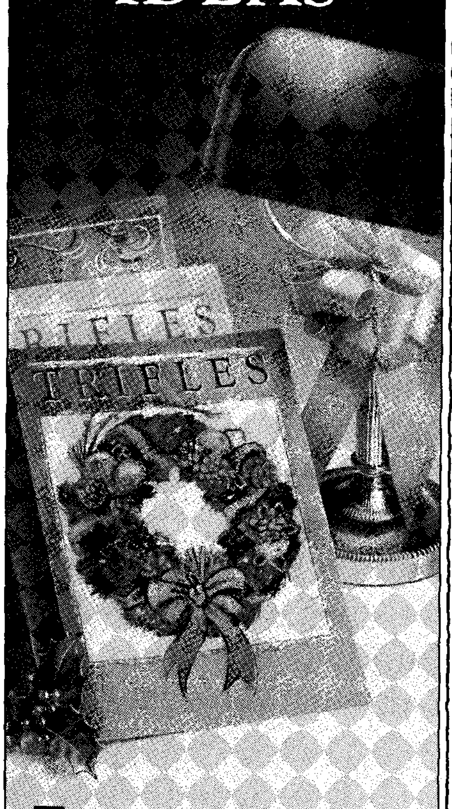
THE age of Palmer interlocked with the next period of the Masters—the years dominated by Jack Nicklaus. When Nicklaus teed up at the Augusta National this past April, it marked his twenty-sixth appearance in the Masters. Over that span, he has won the tournament a record five times—in 1963, 1965, 1966, 1972, and 1975. Moreover, he has finished second or tied for second four times, most recently in 1981. The Golden Bear has aged a little, but he is still the worst man in golf to have chasing you if you are leading the Masters on the final round. On the last eighteen holes, beginning in 1964, he has broken 70 ten times, closing with a 67, a 69, a 67, a 69, a 66, a 69, a 68, a 66, a 67, and a 69, in that order.

Each time that Nicklaus has won the Masters, the pattern of his victory has been different. In 1963, he did it the hardest way possible. It is exceedingly rare for the man who is the tournament leader with nine holes to go, as Nicklaus was that year, to be able, after being overtaken and passed, to come fighting back and win. When Nicklaus stood on the thirteenth tee after bogeying the twelfth, he had dropped one shot behind Sam Snead, who was playing three holes in front of him. A moment later, Snead birdied the fifteenth, boosting his lead to two shots. Nicklaus's composure in these circumstances was remarkable. He decided simply to try to play the best golf he could—this might still see him through. He reached the thirteenth in two, and birdied it. He did not get his birdie on the fifteenth, but this wasn't fatal. Snead, he learned, had bogeyed the sixteenth, so they were now tied for the lead. That day, the flagstick on the sixteenth was positioned on the narrow deck at the back-right corner of the green. Nicklaus played a forceful, high 5-iron that sat down twelve feet from the stick. He read his birdie putt to break a foot from right to left, and it did. That was the winning shot.

In the 1965 Masters, after the first thirty-six holes Nicklaus was in a three-way tie for the lead with Palmer and Player. He won the tournament on the third round. Under ideal conditions—there was only a slight breeze, and the fast greens still held well-struck approach shots—Nicklaus posted a 64. This tied the record low score for a Masters round, which Lloyd Mangrum had set a quarter of a century earlier. It gave Nicklaus a five-stroke lead on the nearest man at the start of the final eighteen holes. Playing steady, judicious golf, he had a 69—the lowest round of the day. This enabled him to set a new record total of 271 for the Masters. He also set a record winning margin of nine strokes—over Palmer and Player, who tied for second. Jones, in lauding Nicklaus for his four rounds of wonderful golf, said to the assembled spectators, "Jack is playing an entirely different game—a game I'm not even familiar with." What Jones was referring to was the colossal distance that Nicklaus was clouting the ball. On that round of 64, for example, he needed only a sand wedge for his second shot on the first hole, which measures 400 yards. In fact, on only five of the ten par 4s did he use more club than a sand wedge or a pitching wedge for his approach. He played a 6-iron on the 435-yard fifth, an 8-iron on the 485-yard tenth, another 8-iron on the 455-yard eleventh, a 7-iron on the 405-yard fourteenth, and an 8-iron on the 400-yard seventeenth. He birdied all four of the par 5s. He had to hole a long putt for his birdie on the 555-yard second, but he hit the green in two on the 535-yard eighth with a 3-iron, and got home with a 5-iron on both the 465-yard thirteenth and the 500-yard fifteenth. He birdied three of the four par 3s. It was an overwhelming performance because Nicklaus's accuracy was every bit as extraordinary as the power of his hitting.

The following April, Nicklaus became the first player to win two Masters championships back to back, when he defeated Tommy Jacobs and Gay Brewer in a three-way playoff. Nicklaus and Jacobs were very fortunate: Brewer had lost his chance for an outright victory when he missed a seven-footer on the seventy-second green. In the playoff, Brewer was not at his best, but Jacobs played a confident par round of 72. Nicklaus beat him by two strokes by holing three sizable putts: a twenty-foot downhiller to birdie the sixth, a twenty-five-footer to birdie the eleventh, and a fourteen-footer to match Jacobs' birdie on the fifteenth.

The dullest of Nicklaus's Masters victories was his fourth, which came in 1972. He led all the way. On his final round, he had a mediocre 74—he made three bogeys on the second nine—but none of the contenders were



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able to take advantage of this lapse. He won by three strokes. On the other hand, Nicklaus's fifth victory in the Masters, in 1975, was assured only after what was perhaps the most stirring three-man battle in modern golf. As the last round got under way, Tom Weiskopf had taken over the lead with a 66 in the third round. He held a four-stroke margin over Johnny Miller, with whom he was paired in the final twosome. Miller, too, had caught fire in the third round, making six consecutive birdies on the front nine and finishing with a 65. Nicklaus, who started the last day only one stroke behind Weiskopf, was paired with Tom Watson, and they went off just before Weiskopf and Miller. Throughout the afternoon, Weiskopf, Miller, and Nicklaus played a succession of uncommonly brilliant shots. There was no sensing the probable outcome until the short sixteenth, where the pin was once again positioned in the back-right corner. Nicklaus, after a rather ordinary iron shot to the left-center of the green, knocked in a sweeping uphill putt of forty feet for a 2. It wasn't all over, though. Miller birdied the seventeenth, and both he and Weiskopf came to the home hole needing a birdie to tie Nicklaus. Both of them were on the green in two and had possible birdie putts—Weiskopf's was only seven feet away, past the cup. Miller made a good bid for his, and then Weiskopf hit a fine putt that hung on the right lip of the cup. It was a hard tournament to lose. Miller, by the way, had followed his 65 in the third round with a 66.

On the eve of the recent Masters, it was surprising how many people thought that Nicklaus, at the age of forty-four, had as good a chance of winning as Tom Watson and Severiano (Seve) Ballesteros, of Spain, his logical successors. Nicklaus's fans are an extremely loyal contingent. They were quick to point out how close he had come to winning the P.G.A. championship last summer and how well he has played this winter. (He was third in the Los Angeles Open, at Riviera, and second in the Doral-Eastern Open, in Miami.) They conceded that the eight years he had gone without a victory in the Masters was a long time, but they pointed out that he had been very much in contention in 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, and 1981. Everyone in golf knows one thing for certain: Nicklaus would like to win one more major tournament and bring his total of major victories to twenty—a nice round number. This, of course, would make it infinitely easier for him to retire from tournament competition whenever he believes that he can no longer keep in step with the best young players.

As it turned out, Nicklaus, although discernibly not in top form, acquitted himself well in the Masters. Through skillful course management, he brought in rounds of 73, 73, 70, and 70, for a total of 286, two under par. He was never in the running, however, for from the outset the scoring in this Masters ran unusually low. For example, on Thursday evening, at the close of the first day's play, over half the field of eighty-eight golfers had shot rounds of 73 or lower. This came as a surprise to many of us, for the greens at the Augusta National were as glossy and fast as any I have ever seen in this country, except, perhaps, the greens at Pebble Beach on the fourth round of the 1972 U.S. Open. The players were frequently forced to putt defensively: if they were faced with, say, a twenty-foot sidehill putt, they cast aside any notion of trying to hole the ball, and concentrated on rolling it slowly just below the line of the break so that it would come to rest a couple of feet below the cup. (Even on a relative tap-in, it is much easier to hole an uphill putt than a downhill putt.) Though the greens putted very fast, an overabundance of rain had made them as soft as puddings, and they were more holding than they had ever been before in the Masters. Most greens, even those that are generally described as flat, tend to slope to some degree from back to front, and during this Masters—particularly on the first day but also throughout the tournament—the players had no trouble stopping their approach shots; in fact, the trouble was quite the reverse. The ball would make such an indentation in the green when it landed that it would often spin back ten or fifteen feet, and—when the terrain happened to encourage this—would keep rolling until it trickled off the green and was finally stopped by the higher grass of the fairway. Incidentally, the fairways at the Augusta National were just about perfect this year. There was more grass on them than I could ever recall, so that the ball sat up as if it were on a hairbrush, and this contributed to the exceptionally fine iron play throughout the tournament.

The leader after the first round was Ben Crenshaw, with a splendid 67, made up of thirteen pars and five birdies. Long recognized as one of the most gifted putters of our day—as well as one of its most wayward drivers—Crenshaw had played a most un-Crenshavian round: he had missed hitting only one green, the tenth, in the regulation number of strokes. He had driven the ball so straight and had hit his irons so accurately that he had set people to wondering if this could possibly be the year when Crenshaw would finally win a major tournament. When Crenshaw turned professional, in the autumn of 1973, prodigious things were expected of him. While at the University of Texas, he had won the national collegiate championship in 1971 and 1973, and in 1972 he had shared that title with his college teammate Tom Kite. He had made a lustrous début on the P.G.A. tour by winning the first event he entered, the 1973 San Antonio–Texas Open. In the years that followed, he established himself as one of the most genuinely admired young golf stars, but he never really fulfilled his promise. On several occasions, he had been in a position to win a major event, but, one way or another, it had always slipped out of his grasp. In the 1975 U.S. Open, at Medinah, west of Chicago, pars on the last two holes would have won the championship for him, but on the par-3 seventy-first he hit his 2-iron a shade too thin. The ball splashed into the water hazard before the green, and that was that. (Lou Graham defeated John Mahaffey in a playoff the next day.) In the 1976 Masters, he played four solid rounds, but his total of 279 was good enough only for a very remote second place, eight full strokes behind a fantastic performance by Raymond Floyd. Crenshaw is a regular commuter to the British Open. In 1979, when it was held at Royal Lytham and St. Annes, he was very much in the running on the last round until he took a disastrous double bogey on the

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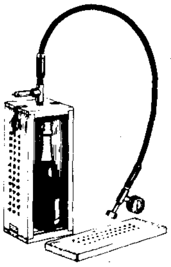

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seventy-first. (Ballesteros won.) Later that summer, he suffered his bitterest disappointment. After he and David Graham finished in a tie for the P.G.A. championship, at Oakland Hills, near Detroit, they went back onto the course to decide matters in a sudden-death playoff. On the first extra hole, Crenshaw seemed a certain winner, but Graham sank a twisting eighteen-foot putt to match Crenshaw's score. On the second extra hole, Graham had to make a ten-footer to stay alive, and did. Then, on the third extra hole, Graham won the championship with a brilliant birdie.

Crenshaw was able to put these dispiriting experiences behind him, and he continued to play good golf until 1982, when he apparently lost confidence in his swing. He was hitting the ball all over the place. His buddies on the tour (and off it) were only too eager to suggest remedies, with the result that total confusion set in. That summer, after missing the thirty-six-hole cut in the P.G.A. championship, Crenshaw left the tour and headed back to his home, in Austin, so down on himself that he didn't know whether he would be able to continue his career in professional golf.

For a person like Crenshaw, this was a much more grievous prospect than for most professional golfers, because for him golf is much more than a way to earn fame and fortune. His father, a lawyer who was a scratch golfer at the Country Club of Austin, introduced him to the game when he was a young boy, and his progress was superintended by the club's greatly respected teaching professional, Harvey Penick. (Penick also brought along Tom Kite, the son of another member of the club.) Crenshaw early developed an intense enthusiasm for the other facets of golf besides the pleasure of playing it. He began to read every book he could find that touched on the game's fascinating past. Since he has never stopped reading and rereading the books he has assembled in his large golf library, I would say, without qualification, that he knows more about the history of golf than anybody else of my acquaintance. He is also an able writer, though up to now he has limited himself to prefaces for other writers' books, to instruction articles in golf magazines, and to essays for tournament programs. He is a keen, perceptive student of the golf swing. An active member of the Golf Collectors' Society and the United States Golf Association's Museum Committee, he is also, among other things, a connoisseur of golf art, and he recently put together a selection of his favorite golf paintings, which have been reproduced and put on sale under the aegis of the Nelson Rockefeller Collection. Crenshaw's passion for golf has caused him to go well out of his way to visit both famous and not so well-known courses that happen to be in the general vicinity of a course where he is playing a tournament. He is fascinated by golf-course architecture. In the summer of 1981, when he led a tour of golf aficionados to some of the historic championship courses of Scotland and England, he was not content to break for lunch after the group had played a round at Muirfield one morning. He suggested that they first go with him to North Berwick, an ancient course nearby, and there he walked the members of the tour out onto the links to study two of his favorite holes—the fourteenth (which is called Perfection) and the fifteenth (which is the original Redan). Then the party went to lunch. There is no doubt at all in Crenshaw's mind that when his playing days are over he will devote himself primarily to golf-course architecture. He will most likely be the type of golf-course architect who limits himself to working on only one or two courses at a time, so that he can personally supervise the many small but important touches that separate a fine golf hole from a trite one. Knowing all this about Crenshaw, one can easily understand the depth of his depression when he went home to Austin to think things out.

After a few weeks pondering his options, Crenshaw reached what turned out to be a remarkably sound decision. He chose to seek the assistance of his first teacher. Harvey Penick, then well into his seventies, had been made the professional emeritus at the Country Club of Austin, where he could usually be found most weekdays at the practice tee, giving lessons. He understood exactly how Crenshaw felt about the decline of his golf game, and made it clear that he would be very happy to help him all he could. He scrutinized Crenshaw's swing closely as he hit out dozens of balls on the practice range. At length, he gave Crenshaw this advice: "Every golfer must use the swing that is natural for him. There is nothing wrong essentially with your natural swing. It's a very good one." Penick told Crenshaw that he might benefit if he played the ball a little farther forward at address, but other than that he advocated no changes. He advised Crenshaw to work on getting himself set up properly at the ball. "After that, I'd work principally on my balance and my rhythm," Penick said. "You'll do much better depending on your own natural swing than trying to build a synthetic swing made up of all those 'do's and all those 'don't's." Crenshaw worked diligently on the practice tee for a good many weeks. Every now and then, he and Penick would talk over certain phases of the swing they felt needed to be further clarified. He was soon hitting the ball much better and more consistently, and with renewed confidence.

In 1983, Crenshaw returned to the tour and enjoyed a very successful season. This year, prior to the Masters, he had continued to play well, and now, after the first round at Augusta, here he was in the lead. Would he be able to play three more first-class rounds? This concerned him and also his many friends, who think of him not just as a young man with Hollywood good looks and a nice golf game but as a very substantial person who possesses a quality that is most unusual for a celebrity: when you are with him, it is *he* who goes out of his way for *you*. In the press-interview room after his 67, he said, "This is by far my best opening round in the Masters. I've had some terrible ones, as you know. It was an aggressive round, and it was a comfortable round. I didn't make many mistakes. I missed only one green. What helped, too, was that I missed only two fairways off the tee, the first and the seventeenth." Someone asked him if he was using a new driver. "That's right," Crenshaw said. "It's an old M85W MacGregor—about as old as I am. It has a stiffer shaft than my old driver, and it has two degrees more loft—about ten degrees. I'm straighter with it but about fifteen yards shorter." He paused a moment, and then said, "Like many of the players on the tour, I'm always shopping around for clubs. I found this driver in a barrelful of old used clubs and classic clubs in Houston. It cost me three hundred dollars and a box of balls. I would have bought that driver regardless of price." Crenshaw talked a little about how rare it was to have greens that were so soft and yet putted so fast. At the end of the interview, he narrowed his eyes and said, in a more serious tone, "I've got a very good start. However, that's just the beginning of my job. My job here is a four-day job. My job is to shoot four rounds as low as I possibly can. I've got a lot of work to do. Basically, it's a matter of concentration."

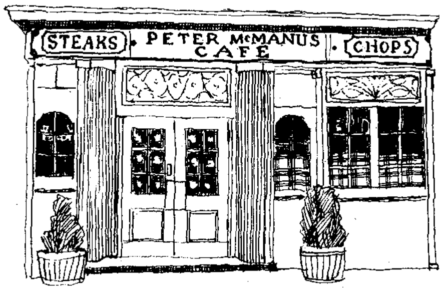
FRIDAY, the day of the second round, was sunny and humid. A light wind wandered over the course, making the selection of the right club for the shot to the green a bit more difficult. The greens still putted frighteningly fast, but they were a touch slower than on Thursday. They were still very soft, and this was the chief reason that the scoring in general continued to be low. When a talented golfer knows that he can go boldly for the pin on his approach shot and the ball isn't going to take off like a rabbit and bounce into some punishing hazard, this knowledge helps him to relax and execute his shots with superior timing. At the end of the second round, Mark Lye was out in front with a two-round total of 135, nine strokes under par. He had added a well-played 66 to his opening 69. Who is Mark Lye? Until I saw his lanky figure moving down the fairways with the wide, clumping strides one usually associates with farm boys—and particularly those who grow up to be relief pitchers—all I knew about Lye was that one winter he had had a hot stretch on the Australian tournament circuit. I consulted my copy of the 1984 *P.G.A. Tour Book* and learned from Lye's bio that he is a thirty-one-year-old Californian who had indeed carried off the Australian Order of Merit in 1976 but had never won a tournament on our P.G.A. tour until last summer, when he led the field in the Bank of Boston Classic. As I watched him belt enormous tee shots and hit some approaches right at the flag, I realized very clearly that the reasons the 36-hole cut had come at 146, a rather low figure, included not only the favorable scoring conditions, the great distances the present lively golf ball can be hit by the pros, and the new sophistication in golf-club design and manufacture but also the fact that the quality of the swings and the overall technique of the young, somewhat unknown players on the tour these days is of a much higher standard than many of us have appreciated. I suppose we have been tardy in recognizing this because we don't pay much attention to a player until he has won a couple of tournaments and demonstrated past any doubt that he can really play.

Besides Lye's round, there were four other rounds on the second day that deserve brief comment. Ballesteros, with a 74 after an opening 73, missed the cut by a stroke. Nicklaus, far off his best game, just got under the wire by finishing his second round, a 73, with three consecutive birdies. On the short sixteenth, he almost holed his tee shot; it stopped three inches from the pin. On the seventeenth, he cut his approach with an 8-iron a foot from the pin. And on the eighteenth he holed a fifty-foot chip from the front fringe. Watson, after a 74 on the first round, got back into the tournament on Friday with a 67, which included seven birdies and two bogeys. On this round, Watson hit the ball with more sharpness than he had all winter. As for Crenshaw, his second round was a 72, even par. He was displeased with it, because he had diminished the value of the five birdies he made with an equal number of careless errors, such as taking three putts on the eighteenth. As I was leaving the course that evening, a rabid Crenshaw rooter I know made a remark that proved to be prophetic. "Ben always seems to have one poor round in just about every tournament he plays," he said. "If that 72 turns out to be his poor round here, he'll have an awfully good chance of winning this thing."

LAST year, as you may remember, the Masters was plagued by the worst weather in its history. Heavy rains washed out one full day of play, and, despite a heroic effort to get the tournament back on schedule by playing two rounds in one day, in the end the final round took place not on Sunday, as it usually does, but on Monday. This year, on Saturday, the day of the third round, heavy rains, complete with thunder and lightning and periods of hail, twice halted the golf. The first suspension of play came at two-thirty and lasted about an hour. Play was then resumed, and it continued until five-thirty, when another storm, very much like the first, hit the Augusta area and forced the suspension of the round for the day. The last twosome to go off, Lye and Kite, had got as far as the twelfth green when Hord Hardin, the Masters chairman, who had been in constant communication with the local weather station, announced the cessation of play. Hardin later stated that at 8 A.M. on Sunday the golfers who had not been able to complete the third round would resume play at the point where they had had to stop. With the forecast for Sunday calling for pleasant, dry weather, the fourth round was scheduled to get under way at 10:54 A.M.

Despite the rain and the hour-long break in play, the standard of the golf on Saturday was extremely high. Larry Nelson, the 1983 U.S. Open champion, shot a 66, which gave him a total of 211—five under par—after fifty-four holes. He was definitely in the tournament now, and so was young Fred Couples, who had won the Tournament Players championship, two weeks before. Couples got around in 67, and also moved to five under par. Lye, who had started the third round nine under par, was still nine under and still in the lead when play was stopped. He had just put his tee shot on the green on the twelfth, the dangerous 155-yard par 3 on which Rae's Creek skirts the right and front sides of the slightly elevated green. Kite had started the round six under, but he had picked up two shots on par and now stood eight under for the tournament. His last shot had been an iron that safely carried the creek but caught the bunker cut into the front bank of the green. Crenshaw stood seven under par, through thirteen holes. Watson, his playing partner, had not putted out on the thirteenth. On that hole, Watson had played a daring second from the pine-needle-strewn ground at the high right side, where the fairway adjoins a long line of pines. The ball cleared the creek by only a few feet and rolled about fifteen feet past the pin, which was set at the front of the green, on the right side. If Watson holed that putt for an eagle on Sunday morning, he would move to seven under par for the tournament; if he got down in two, he would be six under. Three other players were in a contending position: David Graham, the transplanted Australian who had won the 1981 U.S. Open, stood at six under after completing twelve holes; Nick Faldo, a tall young Englishman who now plays long stretches of our P.G.A. tour, was five under, through twelve holes; and Larry Mize, a twenty-five-year-old native of Augusta, was five under, through fourteen holes.

On that rainy Saturday, I spent most of my time following Crenshaw and Watson. Both were scoring fairly well. Through twelve holes, Watson had compensated for two bogeys with four birdies. Crenshaw had played impressively steady golf. On the first nine, he had backed up seven pars with two birdies—one on the long second and the other on the ninth, where he holed out from a greenside bunker. He started back with two pars, and then ran into his first bogey of the round when it took him three shots to get down from about ten feet over the back of the twelfth green. While he and Watson were on the thirteenth, lightning flashed, and it began to rain—lightly, at first. According to the U.S.G.A. rules of golf, at the first sight of lightning a golfer can stop play. In 1975, in the Western Open at the Butler National Golf Club, not far from Chicago, it was demonstrated beyond dispute that lightning is a serious danger on a golf course. During the second round of that tournament, Lee Trevino, Bobby Nichols, and Jerry Heard were felled by lightning. All three of them suffered severe back injuries. Trevino was later able to return to tournament golf after a successful back operation, but the careers of Nichols and Heard were virtually ended. A week earlier, in the U.S. Open at Medinah, Watson, who was due to start his round, had walked off the first tee when he saw a bolt of lightning strike not far away, and had headed for the locker room. Within a minute, lightning had struck very close to the course, and play was then officially suspended. The lightning on the third day of the Masters seemed more distant. Nevertheless, Watson, lying two on the thirteenth green about fifteen feet from the cup, followed his sensible custom and walked off the course. Play was suspended at about this time. Under the suspension-of-play rule, a golfer, if he so wishes, may exercise the option of completing the hole he is playing. Crenshaw did so. As he later explained, since he was on the green in two, some seventy feet past the pin, he did not want his first shot the next morning to be a very long putt on a green that was bound to be quite different in speed. He thought he would have a much better chance of getting down in two from seventy feet in the light rain, because he knew how the greens were playing that afternoon and, in addition, he had the feel of his putting stroke. He rolled his long approach putt close to the cup and made the short putt for a 4. I am sure that ending the unfinished round with a birdie on the thirteenth rather than with a bogey on the twelfth put Crenshaw in a more peaceful and happy frame of mind that night.



STUART LEEDS

SUNDAY dawned clear and dry, and the Augusta National's course-maintenance crew had got the eighteen holes in A-1 shape by eight o'clock, when the third round was resumed. At the conclusion of that round, we had a new leader. Kite, after birdieing the fifteenth and eighteenth, had a 69 for the round. His three-round total of 207—nine under par—put him a stroke in front of Lye, who had taken a 73, and two strokes in front of Crenshaw, Faldo, and Graham, each of whom had scored a 70 on the interrupted round. Watson was a stroke farther back, at 210, after a 69. (He had missed his try for an eagle on the thirteenth.) Nelson, Couples, and Rex Caldwell were five under par for the tournament. Shortly after eleven o'clock, when the fourth round began, the leaders, as is customary, were the last to go out. Nelson was paired with Couples, Graham with Watson, Crenshaw with Faldo, and Kite with Lye.

Crenshaw won the Masters by playing the best golf of any of the leaders—a 68 that was highlighted by his self-possession under the inevitable stress of a major tournament and was helped considerably by some remarkable putting, the part of the game he is noted for. He had a standard par on the first: on in two and down in two. He picked up a birdie on the long second when he stopped a little sand-wedge pitch a foot from the hole. Standard pars on the third, the short fourth, the fifth, and the short sixth. On the seventh, a 360-yard par 4 to a plateau green surrounded by bunkers, he got a good break: he cut his tee shot into the pines on the right, but his ball ended up in casual water, and he was permitted a free lift and drop. He then cut a pretty 7-iron pitch nine feet from the flag but missed the birdie putt. Now he entered what proved to be the crucial stretch of the last round for him. On the long, hilly eighth, he lobbed his third shot, a pitching wedge, nine feet from the pin and made the birdie putt. This put him in a tie for the lead with Kite, his friendly rival from Austin and the University of Texas. Crenshaw took the undisputed lead in the tournament on the ninth, a swaybacked 435-yard par 4. Here he put his approach, a 6-iron, ten feet from the cup and holed the birdie putt, which broke to the left. He coped well with the tenth, the beautiful par 4 whose green is set in a grove of tall pines. After splitting the fairway with his best drive of the day, he did not assess his distance to the pin correctly, and his 4-iron approach came down and stopped at the front of the green, about sixty feet from the hole. He rolled in that long, swinging putt for his third consecutive birdie. This gave him a two-shot lead over Kite, who was playing directly behind him, and over Nelson, two twosomes in front of him. Nelson, who had a hot round going, had just birdied the eleventh.

It is not an easy thing to be in the lead in an important tournament with eight holes to go—eight hazardous holes. Under the circumstances, Crenshaw's tactical decisions were exceptionally sound. On the par-4 eleventh, with its small pond guarding the left side and the front entrance of the cape-type green, Crenshaw chose not to go for the green on his second shot. Taking a page from Hogan's book, he played a 2-iron to the right of the green. With the pin set on the far left side, about ninety feet away, he had to be sure not to make too firm a chip, and he ended up by hitting a rather tentative one, which expired eighteen feet short of the hole. He was down in two putts, for his first bogey of the day. It must have made him feel a bit better to learn from the leader board that Nelson's rush had been stopped by a double-bogey 5 on the twelfth—his tee shot had fallen into Rae's Creek. At the same time, it must have been hard for Crenshaw to decide whether or not he should risk going for the pin on the twelfth. It was positioned, as it usually is on the last day of the Masters, at the back-right corner of a green that runs at a diagonal to the tee, rather like the hour hand of a watch at two o'clock. This, of course, is the most dangerous pin position on the hole. The player must hit a longer iron to clear the creek, and the ball must be hit sharply enough so that it will sit down quickly on a relatively small corner of the putting surface. I was still wondering whether Crenshaw would elect to go for the pin or play safely for the center of the green when he got set in his stance and, using a 6-iron, swung smoothly through the ball to a very high finish. The shot, on line all the way, carried the creek with yards to spare and stopped just about where it landed—twelve feet to the right of the flag. That brave shot may well have won the tournament for Crenshaw. He made the birdie putt, and now, with six holes to play, he led the closest contenders, Kite and Nelson, by three shots.

At that point in a tournament, the thing that the leader should do is to concentrate on playing one hole at a time. On the thirteenth, the famous par 5 that doglegs to the left in the landing area of the drive, Crenshaw hit a fine tee shot down the middle. He could have carried the creek in front of the green with a good 4-wood, but after thinking it over—and after noting that Kite had put his tee shot into the water on the twelfth—he chose to take the conservative route: he laid up short of the creek with a 5-iron, wedged his third twenty-five feet from the hole, and was down in two putts for his par. He didn't play the fourteenth well. His drive bounded into the left rough, and he yanked a 6-iron to the left edge of the slick, wide green, which is full of tricky breaks. He had a sixty-foot putt left and completely misread the speed of the green. His approach putt stopped twenty feet short of the hole. Then he made that twenty-footer for his par. On to the fifteenth, the 500-yard par 5, whose green is guarded in front by a small pond. Tactically, Crenshaw played it the same way he had the thirteenth. After a well-hit drive, he laid up short of the water hazard with a 6-iron and then lobbed a sand wedge fifteen feet from the flag. This time, though, he made the birdie putt. Now on to the last water hole, the 170-yard sixteenth. The pin was set near the front of the green. Crenshaw's main con-

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cern was to clear the large pond between the tee and the green. He hit a firm 5-iron thirty-five feet past the pin and onto the shelf at the back-right corner. He read the finicky downhill putt perfectly. He barely tapped the ball, and it kept on rolling and rolling, very slowly, until it eventually stopped close to the cup. He made the short putt for his 3. He later said that when he walked to the tee of the par-4 seventeenth he had the feeling that he should be able to win the tournament. After all, he now held a four-stroke lead on the nearest man, and he felt fairly sure that he could prevent himself from losing more than two strokes to par on the last two holes.

On the seventeenth, after a good drive, he hooked a 7-iron to the back fringe of the green, made a bad chip with a sand wedge which went twenty-five feet past the pin, and took two putts for a bogey 5. Simultaneously, Watson had holed a breaking downhill putt of about sixteen feet to birdie the eighteenth—a fitting climax to a well-played 69. This meant that Crenshaw, in order to win, could take no more than a 5 on the eighteenth, a 405-yard par 4 that runs uphill. He used a 3-wood off the tee—to make sure that his tee shot would *not* be long enough to reach the bunker on the left some 250 yards out—and faded the shot nicely into the center of the fairway. The pin was placed that day on the left side of the lower terrace. The huge gallery thickly lining the fairway and the green was still discussing how Crenshaw might *choose* to play his approach shot when, with little ado, he hit a soaring 5-iron that landed in the middle of the lower terrace and finished about twenty feet beyond and to the right of the pin. Crenshaw walked up the fairway, his face aglow with a wide smile as he acknowledged the loud applause of the gallery. I wondered at the time if he really knew what was happening—that he was actually going to win the Masters, that this was reality, and not one of those dreams that all golfers of the top level have of walking up the eighteenth fairway at Augusta as thousands cheer. (Crenshaw later acknowledged that, for some reason, as he climbed the hill to the home green he thought about his high-school golf team.) However, when he studied his downhill, sidehill putt—it broke from right to left—it was obvious that he now knew precisely what remained to be done and was in full command of the situation. He hit exactly the right kind of putt. He purposely played it for the "amateur's side" of the cup—in this case, a shade to the left of the line—so that the ball would not pick up too much momentum but would end up just below the cup, leaving him a short uphill putt of two feet or so. He holed it smoothly. The man who everyone in golf had been hoping for years would win a major championship—his fellow-professionals, golf fans and golf organizations around the world, the golf press and the veteran golf telecasters, and, of course, golfers old and young—had finally pulled it off. How superbly he had played in achieving this: 67-72-70-68—277, on a very testing course! And how appropriate it was that a golfer in the mold of Jones should win the Masters on the fiftieth anniversary of its founding!

THE victor in the Masters goes through two presentation ceremonies. The first one, presided over by the Masters chairman in a television studio in the basement of the Butler cabin, brings the telecast of the tournament to an intimate close. The second ceremony, at which the Masters chairman again presides, takes place on the spacious practice green, which is ringed by thousands of spectators. The low amateur is cited for his performance, and then comes the pièce de résistance: the presentation of the green Augusta National jacket to the winner, and his response. Then the winner is driven by golf cart to the media-interview building. In recent years, I have skipped the ceremony on the practice green, knowing that the press interview was on tap, but this year I attended it, for the sheer pleasure of seeing Crenshaw helped into his green jacket by Ballesteros, last year's winner. At many moments during the tournament, I had wondered whether Crenshaw would seize the opportunity before him and go on to win this Masters, or whether he was fated to be another Bonnie Prince Charlie, and never win a major title. No need to worry about that anymore. Crenshaw the historian had earned a permanent place in golf history.

Crenshaw's half-hour session with the press was warm and informal. At the same time, he had some interesting and thoughtful things to say. Here are a few of them:

"I must admit that as I came up the fairway on the eighteenth I had a feeling of relief more than anything else. I was relieved that I had not let

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my supporters down. I had put a lot of pressure on myself to win an important tournament. Today was my day. I was determined not to let shots slip away, and to hit the fairways and the greens. . . .

"The two people I have to thank most are my father and Harvey Penick, my teacher and a great gentleman. I must also mention Jack Burke. He gave me a pep talk today. 'Think fairways and greens,' he told me. 'Just put the ball on the fairways and greens.' He made me believe in that. During my round, I emphasized setting up well at the ball and then swinging with good timing. You can think of only one thing during your swing. Jones said that, you know. . . .

"Good night! Golf must be the hardest game in the world. I *know* it is. . . .

"That long putt for a birdie on the tenth helped me a lot. It must have been about sixty feet, and it broke left about eight feet. I should mention that my caddie, Carl Jackson, read that putt perfectly. Carl has caddied for me in the Masters eight years. My regular tour caddie doesn't read greens. These greens, I think, are the hardest greens to read in the world. . . .

"Until I bogeyed the eleventh, I had really played solid golf today. Darn, I was proud of that 6-iron I hit on the twelfth. I was determined to make that putt, because I'd just made a bogey. On the thirteenth, after my drive I had a 4-wood to the green. It was only two hundred and thirty yards away. Then I started studying the leader board, and when I saw the double bogeys some of the other guys were making on the water holes I thought of laying up and making sure of my par. . . .

"I began to think I had a good chance to win after that slippery downhill putt I hit on sixteen had just the right pace. I didn't play the seventeenth well, but I felt good on the eighteenth. I love this course that Bobby Jones designed, and I love this tournament that he and Mr. Roberts started. It should always be preserved. It stands for dignity."

At the end of the interview, we all went back to our places in the press room, and there we continued to express our delight in this happy occasion. Many discerning remarks were made, but I think that Renton Laidlaw, of the London *Standard*, expressed our sentiments best when he said, "This is a great victory for golf." —HERBERT WARREN WIND

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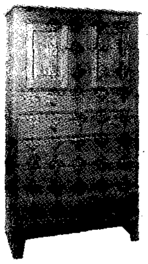
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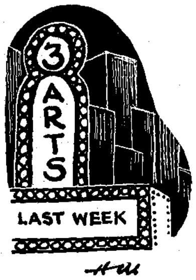
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Candidate

IN 1924, on the train that is taking him to a tryout with the Chicago Cubs, young Roy Hobbs (Robert Redford), who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was, makes the mistake of saying so. "I'm going to break every record in the book," he tells a beautiful brunette vamp. Convinced, she invites him to her hotel room, and shoots him in the abdomen at close range. (She may be a madwoman; she may be an agent of dark forces. Perhaps both.) It takes Roy until 1939 to make it back to the major leagues—this time, he is signed by a scout for the New York Knights. A rookie at thirty-six, he seems to be caught in a time warp. And so is the movie, "The Natural." A platinum-blond temptress (Kim Basinger) goes to work on Roy; she's the pawn of crooked gamblers, and not above slipping him a poisoned bonbon. But a purehearted honey-blonde (Glenn Close) who was Roy's childhood sweetheart believes in him. And with these incarnations of evil and good contending for his soul, the movie asks: Will Roy be spiritually strong enough to triumph? In this era of inspirational time-warp hits such as the Rocky pictures and "Chariots of Fire" and "An Officer and a Gentleman" and "Flashdance" and "Staying Alive" and "Footloose," there's no contest. Redford mimes innocence and hurt like a dreary master. He's the injured party, the blameless white Knight.



There isn't a whisper of surprise in the performance. It's guarded and dry; it's timid. Some movie stars are like political figures: they try to hang on to a constituency, and they approach their roles as if they were running for high office. If they've had their biggest successes as high-minded, shining-eyed Nice Guys, that's all they'll do. Watching "The Natural," you get the feeling that Redford is making one of those political commercials that show you the candidate in "private" moments, playing with neighborhood kids. Redford doesn't take the camera by his acting; he takes it as a star—he's photographed looking like a wary, modest god, with enough back lighting and soft focus to make him incandescent even when he isn't doing a thing. The movie is a fantasy, and the director, Barry Levinson, must have wanted the picturesque, prose-poetry style that the cinematographer, Caleb Deschanel, supplies, but Redford is its principal beneficiary. Though part of the point of the movie is that the rookie hero is older than his teammates, we never see a well-lighted handsome young face; the other Knights are photographed as if they were made of putty. There may be a rule of thumb for gauging when a star has become so concerned with the politics of his image as a hero that he's afraid of acting: it's when he'll only play roles in which he's more sinned against than sinning. And the way that this picture has been designed, the myth of Robert Redford transcends the myths of baseball heroes.

Stars like Paul Newman and Jack Nicholson and Sean Connery are all *there* on the screen, but Redford (like Warren Beatty) is so hesitant to reveal himself emotionally that he seems distanced and distracted. He holds back. He presents his handsome face to the camera, but reluctantly; as an actor, he's hiding. Even Redford's smiles seem forced here; they're certainly rationed. (Heroism is such a burden.) In "Heaven Can Wait," Beatty died and then reappeared; "The Natural" is Redford's "Heaven Can Wait," but without Dyan Cannon. Roy Hobbs might almost have died before the picture started—Redford is ghostly, absent, a noble loner who doesn't interact with the other performers. He is no more than polite in his response to Kim Basinger's seductiveness—she's left to play her hot-number scenes in a vacuum. Glenn Close fares worse: Redford seems self-absorbed when he's with her, and the director keeps the camera staring at her reverently, as if she were a First Lady of the Stage who had deigned to drop in on his movie set. (She's being Meryl Streeped.) With nothing to play except the spirit of good-womanliness, she stares back. The love relationship is a disaster.

Part of the performers' problem is that the characters they play originated in a work with a completely different structure of meaning. The script, by Roger Towne (the younger brother of Robert Towne), with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version, is adapted from Bernard Malamud's first novel, published in 1952. The book is about a natural man who has it in him to be great but also has it in him to be weak. Malamud's Roy Hobbs succumbs to every temptation, and, given a miraculous second chance, he makes the same damn mistake he did the first time. He's human; he's a fool. What gives the novel its liveliness is Malamud's inspired mixture of an everyday American vernacular (it's reminiscent of Ring Lardner) with suggestions of the magical and the mythic. He tucked a lot into that mixture: the legends and scandals of baseball, a plot that was a variation on Joe E. Brown's 1933 hit movie "Elmer the Great" (which was based on a play by Lardner and George M. Cohan), and a sense of mystery—the kind that charms you and you don't need explained. And he makes it all seem easy. The novel is in the pink—it's fresh—but the movie feels dated, because the people who made it don't keep a balance between the everyday and the magical. Their version is all mythic; it's wrapped in metaphysical mothballs. The framing device—an early sequence and a final one in which fathers and sons are out in the wheat fields playing catch—is "Little House on the Prairie" mythic. Before the young Roy goes off to Chicago, he says goodbye to his sweetheart: they embrace, Glenn Close says, "I love you so much," Redford says, "I want you to marry me," unenthusiastically, and Randy Newman's tender, drippy, hymnlike music is heard. The conception of mythology here is old-movie make-believe; it's religioso-romantic sentiment and stale glamour. The hero is so pure he has no lust or greed in him; there is nothing to bring him down, and by the end of the picture the golden Redford has practically ascended to Heaven. Each time Roy is about to pitch or hit with supernatural help, he's glorified in slow motion, and the rhythm of the shots is unvarying. And we're supposed to sit there oohing and ahing over Robert Redford lifting his leg.

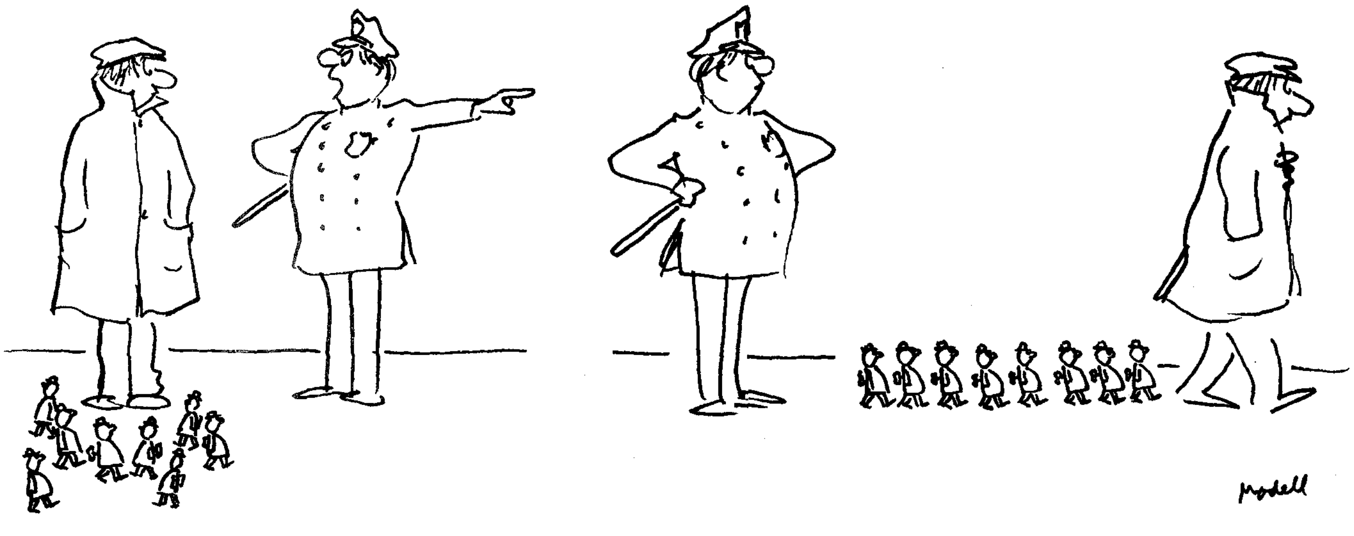
Except for the showiness of the photographic effects—the images are often very dark when evil characters lurk about—this is a film that Louis B. Mayer, in the mid-thirties, might have been proud to put his name to. "The Natural" has the message that Mayer used to send out to the world; it was also the credo of the heroine of "Flashdance": Hold on to your dream.

(In pop hits, people have only one dream, and it's unchanging.) This is an old-fashioned movie, but it lacks the dramatic precision and some of the payoffs that movies used to provide. When Roy's angel sweetheart first appears at a Knights game and stands up, with the sun giving her a halo, his luck changes, but we aren't shown the instant when he registers her presence and is transformed into a winner. Robert Duvall plays the part of a corrupt sports columnist; he sneers and grovels and acts parasitic—he climbs the rafters, to no appreciable purpose. Perhaps the role was trimmed in the editing—some gaps suggest that. One of them is sizable: although the columnist, who was on the train in 1924, spends most of his time trying to figure out where he remembers Roy from, we never get the recognition scene that we're set up for. And the moviemakers ought to have had enough pride not to stage the clumsy, postponed revelation about the angel's angelic offspring. It's primordial hokum.

There are a few performers who stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift. Barbara Hershey brings a hint of deviltry to the small, key role of the mystery woman who shoots the young athlete; she looks dangerously chic in her twenties clothes, and her veneered face says, Boy, do I have a surprise for you. As the Whammer (who's unmistakably Babe Ruth), Joe Don Baker manages to be mean and jovial at the same time; it's a big, hearty, malevolent caricature. And John Finnegan, who plays Sam, the old scout, in the opening scenes, carries the feeling of an earlier America. Other performances—such as Wilford Brimley's gruff, lovable Pop Fisher, the manager of the Knights, and Richard Farnsworth's decent, understanding coach—satisfy the archetypal demands of the roles but are of no particular interest.

Was "The Natural" made cynically? I don't think so. It probably wouldn't be so self-conscious and plodding (or so dark) if it had been made by wiseguys. This picture looks to be a case of intelligent people putting enormous care into a project that they have emasculated to the point of idiocy. And instead of editing the movie for greater speed toward the end, they let it run down. Its box-office success or failure probably depends on the equivalent of a laugh track: when Roy performs his feats on the baseball field the crowds in the stadium go crazy, and their shouting and cheering (and Newman's victory music) are so all-encompassingly loud that some of the people in theatres are bound to join in. If they do, they'll probably feel that they've seen a terrific picture. And the moviemakers may have the hit they wanted (more than anything else). Roy's team wins the pennant; he triumphs just the way Rocky did, and the way those two runners trying to escape the Vangelis fanfares did, and that hustler who was regenerated by military discipline, and the welder-ballerina, and the writhing chorus boy, and the kid who had to fight the town laws against dancing. Roy is a real baby-kissing politician's role. He makes a pal of the pudgy batboy who idolizes him, and when he's shown in a 1939 newsreel patting little boys' heads, he turns, sees a little girl, and has the foresight to include her in his constituency. And he gives the game of baseball everything he's got—with blood seeping out of a wound and staining his uniform. At times, this movie is reminiscent of classic tearjerkers like "Madame X" and "Smilin' Through," but with a male sufferer. Moviemakers can be calculating and shameless and still be perfectly solemnly serious. New movies reshape stories in terms of the prevailing box-office values of the era. But the people who do the shaping can feel that they're expressing what they believe (and, in some terrible way, they are).

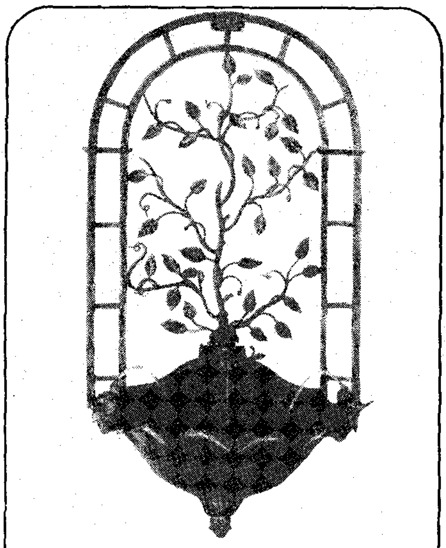
"SIXTEEN CANDLES" is about suburban Chicago teen-agers, but it's less raucous in tone than most of the recent teen pictures; it's closer to the gentle English comedies of the forties and fifties. It doesn't amount to much, and it's certainly not to be confused with a work of art or a work of any depth, but the young writer-director John Hughes has a knack for making you like the high-school-age characters better each time you hear them talk. The picture has a good, simple premise: Samantha (Molly Ringwald), a high-school sophomore, is having the worst day of her life. It's her sixteenth birthday, and, in the midst of preparations for her older sister's wedding, the whole family has forgotten about it. And in the evening, when she goes to a school dance and longs to be noticed by the handsome senior (Michael Schoeffling) who's the man of her dreams, she's subjected to the humiliating attentions of a scrawny freshman (Anthony Michael Hall), who's known as Geek—a pesty, leering smartmouth with braces on his teeth. (His attempt at a sexy smile is pure weirdness.) Geek follows her wherever she goes, ogling her, and he tries to court her on the dance floor, circling around her like an impassioned whooping crane. He moves quickly, with his head down: he's not watching his feet—he's concentrating on the action of his body. He's turning himself on, and he feels masterful; he isn't aware of the effect he's having on Samantha until she runs off. Samantha



gets so down on herself and the world that when the senior, who feels he's alone when he's with his prom-queen girlfriend, comes over to her she panics and bolts. The senior, misunderstanding, feels rejected.

Molly Ringwald, who played Miranda in Paul Mazursky's 1982 "Tempest" and was the young heroine of Lamont Johnson's 1983 "Spacehunter," has an offbeat candor. Only fifteen when "Sixteen Candles" was shot, she plays a free-spoken modern cutie, and it's perfectly clear that Samantha's freedom is the result of a pleasant middle-class home and loving parents. There's nothing submissive about her, but she isn't rebellious, either. When Samantha is alone, she sometimes talks out loud, telling us what she thinks, and Molly Ringwald does it so artlessly it seems like a normal way of behaving. Her acting gives the picture a lyric quality. The tilt of Samantha's head suggests a guileless sort of yearning, and there's something lovely about the slight gaucheness of her restless, long arms. In one of the film's best scenes, she finds herself alone with Geek and discovers that she can actually talk to him about her troubles. She recognizes that the reason she hasn't liked him is that he's young, like her. He drops his brash, coming-on manner, and she tells him about its being her birthday that everyone forgot—as she puts it, her family "just sort of blew it off." He confesses that he has never "bagged a babe," and she tells him her deepest secret—that she is still "on hold," and that she has been saving herself for the handsome senior.

Geek treats that confidence very respectfully; he also loses his crush on her fast—he's not on the prowl for a maiden. During their conversation, he begins to look less Geeky and just unformed. He has pale eyelashes, and his fair hair sticks up on his head but is too downy to achieve the punk effect he hoped for; he has the soft features of a fledgling. Anthony Michael Hall is in fact no more than a year older than the freshman he's playing. His Geek is a computer-age teen version of the early Woody Allen character—the fast-talking genius nerd—but Hall moves like Steve Martin, and even more confidently. Geek, with his pitchman's hard sell, is a product of television (and his appearances are heralded by the theme music of TV shows). What's best about him is his self-awareness; he knows that he looks like a jerk, but he's not going to let



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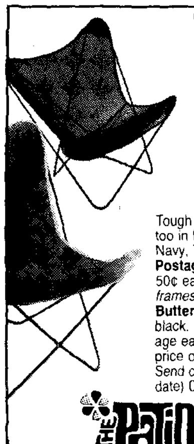

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that stop him from making out. He has nerve; he's an operator, and he knows how to put what he learns to use—he has a man-to-man talk with the senior which is a model of suave diplomacy. Part of what makes "Sixteen Candles" entertaining is that the senior—a confident-looking jock—has his own uncertainties and turns out to be as romantic at heart as Samantha, while Geek comes through as a stud.

This picture was John Hughes' début as a director (he wrote the scripts for a couple of National Lampoon films and for "Mr. Mom"), and he may have got in a little over his head. Samantha has a full complement of family: in addition to siblings (her younger brother is played by Justin Henry, of "Kramer vs. Kramer," who's going through an odd phase—he looks like a little Stephen King), she has two parents, and her four grandparents have arrived at her house for the wedding. All these people are part of Hughes' farcical superstructure, and maybe there's too much of this apparatus. One set of grandparents (a huge man and a tiny woman) compete with each other, talking to Samantha at the same time; as dumb gags go, it's not bad, but Hughes shows no particular emotion about the people—nothing to make it more than a dumb gag. The four grandparents come off as sitcom characters, and so do the new in-laws and most of the people involved in the wedding. And somehow the relationship between Samantha and her sister (Blanche Baker), the bride, seems lost in a haze. It isn't clear what sort of girl this sister is meant to be, and though her scenes are skewed to be funny they don't quite get there.

The children in this family are a strange assortment—they couldn't look more unlike. But they sound like siblings. John Hughes has a feeling for verbal rhythms, and he knows how kids toss words around, especially the words that set them apart from their elders. What gives "Sixteen Candles" its peppiness is his affection for teenagers' wacko slang—phrases carrying such strong positive and negative charges that they have a dizzy immediacy. And he's on to how kids use computerese, as in "By night's end, I predict that me and her will interface."

—PAULINE KAEL

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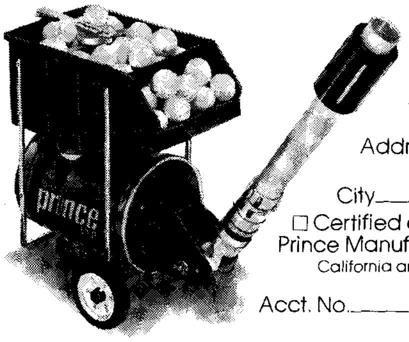

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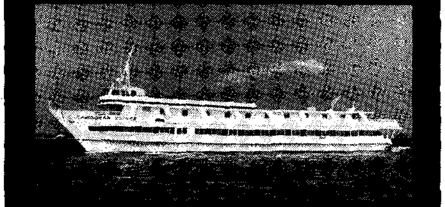

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A POLITICAL JOURNAL

WASHINGTON, MAY 16

THE continuing refusal of the Democratic nomination race to settle down and get itself over with—though these races usually go to the end—has tended to distract people from other matters of consequence here, and set the town off on a whole new round of speculation. Those who had been longing for a brokered Convention—some for the sheer sport of it, some for less impersonal reasons—took new hope. New imagined sequences of events were spelled out. Once again, just when another consensus had formed—this time, that with victories in Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, and North Carolina on May 8th Walter Mondale would have the nomination all but in hand—the voters in Ohio and Indiana rose up and smote that consensus. Gary Hart's victories in Ohio and Indiana by narrow margins—while he lost North Carolina and Maryland—changed the chemistry and substance of the campaign period ahead, whether or not they changed its outcome. Yesterday, Hart, as expected, won primaries in Oregon and Nebraska, by large margins; Mondale, knowing that both states would be inclined toward Hart, did not really contest Oregon and put a minimal effort into Nebraska. Meanwhile, some big questions have been before the politicians and policymakers here—questions that are bound to play a role in the fall election: how to come to grips with the deficit; how to deal with Central America; whether the arms race, which is proceeding and is about to enter new phases, will be slowed at all. This period may be looked back upon as one in which, in all these areas, the country got itself into a substantially larger bind, and historians may well ask why more wasn't done about it.

Before the contests on May 8th, when one talked to the Hart people and to everybody else one had two very different conversations. Everybody else knew that the nomination contest was just about over. Mondale had, after all, defeated Hart in every important contest since Mondale won Pennsylvania, on April 10th, and had defeated him in all the major industrial states, through Pennsylvania. Hart, therefore, had been a temporary phenomenon. His campaign seemed to lack focus. Mondale defeated him by a wide margin in the Missouri caucuses, on April 18th; in the Tennessee primary, on May 1st; and in the Texas caucuses, on May 5th. The loss in Tennessee was a particularly big blow, as the Hart people had hoped to win there; Hart lost to Mondale by twelve points. The Mondale people set out to make sure, by putting more resources and more of the candidate's time into the state, that Tennessee did not provide Hart with a "second New Hampshire." (For all of both candidates' efforts, only sixteen per cent of the eligible voters turned out.) This loss may, as one of Hart's closest advisers thinks, have accounted for Hart's drawn, almost distracted look in a debate in Dallas the following night. After Hart's substantial defeat in Texas—Mondale beat him by twenty-three points, aided by the fact that the contest was by caucus, which requires organization, and by his support from labor and the large Hispanic population—Mondale became "inevitable" once more. The expectation grew that Mondale would win all four states on the eighth—the Mondale people shared this expectation, and helped spread it—and the interest was in whether Hart would have the good grace to step aside, and in how the issues among Mondale, Hart, and Jesse Jackson might be worked out in advance of the Convention.

Conversations with the Hart people were of a different nature. Hart's advisers did say that if Hart failed to win any important victories on the eighth he would be facing some hard questions about whether to continue his campaign and, if so, with what degree of intensity. (Among other things, his campaign is heavily in debt, and the less you win, the less the money comes in. Contributors are realists. Mondale's campaign is in debt as well. Both campaigns have long since tapped the readily willing donors. The Mondale campaign let more people go after the eighth, and Hart's is deferring its workers' pay. Working for a Presidential campaign is perilous. Both candidates will be trying to raise more money while they fight to the end for the nomination.) But a couple of Hart advisers told me they thought that Hart had a good chance of carrying Ohio and Indiana: their polling in Ohio showed that Hart started off close to Mondale, albeit behind, and that there was a lot of discontent with Mondale in the state and, when the subject was raised, with what had happened to the state economically during the Carter Administration—or what Hart calls "the Carter-Mondale Administration." (Ohio fared less well economically during that period than other industrial states did.) The Hart surveys also found a lot of interest in "new ideas." Five important newspapers endorsed Hart. And Ohio, unlike New York and Pennsylvania, allowed independents and Republicans to vote in the primary. (Maryland and North Carolina allowed only Democrats to vote.) The Hart people also felt that if Hart won Ohio the victory would have more impact if it came as a surprise, so they did not talk publicly about their optimistic expectations.

COMING SOON
CBarsotti

In the course of the week before the Texas caucuses, which took place on a Saturday, and the Ohio primary, the following Tuesday, Patrick Caddell, the pollster, who has been advising the Hart campaign, told me, "Since no one expects Hart to win Ohio and Indiana, his doing so would be a shock to the system." He thought then that there was a good chance that Hart would win both. Caddell said that surveys done for the Hart campaign in the North and the South in mid-April, preparatory to the latest round of contests, showed that “we were in deep trouble in the South—they didn’t know Gary.” Oliver Henkel, Hart’s campaign manager, said to me before the Ohio primary that a victory in Ohio, which he, too, thought was possible, would show that Hart had broad popular support—“in the face of Mondale’s being backed by the unions and by a popular governor.” Governor Richard Celeste had supported Ohio’s Senator John Glenn until Glenn dropped out of the race, and then, having had close ties to Mondale over the years, endorsed him in late April. Henkel, who is from Cleveland, was encouraged not only by the poll data and the newspaper endorsements but by “the independent-mindedness of Ohio voters, including in union households.” Henkel also said that the Hart campaign had organized early and quietly in both Ohio and Indiana, and he believes that “organization may be the most important factor in this election—for both candidates.” He said, “We were able to do well in New Hampshire not because Gary finished second in Iowa but because when he took off and started to get media attention he had a very strong organization in place.” Caddell now says that another factor in Hart’s victory was that he made the case against the economic effects of the Carter Administration in Ohio—and by implication showed the effect of Reagan’s making such a case. Hart made several appearances with Ohio workers, and his ads had blue-collar workers complaining about the Carter Administration. (“What we’re all saying is that Mondale had his chance and he did nothing. Why take him again?”) Hart, his campaign having recognized the opportunity, spent more time in the state, and more money on media there, than Mondale did. (Though there is a school of thought that political advertising may not count for much, especially at this point in the campaign, nobody really knows.) Henkel believes that the key thing Hart was able to do in Ohio, as opposed to New York and Pennsylvania, was to “neutralize the jobs issue and get us out from under, to a very large degree, the effect of the discussion of the Chrysler bailout”—which Hart had opposed. Hart argued, in a speech in Cleveland early in the Ohio contest, “The Chrysler example does not show the success of the bailout strategy; it shows what happens, bailout or not, when there is no strategy for the industry as a whole.” Hart and Mondale have had a running argument over how many jobs the Chrysler bailout saved—each proceeding from a different base.

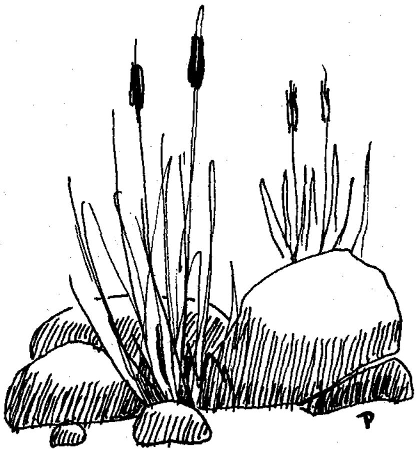
Meanwhile, the Mondale people believed that they would win Ohio: their polling indicated a ten-point lead on the Wednesday before the primary; and on the Saturday before it their tracking poll (a daily sampling of a small number of people to indicate shifts in opinion) indicated that they still led, but more narrowly. Their tracking poll on Monday night had them ahead by thirteen points in Ohio and by nine points in Indiana. In conversations before the Ohio primary, they suggested that Ohio resembled western Pennsylvania, where Mondale had run strong. They saw nothing particularly favorable happening to Hart that would lead to a sudden change in his fortunes after he’d lost a series of contests by rather substantial margins. They said that Hart could have opened up some differences with Mondale if he had concentrated on Ohio more but that he had failed to do so. They had settled on a strategy of trying to make sure that Hart didn’t win Tennessee, and to win Texas big and then win all four contests on May 8th, and had allocated the campaign’s resources and Mondale’s time accordingly. Ohio didn’t seem to demand any unusual effort. In other words, they misread the situation.

On the day before the Ohio primary, a senior Mondale campaign official said to me, “Hart has opened no line of attack that stuck.” He said he had been worried that Hart’s attacks on unemployment during the Carter Administration would stick, but believed they hadn’t. The polling, he said, indicated that Mondale got higher marks than Hart on the subject of jobs. Hart in fact carried the industrial areas of Youngstown and Akron as well as Dayton and Columbus, and came close to Mondale in Cuyahoga County (Cleveland). Mondale officials say that they have checked throughout the campaign to see if Mondale’s ties to labor were hurting him with the voters, and kept finding that they were not. The Mondale people have also maintained that Mondale’s opponents have little to gain by trying to hang Carter around his neck. (That Carter is so discredited these days is a curious phenomenon, explained by a number of factors. He was sincere, tried hard, and had many important accomplishments—but he could not connect with the public, and failed as a leader. Moreover, as a loner, he had few allies and, having lost, has few defenders. There is little political mileage in defending Jimmy Carter. Losers do not enjoy much stature unless theirs was a noble loss, and Carter doesn’t have the characteristics of nobility; he is easily caricatured—the voice, the diminutive stature, the lack of confidence he conveyed. And he was, and remains, up against skilled detractors. His record is painted as worse than it was, but few people want to invest very much in defending him. So he is shunned.) As for Mondale’s association with Carter, James Johnson, Mondale’s campaign chairman, said to me a couple of weeks ago, “There’s a very limited appeal to trying to beat Mondale over the head with Carter.” Johnson has held this belief since 1981, when he and Mondale’s pollster, Peter Hart, conducted a “focus-group interview” (in which a free-flowing conversation is held with a small group of voters) and found that people didn’t consider a Vice-President a sufficiently important figure to be tied to the policies of a President. The Hart campaign has been arguing in recent weeks that if Mondale wants to take credit for his “experience” as Vice-President he can justifiably be criticized for the policies he had some experience with—that he can’t have it both ways. Johnson said to me, “The lesson of the last two years is that Mondale *can* have it both ways.”

The Hart people argue that tying Mondale to Carter is both valid in itself and also part of the larger point about “electability” which Hart is trying to make. Having failed to make a substantial gain on Mondale, or to run much better against Reagan than Mondale does in the polls, Hart talked less explicitly about electability. (“That doesn’t sell,” an adviser told me.) He turned to trying to show the Party that he is more electable than

Mondale because he does not have Mondale's presumed vulnerabilities—the ties to the "special interests," the association with Carter, the identification with "the past"—which Reagan was bound to exploit. One of Hart's most controversial moves—his attack, in Texas, on Mondale for having been part of an Administration that brought the nation "days of shame" during the hostage crisis in Iran—was defended by some of Hart's advisers on this ground. One of them said to me, "That was a terrible period for this country. There *was* the perception that America was weak in the world. Reagan beat the Carter-Mondale Administration in large part on that issue and on the economic issue, and he will call those issues to mind again. The Democrats have to remember that they're selecting a nominee to run against Reagan. Next fall, we'll see ads of our people in pajamas, blindfolded, being paraded around Teheran; we'll hear about interest rates and inflation during the Carter-Mondale Administration. I think we'd better recall those days or we'll nominate a very nice fellow who will be crucified in 1984 as much as in 1980." In the Iran speech, Hart also accused the Carter Administration of letting the state of military readiness slip to the point where the attempted rescue mission failed, and said, "Carter-Mondale actually gave us an America held hostage to the Ayatollahs of the world." The speech re-raised a painful problem for which there were no good answers, and was strongly criticized, outside the Mondale camp, as going over a line, and became the subject of controversy within the Hart camp; and Hart himself was plainly, and oddly, ambivalent about it. When the subject came up in the Dallas debate, Hart said that he had only been referring to the issue of military readiness. Then, in Ohio, he briefly revived the matter.

INEVITABLY, there were a hundred explanations for the outcomes in Ohio and Indiana, and, given the closeness of those outcomes—Hart won Ohio with forty-two per cent of the vote, compared with Mondale's forty and Jesse Jackson's sixteen, and he carried Indiana by forty-two per cent, compared with Mondale's forty-one and Jackson's thirteen—any number, or all, of the explanations would do. It was overinterpretation time. Probably no one explanation would serve: voters usually have a variety of things on their minds. A friend of mine who is involved in politics says, "I have concluded that nobody ever knows why anything happens." A shift of about thirteen thousand votes in Ohio—out of nearly one and a half million—would have produced analyses of why Hart failed. The exit polls can be helpful but they are not definitive. One theory is that the voters had once again turned against the front-runner—a phenomenon that had occurred in previous nomination campaigns, and had bedevilled Mondale in New Hampshire. Thus, Mondale was taking pains not to appear too confident, while Hart, when all seemed lost, kept insisting, almost eerily, "I will be the nominee." Yet Mondale did begin to suggest that he thought he would have the nomination in hand before the Convention. Apparently, it's all right to express confidence if you're behind but not if you're ahead. The fact that independents and Republicans could vote in Ohio and Indiana, while they had not been able to participate in New York and Pennsylvania, was said to make a difference, and it unquestionably did. About a fourth of the voters in Ohio were independents, whom Hart carried five to three. (Independents could also vote in Tennessee—which was one reason the Hart people had been hopeful about the state.) According to exit polls, independents had provided Hart's margin of victory in New Hampshire and Florida—two of the most important contests of his candidacy. Independents will be much fought over in November, and Hart makes the argument that he has shown that he can attract them. John Anderson's announcement, in late April, that he will not run for President again this year was taken as good news by the Democrats, who believe he cost them several states in 1980. It was said that the result in Ohio showed that Mondale's candidacy has vulnerabilities—potentially serious ones—and that is true. So does Hart's—but they are different vulnerabilities. The Reagan people disagree among themselves over which man would be the stronger—or weaker—candidate. After the Ohio primary, Johnson said he still believed that "Carter-bashing" and "labor-bashing" had not helped Hart—that what had helped Hart was "Mondale-bashing": in particular, his ad stressing that Mondale had not been able to deliver on jobs in Ohio. Johnson said that this was a tactic peculiarly suited to Ohio. It was explained that Ohio and Indiana are more conservative than the industrial states that voted earlier, and there is truth to that. Indiana regularly goes Republican in November, and Ohio usually does. The New York *Times*/CBS News exit polling suggested that Glenn's having been a candidate helped Hart in Ohio. This figures: Hart, like Glenn, appealed to those who are not hard-core Democrats; and the tough combat between Glenn and Mondale earlier in the campaign would not have been likely to leave Glenn supporters with warm feelings toward Mondale. It was said that Hart successfully played on anti-union sentiment in these states—something he had been trying, somewhat tentatively, to do before. (The exit polls found more anti-union feeling in these two states than they had in other industrial states.) In this case, Hart did not attack unions as such—they are, after all, strong in Ohio and Indiana—but went after Mondale's ties to them and the acceptance of political-action-committee funds by delegate committees working on Mondale's behalf.



One of the interesting, and mysterious, things about politics is the way a campaign can do well in one state and misfire in another. There was every reason to expect Hart to do well in North Carolina—Jackson would take a high percentage of the black vote, and Hart would appeal to the university and research communities. But Hart apparently mishandled his campaign there. He had never been expected to do very well in Maryland, where Mondale had the strong support of strong political leaders as well as of labor and of the large number of government workers who live there, just outside Washington. It was said that Mondale should have spent less time in the other states, and the Mondale people say that, knowing what they know now, they would have spent less time in Tennessee and Texas and more in Ohio. Mondale had been very hopeful of winning all four states on the eighth, and his campaign did not give up on Ohio until late that night; when the results were clear, Mondale was very disheartened.

There was, of course, a lot of speculation in political circles about what it all meant. There is a kind of mass psychology among political practitioners which sets them to reacting feverishly, if most often uselessly, to important political events. There is an increase in huddled conversations off the Senate and House floors; reporters call state chairmen and state chairmen call each other; governors, Party officials, former Party officials, former Administration officials—all are on the phone. Rumors are even more abundant than usual. (The four most used words are "What do you hear?") "Opinion"—the sum total of a lot of instincts and conversations—shifts. Now X is in trouble, now Y is in trouble. In this case, as on earlier occasions this year, names of those the Party might turn to—however that might happen—resurfaced: New York Governor Mario Cuomo, Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers, and, inevitably, Edward Kennedy. The possibilities of such a thing happening are solemnly weighed. Following Ohio, there was talk that it meant that the voters really didn't want Mondale but that they didn't seem keen on Hart, either. There was a widespread, and certainly valid, view that if Mondale still succeeded in getting the nomination it would be under more difficult circumstances. Some thought that May 8th was the day that Mondale lost the general election.

For the Party to turn to someone else, a major rebellion would have to occur, a great many commitments would have to be broken, and there would have to be more upset within the Party than there is—at least, as yet. A mixture of motives drives the various Party figures: some would simply want to stick with their commitments, or at least be seen as sticking with their commitments, to Mondale; some would not want to anger labor by jumping ship; some, while newly concerned about Mondale's electoral prospects, do not regard Hart as someone they want to see as President; some, truth be told, considering their own Presidential ambitions for 1988, would, for all their real concern about Reagan, have mixed feelings about another Democrat gaining the White House in 1984. House members, many of whom have committed to Mondale, tend to feel that they have established strong relationships with their districts, and feel autonomous—less threatened than senators tend to by what happens to the top of the ticket. It's fun to think about the drama of the Party turning to someone else, but far more damage would have to be inflicted on the candidates for that to happen—yet it goes without question that more damage will be inflicted.

AFTER an important turn of political events, the campaigns compete to establish, in journalists' and the public's minds, their version of what happened. After the contests in Ohio, Indiana, North Carolina, and Maryland, the Mondale camp described the story as one of an inexorable march toward enough delegates for the nomination; the Hart people described it as one that showed that Mondale's candidacy is too flawed for him to defeat Reagan—the electability argument. Politics is so much a game of "perceptions" that a great deal of effort goes into affecting what those perceptions will be. Sometimes, though, sheer luck is involved. When Mondale squeaked by in two out of five primaries on March 13th, this was portrayed by the networks that night as a victory. On May 9th, both camps held briefings for reporters. Johnson said that Mondale would have between 1,750 and 1,800 delegates by June 4th, and that after the final primaries, on June 5th, he would have the 1,967 required for the nomination.

In fact, Mondale won more delegates on May 8th than Hart did, and as of today, according to the delegate count by United Press International, Mondale has 1,564 delegates, Hart has 941, and Jackson 291. Yet Hart's victories in Ohio and Indiana, though narrow, altered both the perception and the actuality of the race. Hart, had he lost, would have been under pressure to get out, or be a good soldier (the odds are he wouldn't have got out), and there would have ensued a period of consolidation around Mondale, and of peacemaking. Now there would be at least a month more of the candidates' bashing each other.

Johnson's prediction that Mondale would still pick up enough delegates was based on delegates Johnson believed Mondale would win in the forthcoming contests (even though most of them would be difficult for Mondale to win, he could still pick up

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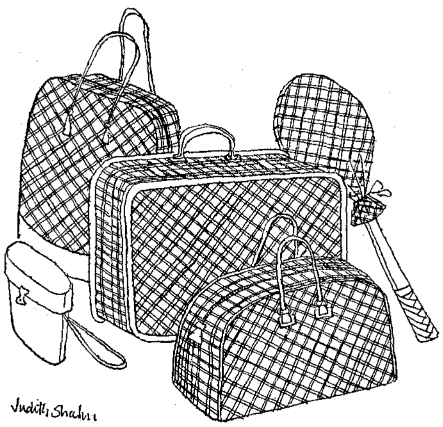
delegates); on delegates to be selected as the caucus states completed their processes; on uncommitted delegates already chosen; and on "unpledged" delegates—Party leaders who are automatically delegates, and delegates chosen by state committees or state conventions, and members of Congress already selected as delegates who have not yet publicly announced their preference. There are 568 "unpledged" delegates in all. (The delegate-selection process will not be completed until June 23rd.) The Mondale campaign had privately said that it had had a large number of "unpledged" delegates—at least a couple of hundred of them—ready to be announced for some time, but had held off, because it did not want to be seen as trying to win the nomination through a mechanical delegate count, and with Party officials, as opposed to winning primaries and caucuses. Now the Mondale campaign has decided that the time has come to win the delegate fight, and it began announcing some of its other delegates shortly after Ohio. Both campaigns are now engaged in the unglamorous but crucial business of delegate persuasion, with an eye to what those totals will be after the voting on June 5th. The reasons behind the Mondale campaign's announcement that Mondale would have nearly enough delegates before June 5th and enough after June 5th were twofold, and perhaps at odds. The Mondale people wanted to show confidence after Ohio, and indicate that they were close to having the nomination, so as to discourage mischief at a moment when people might be hesitating, and when many states were making their final delegate decisions; they also wanted voters on June 5th to feel that they have an opportunity to put Mondale over the top. (The danger, of course, is that voters in these states will react against the Mondale campaign's having said that it will win no matter what they do, and it is perhaps for this reason that Mondale has now backed off saying that he will have enough delegates as of June 5th.) Mondale may well be facing a situation his campaign had feared: that though he wins delegates, he loses a string of contests, thus raising questions about his popular appeal.

Hart, who cannot win enough delegates for the nomination in the remaining contests, is, of course, hoping for a string of victories, to further raise the electability issue. There would be eight contests in the period between the May 8th primaries and June 5th, many or most of them in states favorable to Hart. Now the preponderance of the contests would be in the West—as Hart had said, somewhat inaccurately, would be the case after Pennsylvania. These last states were not supposed to be important, according to the Mondale campaign's Plan A (Mondale sews up the nomination early) or its Plan B (the contest is effectively over as of May 8th). Henkel says, "If we are able to sweep, or nearly sweep, the remaining primaries, that, combined with Ohio and Indiana, makes a very persuasive case for uncommitted and unpledged delegates to vote for Hart. That's our 'backloaded' strategy." Henkel adds, "The Mondale campaign seems to have gone to the technical argument rather than the political argument, but we're in a political process. If Gary wins most of the remaining contests, he'll have the momentum and be in a position of real strength at the Convention. That's political, and it doesn't intimidate us if we're behind in the delegate count." Henkel says, "There's a whole lot to happen between now and the Convention, and that's where the fun lies." Both camps will be concentrating on New Jersey and California, which have primaries on June 5th and will produce a large number of delegates—especially California, where both campaigns say the candidates will spend the most time, while campaign officials work hard on New Jersey. Johnson does not accept the prevailing idea that Mondale is bound to lose badly to Hart in California, or agree that he will necessarily lose at all. (New Jersey is no safe bet for Mondale.) A few days after the Ohio primary, Johnson said to me, "I think our chances of winning California increased on Wednesday morning—because once again it's viewed as a contest, as opposed to asking California to ratify what everyone has done."

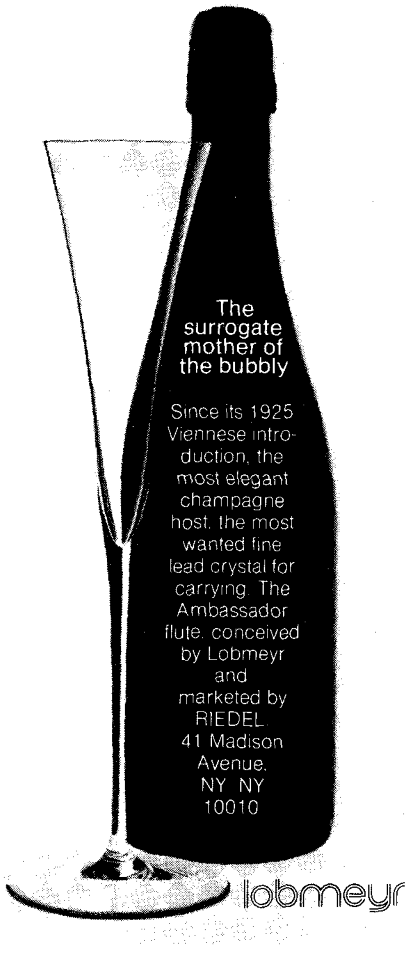


The Mondale campaign's explanation for what had gone wrong in Ohio was that Hart had spent time and money in the state, and that Mondale had failed to take on Hart sufficiently there. In the period leading up to the May 8th contests, Mondale had not actually let up on Hart, but neither had he waged the relentless attack on him that he had after the losses in New England. Mondale did continue to suggest, in a variety of ways, that Hart had not fought for things as hard as he had, that Hart has been inconsistent, that he is naïve and not surefooted—not the person the nation would want to have pick up that emergency red phone. He continued to criticize Hart for having opposed the Chrysler bailout and the federal loan guarantees to the Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel Corporation, which has plants in Ohio. But during the period that began after the Pennsylvania primary Mondale also gave a series of "issues" speeches—on the future, on education, on arms control, on observance of the law, and on high technology—which were designed to do two things at once: to reach out to the Hart constituency, and to begin the argument over whether the future would be better under Mondale or Reagan. That Mondale was more willing to give such speeches during this period was an indication that he no longer felt that he was fighting for his political life, and that now that his candidacy had been revived he had the standing and the credibility to have such speeches listened to. The Mondale campaign concluded after Ohio that Mondale would have to go at Hart harder.

Thus, in his first campaign stop after Ohio—in Omaha, Nebraska—Mondale piled on Hart as never before. He combined most of the charges he had made earlier in the campaign—about Hart's statements on Castro and on the Persian Gulf, about Hart's having said, in New York, that the United States had become "corrupt like Europe" and that Richard Nixon was our "first European President," about Hart's "flip-flops" on arms control (his having belatedly supported the freeze and then a "build-down")—and also took on Hart's statement about the hostage crisis. Mondale said that while Hart had recently been critical of the Carter Administration's handling of the crisis, Hart's own record during the period showed that he initially supported the Administration's handling of the problem, then "did an about-face" and suggested that the United States mine Iran's harbors and bomb Teheran's generating plant, and then, after the hostages returned home, co-sponsored a resolution commending Carter's handling of the crisis. Mondale often asks what would have happened if a President had said some of the things that Hart has said. This is the strategy of "raising the stakes" which Mondale has been following, with varying degrees of intensity, since March, and which his campaign believes saved him in the South on March 13th, and in Illinois, New York, and Pennsylvania. Whether or not it did is not the point, nor is whether anything else would have been effective. The disappointed and edgy Mondale people instinctively reached for what they believed was a tested strategy and what they knew how to do.

Hart, for his part, gave a series of interviews in the wake of his Ohio and Indiana victories in which he spilled out his anger and resentment at Mondale for the attacks on his record, and said that Mondale was risking his own integrity and might end up destroying himself "in almost a Biblical or Greek way." (This may also be a tactical move to try to make Mondale's attacks more costly to Mondale.) In some instances, Hart had a point: while he may have wavered recently on arms-control questions, he was one of the leaders in the fight for the SALT II treaty; Mondale has attacked Hart for not being strong enough on women's issues, but Hart has a perfectly good record on those issues. Mondale sometimes makes a small point into a big point, but that is not unusual in campaigning. The main thing Mondale is doing that clearly annoys Hart is using a number of votes, issues, statements to attempt to question some fundamental things about Hart's record and character. But Hart, though his style is cooler, has been trying to raise some fundamental questions about Mondale as well. Even when Hart is being "positive," and says that this is a contest "between the future and the past," he is dismissing Mondale as simply the past, and, despite his occasional denials, he seems to be dismissing the Party's traditions.

THE magnitude of the miscalculation that the Mondale campaign made in its handling of the delegate committees is difficult to gauge at this point, but there is no question that it was damaging. While the campaign-finance law allows committees to be formed to raise and spend money on behalf of individuals running as delegates to the Convention, the intent of the law was to allow delegate committees to make certain "grass roots" expenditures on the delegates' behalf but not to supplement the Presidential candidate's campaign. This is not the only example where provisions put in the law in the name of encouraging "grass roots" activity produce weeds. The law is murky, and the regulations put out by the Federal Elections Commission do not make it clear what kind of coördination between the delegate committees and the candidate's campaign may take place. The only thing that is expressly forbidden is the use of delegate-committee funds for promoting the candidate through any mass media, such as advertising or direct mail. But the law does say that if the delegate committees are "established or financed or maintained or controlled" by the same person or group of persons, they are to be considered affiliated. The question then becomes whether the facts of each instance that came to light suggested that this legal line had been breached, or whether the pattern of activity could lead to that conclusion. For example, delegate committees can take money from individuals and groups who have given the maximum allowed by law to the candidate's campaign (one thousand and five thousand dollars, respectively). If, as emerged in the case of the Mondale delegate committees, a major Mondale fund raiser made contributions to a number of delegate committees, it would matter, according to election-law lawyers, at whose suggestion he did this. It emerged that delegate committees had hired laid-off campaign workers, had hired campaign workers who moved from state to state, and that they had forwarded surplus funds to delegate committees in other states. If all of this was coördinated by the Mondale campaign, the law may have been violated. Even where the law isn't, strictly speaking, broken, it can be stretched to the point where it becomes meaningless. Sometimes the delegate committees went beyond "grass roots" efforts on their own behalf, and distributed Mondale campaign literature. All such activities would, of course, free Mondale campaign funds for media expenditures. The delegate committees can become a vehicle for getting around the limits on how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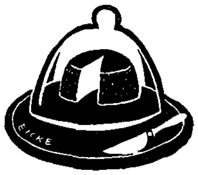
much an individual or group may contribute and how much may be spent in a given state. (In New Hampshire, delegate committees spent over a hundred thousand dollars, while the Mondale campaign itself spent nearly the full four hundred thousand dollars permitted under the law.) If this was intentionally coördinated by the Mondale campaign, it was a violation of the law.

There was a second issue about these committees which Hart raised: the fact that Mondale delegate committees were accepting political-action-committee (PAC) contributions. The announcements by Hart and Mondale last year that they would not accept political-action-committee funds for their campaigns (Hart beat Mondale to the announcement by only hours) represented a bit of piety on both their parts. Yet both men do believe in reform of the campaign-finance laws, and at some points in their campaigns have argued for it. Political-action committees traditionally don't get much involved in nomination contests, not wishing to choose sides, and Hart was not likely to receive much political-action-committee money in any event. Mondale, on the other hand, was hoping for the endorsements of several interest groups, which would spend money on his behalf separately from his campaign. (The Mondale people hoped that the renunciation of PAC money would remove some of the possible criticism of Mondale's interest-group backing.) The Mondale people in effect accepted PAC money through the back door: they encouraged the establishment of delegate committees and at least winked at the committees' acceptance of PAC money. And it was found that political-action committees, mainly of labor, gave totals of tens of thousands of dollars to delegate committees. If these contributions were coördinated by the campaign, legal experts say, the election-finance laws may have been violated. When Hart first raised the issue, during the New York primary, Mondale, after some hesitation, asked the delegate committees to stop accepting PAC money. Some newspapers had begun to investigate the delegate committees, however, and Hart, who had filed a complaint with the Federal Election Commission on April 6th, kept at it. Mondale became increasingly disturbed by this, and by the fact that the subject was coming to dominate his press conferences—especially one he held on April 24th, after he had given a strong speech, in Cleveland, criticizing Reagan for proceeding with the development of anti-satellite weapons and of the missile-defense system in outer space ("Star Wars"), and calling for a moratorium on deploying weapons in space, and negotiations to prevent them. (The Administration has said that it would not negotiate on anti-satellite weapons, and recent testimony on Capitol Hill about the "Star Wars" plan raised questions about both its feasibility and the danger it posed of a new escalation of the arms race.)



On Wednesday, April 25th, in Chattanooga, Mondale announced that he had asked that the delegate committees be disbanded, saying that the controversy over them was "undermining my capacity to carry on a campaign on matters that count." On the same day, after Mondale made his announcement, Hart gave a speech in Nashville criticizing the growing influence of political-action committees on the political process and criticizing Mondale for his handling of the delegate-committee matter. And, in a line that was a bit strange but effective, Hart said, "Give the money back, Walter." (It was strange because Hart refers to Mondale by his nickname, Fritz, and Hart looked awkward as he delivered the line.) By this time, Johnson and other members of the Mondale high command were reviewing in detail exactly what had gone on with the delegate committees, and press stories about them continued that day and the next. On Thursday, Johnson convened a meeting at Mondale's law offices—a meeting that lasted many hours. While the Mondale campaign lawyers had assured campaign officials that the activities of the delegate committees were legal, it was clear by now that the campaign had gone into some areas that were at least gray. And press stories were likely to continue. Mondale was by this time, according to several accounts, quite upset over the matter. He had earned a reputation for integrity, and this had always been very important to him, and he was quite disturbed that now it might be questioned. Moreover, he wanted to make a case in the fall against ethically questionable actions of members of the Reagan Administration.

So the Mondale campaign decided to try to put an end to the matter, and head off further press interest in it, by taking further steps. On Friday, Mondale announced that he would treat the committees as if they had been part of his campaign, and count their expenditures against his own spending ceiling, and that he would return money that would not have been accepted by his campaign (PAC money, and contributions from individuals that exceeded the maximum allowed under the law). The Mondale people were aware that this action would cause them to have exceeded the spending limit in New Hampshire—for which they would be penalized by the F.E.C. Absorbing the delegate-committee spending put more pressure on the Mondale campaign, and returning money would be a headache in a couple of respects: the records kept by such committees are less than orderly (no one is even sure how many committees there were), and the Mondale campaign doesn't have the money. (It could borrow the funds.) The Mondale people are currently involved in negotiations with the F.E.C. over when the money has to be returned and how it is to be returned (without F.E.C. approval, the campaign can't write a check for, say, forty thousand dollars to a union PAC), and they hope that the F.E.C. will find that the campaign's having absorbed the committees and agreed to return the money will moot the question of the legality of their activities. The total amount involved is reported to be about five hundred thousand dollars—perhaps more. Certainly, whatever the amount, it wasn't worth it. Not only did it risk blemishing Mondale's reputation for integrity but it compounded the problem of his appearing to have too many entanglements with the "special interests." His aides believed that they should take the maximum advantage of the law. The Mondale people knew that the committees' accepting PAC money would come to light, because the committees would have to file reports with the F.E.C. However, the reports would not be filed until April 15th, and the Mondale people figured that by then the nomination would be sewed up and, anyway, people probably wouldn't care very much. The use of delegate committees was not new, nor was the use of them to receive contributions that could not be made to the campaign, nor was the tactic of stretching the campaign-finance

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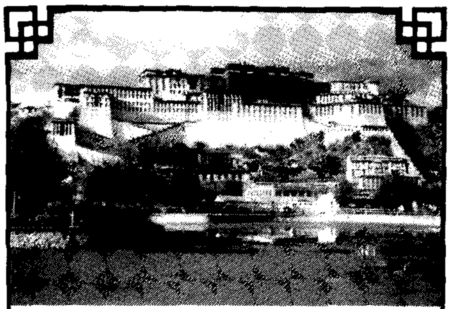

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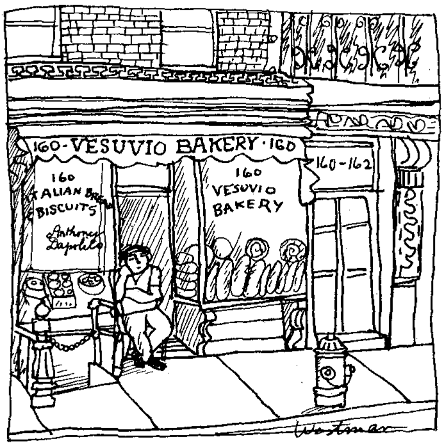
laws. But delegate committees had never been used to such an extent. The Mondale people miscalculated, and did not anticipate having an opponent who would make the matter an issue, and only gradually came to see the political impact.

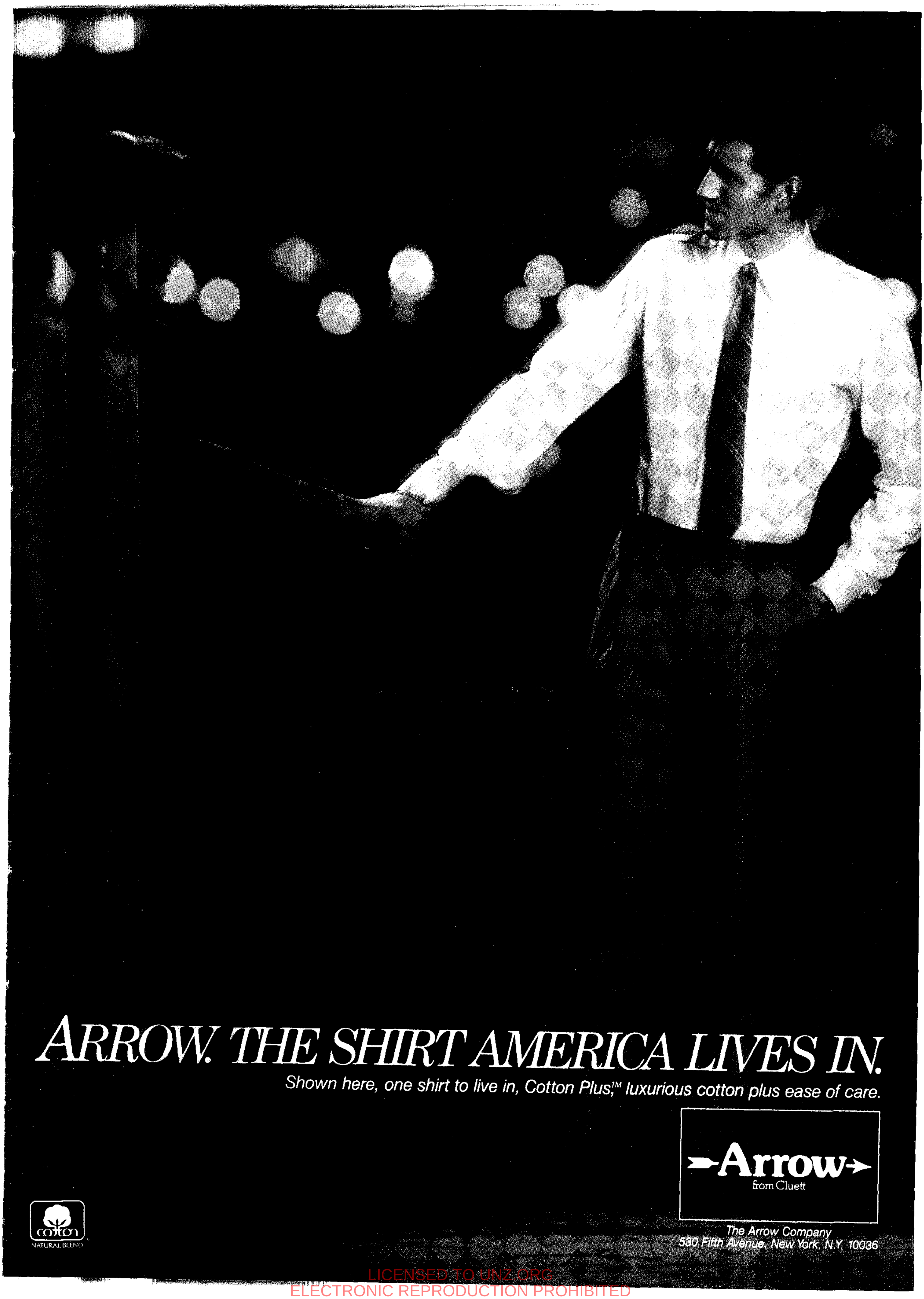
The Reagan people were no slouches at finding ways to get extra money into the 1980 Presidential campaign, and Reagan's nomination campaign has been found by the F.E.C. to have violated the campaign-finance laws in two instances. It, too, went over the ceiling in New Hampshire, for which it was penalized; and it was fined for having Reagan's own political-action committee, Citizens for the Republic, pick up some of the Reagan campaign's expenses. Citizens for the Republic still exists, with Reagan's name on the letterhead as chairman emeritus. Reagan's PAC can take money from individuals who have contributed the maximum to his campaign and from other political-action committees. Having a PAC with a sitting President's name on its letterhead is unusual. The Supreme Court's recent refusal to expedite the hearing of a case involving the legality of unlimited spending by "independent" committees on behalf of a candidate means that the issue will probably not be settled before the election, and the Presidential campaign will again be awash in money beyond what the candidates are allowed to spend. (In 1980, independent committees spent twelve million dollars for Reagan's election, and they are reported to be gearing up to spend more than twenty million dollars this year. Both parties are planning to raise "soft" money—money that cannot legally be spent in federal elections but can go into what are ostensibly state activities.) Nevertheless, if Mondale is the nominee Reagan is very likely to summon up the Mondale delegate committees' acceptance of PAC funds as he paints Mondale as a creature of the "special interests." Hart, meanwhile, has kept the issue going by charging that well over five hundred delegates elected by such committees are "tainted," and warning that they will be challenged at the Convention.

THE Mondale camp made a brief run at trying to resolve some of the issues among Mondale, Hart, and Jackson before the Convention—on the theory that the sooner the peace talks began, the better. Mondale aides have actually been in contact with Jackson all along, and it was Jackson who had been raising issues that he said would have to be settled at the Convention—issues concerning the Party's nominating rules, and runoff primaries in Southern states. Following the Pennsylvania primary, the Mondale people began discussions among themselves and with Party leaders to try to find a mechanism for resolving the issues. The idea emerged of having Robert Strauss, the former Party chairman and Special Trade Representative during the Carter Administration, try to work things out. Strauss is a skilled negotiator and has worked with Jackson in the past; as a Texan and former Party chairman, he has strong ties to key Southerners; as a Jew, he might be able to mollify Jewish leaders who are upset by the tensions between blacks and Jews which have occurred as a result of the Jackson campaign. The prospect of Strauss's role surfaced when Strauss met with Mondale and Jackson on the night of the Dallas debate—Jackson having signalled a willingness to try to work things out. But within a few days Jackson, under pressure from people who argued that such negotiations were premature and would reduce his leverage with the Party, began to back off. The Hart campaign, sensing that the peace initiative was a move to shut down the campaign early, or stack the results in Mondale's favor—Strauss had, after all, endorsed Mondale—balked. So the whole effort got caught in a political whirlpool even before the May 8th contests.

When Hart was resisting the effort, it seemed to many that he was simply being graceless—refusing to bow to the inevitable. Yet not only did Hart have different thoughts about what was inevitable but also, even if he were to lose the next contests and, in effect, the nomination fight, the losing candidate is often reluctant, in apparent defiance of common sense and Party unity, to give up the fight. Among other things, it is physically and psychologically easier to keep going: the adrenaline is still flowing, and the cessation of activity becomes something to be dreaded. Moreover, one is convinced that one is engaged in leading an important cause—one has to be convinced of that to keep up the effort—and that the cause must not be let down, so the fight must be taken to the Convention. And one is egged on by aides and supporters who don't want to let go, either. Two other factors that come into play are anger and hope (which sometimes takes the form of fantasy). Despite all the smiling tableaux at the end of conventions, and the talk of politics' being a sport, in which it's understood that there will be combat, political campaigns often produce anger in the chief protagonists and, perhaps more important, in their entourages. The attacks do get under the candidates' skin, seem unfair—and the candidates' aides and advisers are often enraged. A fair amount of that has developed in this campaign. The hope is that something might still happen: the apparent nominee might still get tripped up; the delegates might change their minds. The more one is convinced of the rightness of one's cause, the more likely one is to entertain these ideas. By carrying the fight, or some fight, to the Convention—if not for the nomination, then for a platform plank, a change in the rules, or, better yet, by making a dramatic speech there—one keeps the constituency energized, and primed for the next fight (Reagan at the 1976 Convention; Kennedy at the 1980 Convention). There is every reason to assume that Hart, if he does not win the nomination this year, will conduct himself with an eye to 1988. Moreover, Hart, at least at this point, appears to feel more bitterness toward Mondale than candidates usually have felt toward opponents. One of Hart's closest associates says that Hart, given his independent, loner streak, is temperamentally unsuited to running for, or serving in, the secondary position of Vice-President. The Mondale people have no great affection for Hart anyway; the staff seems angrier at Hart than Mondale does.



Jackson is in, if anything, a more complicated situation than Hart is. While there has never been any chance of his getting the nomination, he has been more successful than almost everyone, including those who



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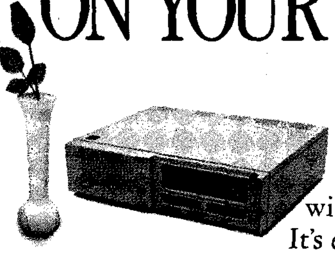

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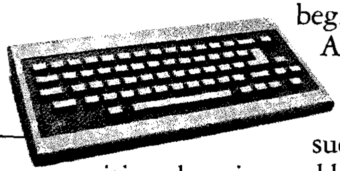

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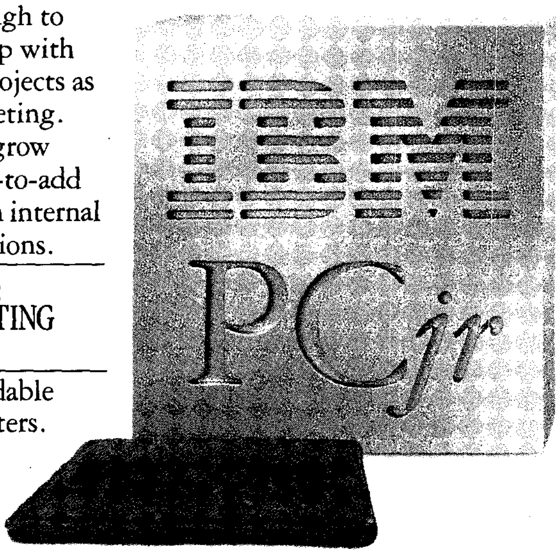


supported his entering the race, expected. Jackson won the primary in the District of Columbia, on May 1st, where seventy per cent of the population is black. He also won the primary in Louisiana, on May 5th; the state Party had wanted to hold caucuses, and after the courts upheld a Jackson complaint that a switch from a primary to caucuses would result in a dilution of black voting strength the governor, Edwin Edwards, urged people to boycott the primary. This had the effect of inspiring even more black participation. Jackson is, in fact, in the front of a movement. This somewhat constricts his freedom of action, and explains his recent switching of signals on whether he was ready to enter into pre-Convention negotiations. Jackson is said by his friends to understand that he cannot act in a way that divides the Party to the point where he could be held responsible for the reelection of Reagan. Yet the whole notion of a black candidacy, as it was discussed by a group of black leaders some time ago, was that it would push the Party into taking a more affirmative position on some issues of importance to blacks. Therefore, Jackson has to be seen to have exacted something from the Party or its nominee—and he is subject to conflicting advice on what that needs to be, and under what circumstances.

Jackson has complained that the Party nomination rules are unfair, since the number of delegates he has received is not commensurate with his popular vote. The new Party rules were designed deliberately not to produce proportional representation but to give an advantage to the stronger candidates, in the interests of producing a consensus, and to discourage splinter candidates. Jackson has particularly objected to the rule requiring that a candidate reach a "threshold" of a certain percentage of the votes in a district or a state (usually twenty per cent) before he can receive any delegates. Earlier this year, the Mondale camp was willing to modify that rule, but Democratic National Committee Chairman Charles Manatt failed to get the committee to agree to the change. (The Mondale campaign was not pleased.) The issue of the runoff primary—a requirement by ten Southern states that if a candidate does not win a majority of the votes a runoff must be held—divides black leaders, some of whom came to office under such a system. They, along with some whites, argue that the system is a moderating force, since it prevents a fringe candidate in a multi-candidate field from winning by gaining a plurality and it encourages runoff candidates to seek a wide base of support. Most Southern white leaders oppose a change, for whatever reason, and some of Jackson's advisers were reluctant to have him out on a limb on this issue. (In any event, the question is a matter of state law, and there is little the national Party can do about it, beyond being hortatory.) So Jackson, who had for a time said that he could not support any candidate who did not favor abolishing the runoff primary, then modified his position, leaving open the possibility of compromise, and then seemed to toughen it again.

Jackson's backers expect him to have some demonstrable effect on the platform. Carl Holman, the president of the Urban Coalition, who has supported the idea of Jackson's candidacy, told me over lunch recently, "Jesse has to be able to go out and say, 'Here's what we're running on'—and it can't be a dishwater platform. That's what his running means to people. They have to see the Party move on things it might not have moved on, and the nominee has to go out and talk about it. So this has to be worked out." Holman and other blacks, including some, such as Vernon Jordan, the former president of the Urban League, who did not favor Jackson's running, say that Jackson has brought more blacks into the political process than anybody expected—that although black participation had been increasing, Jackson's candidacy has made a substantial difference. And Holman maintains that now these blacks will stay in the process. The Mondale people, knowing that Jackson would draw votes from Mondale, had tried to persuade Jackson to head a registration drive rather than run. (If Jackson were not in the race, Mondale in all probability would have the nomination by now.) Holman said that that idea was "ridiculous," because "the power to stir people to register and vote comes not from a functionary but from a candidate being out there." He added, "Young people are saying, 'Jesse Jackson is running; I'll back him, not because I think he'll be President but because I or some other black could someday.' " Holman also said that Jackson's candidacy has encouraged blacks to run for other offices. "For some of us, the most important thing was, Who is going to take the issues to the group that has been the most loyal to the Party? It seemed that blacks were not going to be carried by the liberals who were running," he said, and he added, "Some of the quarrel Jesse has with labor all blacks have with labor, and without Jesse in the race liberals would use an eyedropper approach." He was referring to, in particular, Jackson's argument that labor should open up its apprentice programs to more blacks. Holman said, "What we're saying is 'Let's arrive at a set of basic things on which blacks would perhaps like to go further than the rest of the Party but which the Party could embrace.' " He said that a number of blacks feared that once Mondale had received the required number of delegates "the status-quo-ante people will be back in the saddle, and they will say, 'Concede as little as possible to Jackson.' " He said that he hoped the Mondale people realized what Jackson could deliver and that they would deal with "people who can read their own people." By this he meant Jackson, as distinguished from blacks who failed to back Jackson.

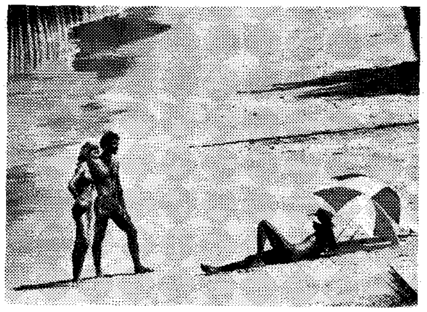
R. MacMillan

I asked Holman about the more troubling aspects of the Jackson candidacy—his failure, or inability, to attract whites, and the exacerbated tensions with Jews. Jackson's prediction that he would attract a "rainbow coalition"—of blacks, Hispanics, women, American Indians, peace advocates, and others—has not come to pass. Yet other black politicians—elected officials—have succeeded in winning white votes. Jackson has essentially run his campaign as a black campaign, and his style strikes many whites as confrontational. His rhetoric is hot—especially as it comes across on television—and he often appears to be appealing to blacks to gain power at the expense of whites. Whatever the merits of this approach, it is not likely to make many whites comfortable.

Holman is a wise and gentle man who has practiced coalition politics throughout his career. When I asked him about Jackson's failure to achieve coalition politics, he replied, "We wrestled with the question of a black candidacy for months, and nobody else got out there. It takes an audacity to do it; and it's life-threatening. The terrible dilemma that black political leaders face in this period is: When you move from city to statewide and national elections, how do you reach out to enough whites to get elected when they're not going to elect a black they consider too abrasive, too aggressive, and you have to be aggressive enough to take blacks along. I'm pretty certain that on the state and national level you're going to have to get someone who will hold the home base and reach out to others. The problem is that the first time out we have the national problem that blacks haven't been registering and voting, and to get them back into politics you have to have someone who is a lightning rod. Now that Jesse has done it, and broken the sound barrier, what he's done begins to be something that is thinkable. The trailblazers are not always the ones who can capitalize on the trailblazing." As for the increased tensions between blacks and Jews—brought about by Jackson's having referred to Jews as "Hymies" and his refusal to dissociate himself from Louis Farrakhan, the leader of a Black Muslim group, who has said, among other things, that Hitler was "a very great man," though "wickedly great"—Holman does not deny that Jackson's candidacy has exacerbated a problem, and says that Jackson could have handled the situation better. He says, "What worries me now is that it has become a topic of very angry discussion among black people." Many blacks, he says, feel that the criticism of Jackson in this area has been disproportionate. "It is more difficult now to get certain blacks to agree, Let's take this away from Jesse, and sit down and resume some contacts. They say that that is likely to be interpreted as reaching out to Jesse's enemies and those who are trying to destroy him." Holman added, "What I'm worried about is that we still have that day-in-and-day-out coöperative action going on between blacks and Jews, but there's a problem with the notion, which has been considered, of having some kind of joint statement come out. The question was: What could you say that would not reawaken the whole thing? Was it not better to try to renormalize the relationship and deal with some of the myths? What some of us have decided is that we'll keep our lines open and keep trying." As for Jackson's handling of the Farrakhan issue, Holman says that ministers—Jackson is a minister—"make a big thing of saving people," and that Jackson and Farrakhan have been helping each other, and that while Jackson and Farrakhan have agreed to play down the relationship (a scheduled appearance by Farrakhan at a recent Washington rally for Jackson was cancelled), Jackson still refuses to renounce Farrakhan. Holman said, "Jesse keeps pointing out, 'What I'm doing I've done all the time—ask what is the redemptive way. It's the way I deal with companies—I leave them a way out.' " Holman said, "Jesse has taken a position that comes out of a religious past. It isn't good politics, it isn't good logic, but it's where Jesse stands on that."

THE Tuesday of the Ohio and Indiana contests was an unusual one in Washington, and was symptomatic of both the information vacuum and the overload of events in the recent period. People who had access to what the networks' exit polls were showing knew by early afternoon that Hart had pulled even with Mondale in Ohio and was slightly ahead in Indiana. That moment symbolized the mystery of elections—the time when the voters take the decision into their own hands, leaving the experts suspended, unable to offer any analysis until they know which outcome they should be analyzing—but it was clear that afternoon that what the voters did could produce two very different kinds of stories, and interpretations.

As for the overload, among the other events of that day, the Soviet Union announced that it would not participate in the Olympics, to be held this summer in Los Angeles. (This had been prefigured when Jimmy Carter had the United States boycott the 1980 Olympics in reaction to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and was made still more likely by the current state of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union.) In fact, relations with the Soviet Union are at the lowest state since the end of the Cold War, as a result of the Reagan Administration's highly ideological approach to the Soviet Union,



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and the Soviet Union's unwillingness to give Reagan anything that might help him politically. Nuclear-arms-control negotiations are nonexistent, those Administration officials who don't really want to negotiate with the Soviets having prevailed. Also on that Tuesday, there were reports of an assassination plot against the Libyan leader Colonel Muammar Qaddafi (it failed); a man sprayed the Quebec National Assembly with submachine-gun fire; a terrible thunderstorm ripped through Washington, blackening the late afternoon. A pleasanter aspect of the day was the commemoration, in events in Congress and at the White House, of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Harry S Truman, whose leadership qualities and unaffected style have gained him a degree of admiration he never had during his Presidency. (Later in the week, Richard Nixon, who is enjoying his own form of rehabilitation, spoke before, of all things, the American Society of Newspaper Editors, which responded to him warmly. Memories fade, and, besides, Nixon displayed a grasp of foreign policy that is not matched by the current President, and a certain humor. That Nixon remains bitter, and still doesn't understand why he had to leave office, is clear from interviews he gives, but Nixon is never not interesting.) And, in what may have been another political event of great significance on Tuesday, the prime interest rate rose, from twelve to twelve and a half per cent. This was the third rise since mid-March, when the prime rate was eleven per cent. The rise in interest rates makes the President's advisers nervous, and the Administration immediately blamed the Federal Reserve Board. The Fed and the Administration have had a tentative relationship at best all along: in 1981, in order to keep the Administration's loose fiscal policies (the large tax cut and the increase in defense spending) from leading to inflation, the Fed tightened credit and thus contributed to the recession; from mid-1982 through the spring of 1983, it loosened credit and helped spur the recovery; now, in the face of the extraordinary deficits, it is tightening credit again. Long-term interest rates, which are not under the control of the Fed but are determined by people's expectations about inflation, deficits, and other economic factors, have gone up even more sharply than the short-term rates directly influenced by the Fed. The rise in the prime rate treated us to another round

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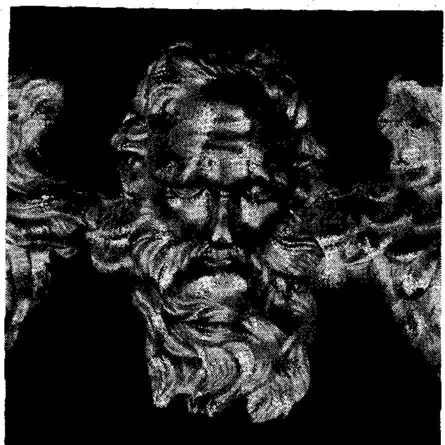

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in the battle between Donald Regan, the Treasury Secretary, and Martin Feldstein, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. Regan criticized the Fed for the rise in interest rates and said that its policy could have a worrisome effect on the economy by the time of the election. (A number of economists think that Regan's criticizing the Fed set off fears of an inflationary policy and caused long-term rates to go up again.) Feldstein said, "The Fed is pursuing the right kind of policies." Feldstein added that the deficit should be cut by twice as much as the Administration was asking. And on Wednesday he resigned, effective this summer; he said that he had always planned to return to Harvard in the fall. The President made no effort to encourage Feldstein to stay.

On Wednesday night, the President went on television to ask that Congress approve his request for more military aid to El Salvador. The House was to vote on the matter the next day. The President's political advisers saw that there was some risk in having the President, by making a television address, become even more identified with another policy that could go bad, but they concluded that it was, as one put it, "worth the candle," because the President's speech came far enough away from the election, and because if things did go bad in Central America the President would be in a better position to blame Congress. The President's speech portrayed the Central American problem as simply an East-West struggle, and dramatically cited the dangers the President saw if his request wasn't approved. Reagan also termed critics of his policy "new isolationists," who "would yield to the temptation to do nothing" in the face of Cuban-Soviet aggression. Though his recounting of events overlooked some facts, and gave his own version of some others, he seemed utterly convinced of what he was saying, and his case was, on the face of it, convincing. There are many people, and not just Democrats, who have a different, and more complex, view of what is happening in Central America, but the President does not seem to recognize complexity. (From what is known of his work habits, it is hard to imagine him calling in a number of experts and questioning them about the complexities of the matter.) This makes it easier for him to make his case—in this area as in others. The Democrats are in the opposite situation. Because they see the problem, and the solutions, as more complex, they have a harder time explaining themselves. Senator Joseph Biden, Democrat of Delaware, who is a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and of the Intelligence Committee, said, "We have to say 'Give aid, but—' That's harder to explain." Biden says that another problem facing the Democrats is that "this Administration has, as a consequence of making many, and wrong, judgments along the way, narrowed the range of options that are available—to everyone. To them, to us." He was referring to the militarization of the region, the lack of pressure on the El Salvador government for reform, the assumption that the only way to influence the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua is through military action. (The Administration has not only expanded the United States' military presence in El Salvador, and funded and directed the contras fighting the Nicaraguan government, but has stationed three thousand troops in Honduras and has drawn Honduras and Costa Rica—the contras operate from both countries—closer to the conflict.) An action-reaction cycle is under way, and no one knows where it will lead.

In addition, Congress remains reluctant to challenge the President on foreign policy—especially in an election year. Moreover, the election, on May 6th, of José Napoleón Duarte, a reformer who seeks political accommodation, as President of El Salvador made Congress more willing to approve the aid. The only issue was on what terms. The day after the speech, the House narrowly agreed to authorize the funds, essentially without conditions about dealing with the death squads and seeking political accommodation. Most Democrats had argued that the aid should be tied to economic and social reforms. (On the same day, the World Court held, in a preliminary ruling, that the United States should halt any attempts to mine or blockade Nicaraguan ports. The State Department said there was nothing in the decision that it could not accept; officials had said that the mining stopped in late March.) But the argument over the terms of aid, while not unimportant, was not about what really concerns people—of both parties—here. The real question about El Salvador is whether the situation is salvageable, and how, and at what cost. The real fear is that the military situation in Central America has not only grown but become open-ended. No one is certain that the negotiating path will work either within El Salvador or with Nicaragua through the Contadora nations—Mexico, Panama, Venezuela, and Colombia—but very few people, including people within the government, believe that the military approach will be ultimately successful. Another question is whether our political system and our temperament allow for the patience that a problem like Central America requires.

Today, the House narrowly voted to continue production of the MX missile. In a compromise arrived at with the White House by Representative Les Aspin, Democrat of Wisconsin, fewer additional missiles would be built than the President sought, and the money would not be spent if the Soviet Union returned to the strategic-arms talks. The rationale for proceeding with the missile was stood on its head: last year, the argument was that giving the President the MX would make him more forthcoming on arms control; now that there are no talks, the argument was that proceeding with the MX would give the Soviets an incentive to negotiate. In the debate, Representative Les AuCoin, Democrat of Oregon, said, "If we can't kill the MX missile when there are negotiations, and we can't kill the MX missile when there are no negotiations, when can we kill a missile that everyone agrees makes no intrinsic military sense?"

In his Central America speech, the President made only a brief reference to his recent trip to China, which produced lovely pictures of him at banquets, at the Great Wall, looking at excavations. On his trip, Reagan, who was widely given great credit for recognizing the importance of dealing with China (Nixon had started that), pushed things a bit in some of his appearances by criticizing the Soviet Union and talking about religious freedom and democratic values—only to have his comments censored by Chinese television. And his major tangible achievement, an agreement to sell nuclear equipment and technology to China, turns out to have relied for its safeguards against China's exporting the technology on an ambiguous dinner toast delivered by Chinese Premier Zhao Ziyang. Congress is now looking into the matter.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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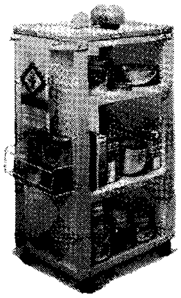

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Out of the Maze

I BEGAN an evening's listening on Monday last week in Carnegie Hall, where the Danish National Orchestra, conducted by Sixten Ehrling, introduced Hans Abrahamsen's "Nacht und Trompeten" to New York. Abrahamsen, born in Copenhagen in 1952, came to attention when he was eighteen as a highly talented exemplar of Denmark's "new simplicity." Europe's musical "minimalism" was not like America's: it began as something closer to Stravinskian neo-classicism; "concretism" was another name for this reassembling of the stuff of traditional music in modern patterns unrestricted by the traditional canons of relationship and consequence. As the Danish critic Jan Jacoby put it:

> History cannot go backwards, and the "new simplicity" was, in fact, a new way of looking at old material. The well-worn tonal phrases no longer impart their full emotional value. They have become neutralized and can be utilized by the composer like toy bricks, free for him to manipulate. The old gestural coherence has lost its impact, and a new meaning must be sought.

But, of course, tonal phrases haven't lost their emotional value; and in their different ways newly simple composers (Kurt Schwertsik in Austria, Jonathan Lloyd in England, Abrahamsen in Denmark, Conrad Cummings in this country) find their way back to what Abrahamsen has called "real music"—new music cognizant of both the adventurous past and the adventurous present. "Nacht und Trompeten," composed in 1981, was given its first performance in 1982, by the Berlin Philharmonic. It is a short piece (lasting about nine minutes) for classical orchestra—strings, double woodwinds, two trumpets and two horns, kettledrums, no trombones—plus high trumpet, piano, and four more percussionists, called on to play four differently pitched and "beautifully resonant" matched gongs. A program note left the title unexplained. The music suggested that "night" was the confusion of wonderful ideas that the past has left with us, and that "trumpets" heralded an attempt to make sense of it all. Both Abrahamsen's ear for scoring and his inventions were cogent. I look forward to hearing more of his music. The woodwind quintet "Walden" (1978), based on Thoreau, seems from descriptions a particularly attractive piece.

The Danish concert began with Dvořák's overture "Carnival," of which Mr. Ehrling conducted a gruff, insensitive performance, and continued with Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto—Peter Zazofsky as soloist—and Carl Nielsen's Sinfonia Espansiva. I was tempted to stay; but in a critic's calendar new music takes precedence of old, and at Alice Tully Hall the American Composers Orchestra was offering two world premières and a New York première. To hear the Abrahamsen, I had missed the start of the A.C.O. concert, an account of Randall Thompson's Second Symphony, composed in 1930-31, and revived in honor of his eighty-fifth birthday; there are two recordings of it. The new works that followed were all three easy to listen to, but all three seemed slightly stale. They were by composers older than Abrahamsen—Otto Luening, born in 1900, and Les Thimmig and Joseph Schwantner, born in 1943—and were in comfortable middle-brow manners covered by the fashionable umbrella of the "New Romanticism." A composer's age, of course, has no direct bearing on the freshness of his music—next year we celebrate the quatercentenary of Heinrich Schütz, who broke new ground in his eighties—and pieces worth hearing can be written in almost any idiom. (Every musician discovers styles that attract him, others that repel him. Critics try to keep themselves open to as many as possible; I draw a line only at music mechanically amplified to a point where it inflicts physical pain and aural damage.) There was no harm in these works. It just seemed a pity that performers and listeners were devoting time and attention to commonplaces.

"Well, what do you want to be when you grow up, Mr. Bromley?"

Thimmig's Concerto for Bass Clarinet, commissioned by the A.C.O., alternated smoochy mood music for the soloist with jazz-inspired episodes for the orchestra. The composer was a polished soloist; Paul Dunkel conducted. Luening's Symphonic Fantasia No. 4, conducted by Leonard Slatkin, was a civilized, unexacting five minutes of musical small talk by a man who has touched and influenced the music of our century at many points—small talk proceeding from a well-stocked and witty mind. Is Luening's opera "Evangeline" (1930, revised in 1948), admired by Virgil Thomson, due for revival?

For a while, Schwantner seemed to be an interesting and promising composer. His "Aftertones of Infinity," commissioned by the A.C.O. (and recorded on Mercury), won a Pulitzer

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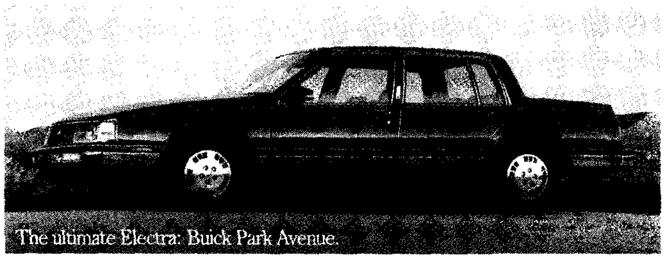

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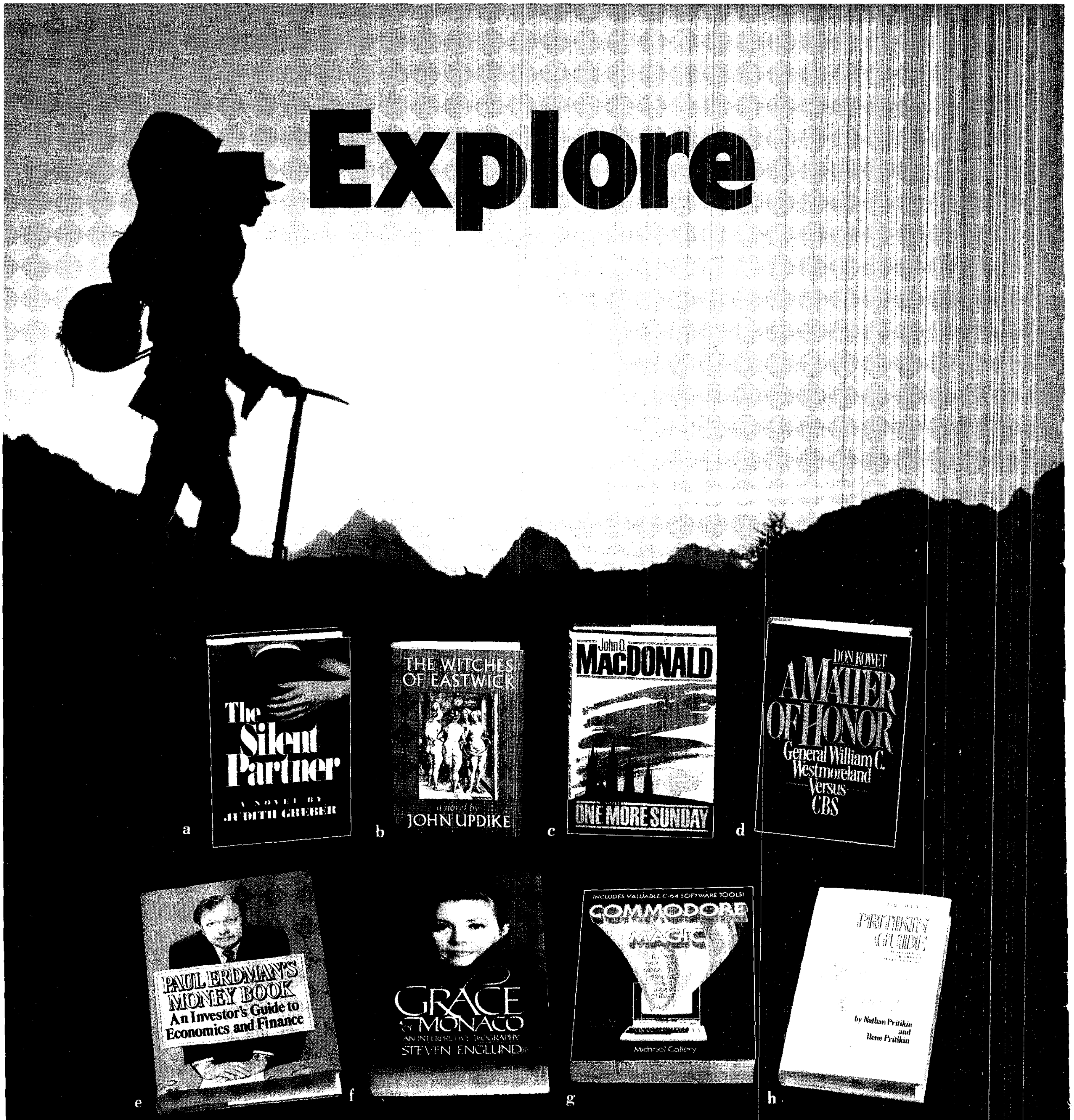
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Prize in 1979. The later works of his I've heard have struck me as pretty empty—conventional responses to poetic texts, carried out, admittedly, with confidence, technical skill, and an able command of color. "Magabunda (Witchnomad)," first performed in St. Louis last year, ended the A.C.O. concert. It is a setting for soprano and orchestra of four poems—two in English, two in Spanish—from Agueda Pizarro's collection "Sombraventadora/Shadowinnower." The English pair first appeared in 1980 for soprano and piano, and were commissioned by Lucy Shelton, who has been the muse of several Schwantner pieces. (Her recording of his "Sparrows," a cycle for soprano and eight players, in the Smithsonian album N 022, provides a good example of his deft, superficially attractive music.) In the orchestral version and in the new songs Schwantner uses an orchestra as large as Strauss's in the Four Last Songs; and Miss Shelton used a microphone when singing them. Even so, she didn't quite come through. She is a good artist, but her voice is small and often a shade edgy. Although "Magabunda" was written for her, it seemed to be written as if for a fuller and more dramatic soprano.

The conductor was again Mr. Slatkin. In the June *Keynote*, he writes:

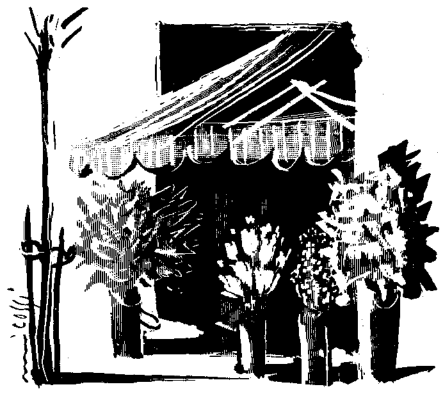
> It seems as if the experimentalists of the Fifties and Sixties, although having not completely faded, have been pushed into the background by a school of composers who wish their music to be understood immediately by audiences hearing their works for the first time. This is a great help to the performer as well. Too often I have found it difficult to communicate a work successfully to an audience when I myself have great difficulty understanding all of the musical elements in a given piece.

I can well imagine Mr. Slatkin's having difficulty with, say, such a masterpiece as Elliott Carter's Symphony of Three Orchestras. Composers he commends are David Del Tredici, Schwantner, Christopher Rouse, John Adams, Steve Reich, Robert Beaser, and Jacob Druckman. Well, I've enjoyed works by those able composers, too, but haven't coupled my commendation with sneers at more challenging music appreciated by what Mr. Slatkin calls "just a handful of so-called 'musical élite.' " The "New Romanticism" draws close to old commercialism and old laziness. Roger Sessions' chapter "The Listener" in his "The Musical Experience of Composer, Performer, Listener" (a Princeton paperback) provides a thoughtful rebuttal of "the slogan, sometimes couched in more refined and even quasi-intellectual terms . . . 'Give the public what it wants;' " and his chapter "Hearing, Knowing, and Understanding Music" in "Questions About Music" (a Norton paperback) offers encouraging and helpful counsel to the listener with "a willing ear" who is baffled by a difficult new work yet feels that there is "something there." Some good works can be "understood immediately" by audiences hearing them for the first time. Many great works waited long before being understood and enjoyed.

With this concert, the A.C.O. completed its eighth season (but it assembles again next month for a concert in the Philharmonic's Horizons '84 festival). The ninth season has been announced: four concerts in Tully, one in Symphony Space—with bargain subscription prices ranging from eighteen to forty-two dollars for the five. It's plainly a valuable, important element in our musical life, this full-sized symphony orchestra devoted largely to contemporary American music. It has championed no special trends. Its programming has had a middle-of-the-road, fair-shares-for-all, something-for-everyone quality. Two paths—one creative, one commemorative—have been pursued. The bills look as if they were drawn up by a middle-aged, fair-minded committee, not by fiery committed individuals. It's not an organization like the London Sinfonietta, which Nicholas Kenyon, in an article in the June *Keynote* comparing New York's and London's musical life, describes as

> an orchestral-sized group that for sheer commitment and excellence outshines anything I encountered in New York. It achieves more than the American Composers Orchestra, because its artistic policy is more characterful, its personnel is more regular, its administration full-time, and its concerts more frequent. It achieves more than Speculum Musicae, because it operates on an altogether larger scale. And in one important sense it achieves more than the New York Philharmonic (and more than London's main orchestras) because the new music it commissions and the contemporary classics it constantly keeps alive are performed with an absolute belief in their worth.

Beside Britons young and old, Gilbert Amy, Berio, Boulez, Earle Brown, Carter, Crumb, Henze, Ligeti, Lutosławski, Messiaen, Sinopoli, Stockhausen are among the composers played by the Sinfonietta. It has probably given more Carter performances than any other orchestra. (It commissioned "In Sleep, in Thunder," and took it on tour earlier this year.) Its intégrales of Varèse, Webern, Stravinsky, and Roberto Gerhard enriched recent London seasons. It ventures into opera: played for Covent Garden's production of Henze's "We Come to the River" and La Scala's of "The Rake's Progress;" performed and recorded Harrison Birtwistle's "Punch and Judy" (with Phyllis Bryn-Julson and Jan DeGaetani) and Tippett's "King Priam;" next month does Tippett's "Knot Garden" in a run with "La Calisto" at the Royal Court Theatre. (I go into this detail because my remark two weeks ago that New York "lacks any counterpart of the London Sinfonietta" was challenged.) The American Composers Orchestra has its eponymous brief and within it ranges permissively and promiscuously. "*All* must have prizes," said the Dodo. The lack of partisanship, the refusal to play favorites, is plainly a good thing in some ways but makes it hard for one to get excited about the orchestra. Representation for all is worthy; ardent championship—such as Speculum's, Parnassus'—blazes more brightly. Scanning the A.C.O.'s 1984-85 fare, one sees without enthusiasm what are likely to be conscientious, professional performances of several decent compositions from fifty to twenty-five years old, all of them available on record. But sees, too, enough new music, from American composers of every stripe, and even some young ones, to insure that audiences will be eager to hear at least a part of every program.



PETER LIEBERSON's Piano Concerto—one of twelve compositions commissioned by the Boston Symphony to mark its centenary—was played in Boston in April last year, and later at Tanglewood. It was revived in Boston this year, and was brought by the orchestra to Avery Fisher Hall last month. It's a substantial three-move-

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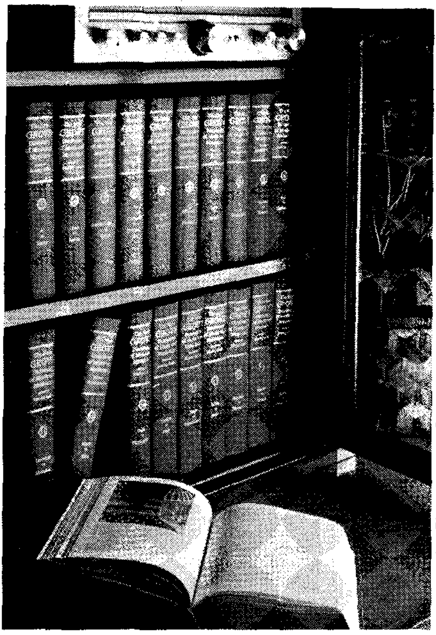

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ment piece, and a fine one—a major addition to the modern concerto repertory. I’ve admired and liked Lieberson’s music since first I heard it—the Concerto for Four Groups of Instruments, played by Speculum in 1973, the Cello Concerto in 1974. Those works weren’t easy; I couldn’t grasp them at first hearing. But the Concerto for Four Groups was recorded (on CRI), and the Cello Concerto had three performances in successive years; by the third of them I began to hear how its quicksilver ideas fitted together. Then Lieberson stopped composing for a while. He spoke of “musical claustrophobia;” he’d possibly written himself into a post-serialism impasse. The Piano Concerto, on which he worked for three years, represents an extraordinary release. It’s his first orchestral composition. It’s larger, richer, and more confident than anything he’s done before. It’s music attractive and impressive at a first encounter which becomes more so at each subsequent hearing. (Boston performances were broadcast, and New World Records has recorded the work; the disc is due for release this fall.)

There are several ways of entering the concerto. The first movement begins with low F-sharps and resolves at length on a bright F-sharp and A-sharp (spelled B-flat) chord. The central movement opens with the same chord but ends with a solo A from the oboe, prepared by a long leading-note trill. At the start of the finale, A’s glint through many octaves (rather like the G’s at the start of the Nile Scene in “Aida”), but the concerto ends with soft-pulsing F-sharps, to which a crotale at last adds the major third (though it sounds more like a soft, shimmering overtone brought forward than a positive A-sharp or B-flat added). So there’s a tonal structure to hang on to. There’s also a “program;” for, the program note told us, “each movement reflects in a musical way the composer’s ‘poetic vision’ as based on the Buddhist principles of heaven, earth, and man.” The first movement, “earth,” is often solid, massy, in low registers. In the second movement, a scherzo enclosing an adagio, “man” is unstable, unpredictable, driven, and—in the adagio—yearning. In the finale, the composer says, “the music is inspired by ‘heaven,’ not in the theological sense, but in the Buddhist sense of spaciousness, and room for things to take place.” Its huge spread of A’s at the start seems to lay out a calm universe embracing all. The programmatic summary makes things sound too simple, however; it provides just a starting point for the large, energetic, purely musical adventures. There are also melodies. Lieberson tells us (“It sounds so corny to say this, but it’s actually true”) that while “sitting around, waiting for something to happen in terms of the piece” he heard a bird sing, and the song suggested a tune, and the tune suggested a twelve-note set, “so I had some material to work with, and that’s where it started.” The twelve-note melody is a beautiful one—easy to memorize, easy to sing, even easy to harmonize over a ripe Elgarian chord sequence. There is another beautiful melody in the adagio, played by a solo cello accompanied by four violas. The work freely makes use of the gestures, the textures, and the harmonies of romantic piano concertos from Brahms to Rachmaninoff. The piano writing has Chopinesque, Bartókian, Schoenbergian elements; it’s fluid, decorative, purposeful. The *Times* critic said, “Mr. Lieberson’s intent seems to have been to compose a virtuoso piece that would synthesize many of the influences on twentieth-century music,” and found that “the work went along in a disjointed way, one densely packed section following another without discernible logic or sense of inevitability.” I didn’t find that, and would therefore put it somewhat differently: in giving shape to his clearly formed vision of the concerto, the composer boldly availed himself of still eloquent procedures, timbres, rhetorical modes from the past, as all concerto composers have done. The result never sounds stale or secondhand. It’s a thoroughly composed, beautifully worked, excellently balanced, and spacious concerto. At first hearing, I was mildly puzzled by episodes in the finale where the impulse seemed to falter or where joins seemed to show. At later hearings, these became necessary transitions or points of repose.

The piece is dedicated to its first soloist and its first conductor, Peter Serkin and Seiji Ozawa. The piano part is immensely taxing; I thought Mr. Serkin played it superlatively well—with intellectual and physical vigor, lyricism, clarity, and brilliance. Mr. Ozawa’s players sounded assured, colorful, committed, and individually eloquent in their solo lines.

—ANDREW PORTER

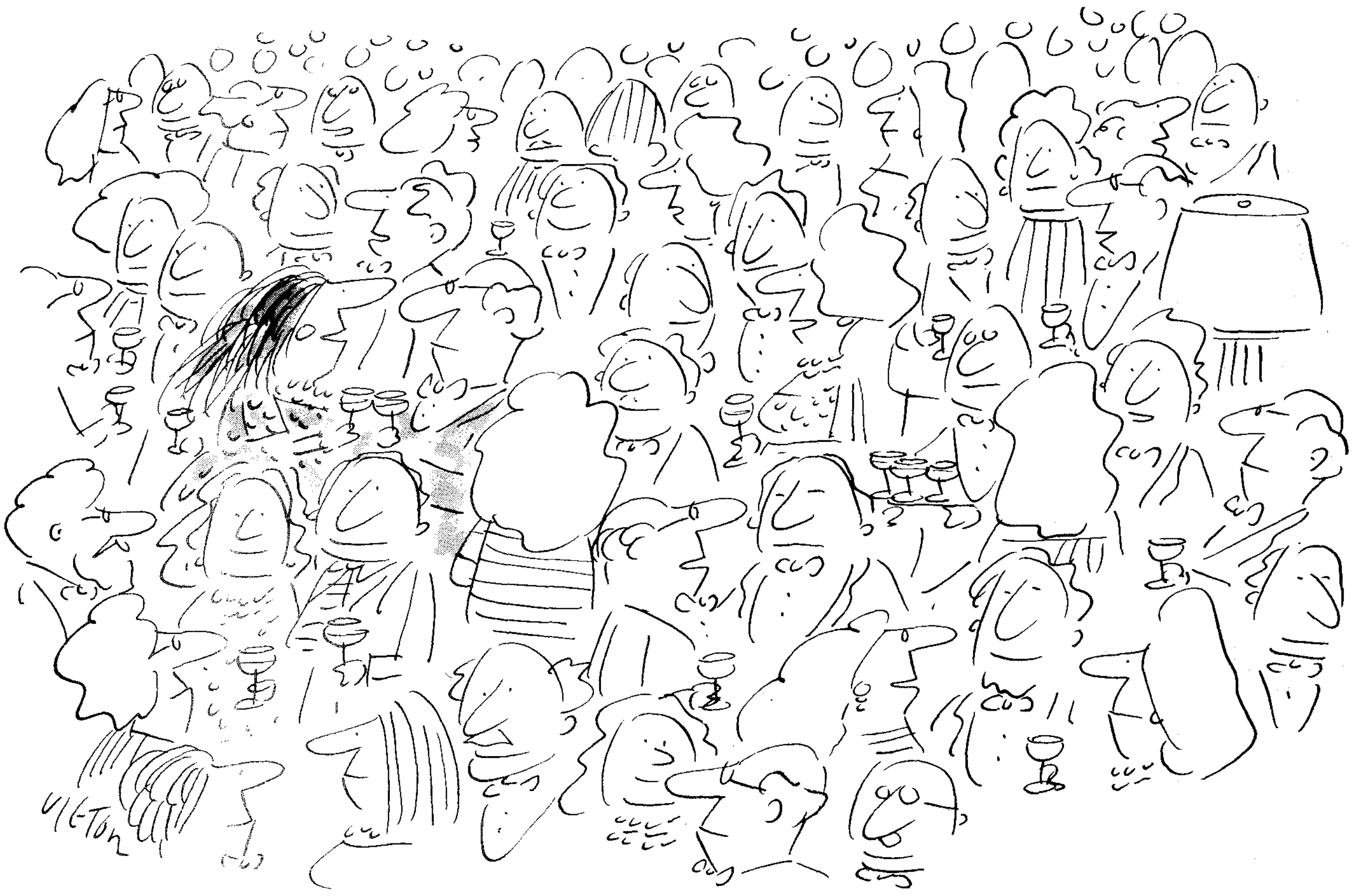
BOOKS

Born Again

Professor Joseph Frank, of Princeton University, is planning a five-volume study of the life and works of Dostoevsky. A number of evident arguments can be advanced in explanation and justification of such a scale. Dostoevsky was himself a master of magnitude—a novelist, essayist, publicist whose writings tower over those of most (merely distinguished, merely historically significant) authors. Dostoevsky identified, reshaped, summoned to compelling imaginative life large tracts of what we have come to experience as psychological, political, and aesthetic modernity. It is as difficult to represent, to analyze the tenor of twentieth-century sensibility without Dostoevsky as it would be to do so without, say, Nietzsche or Freud (both of whom drew crucially on their Russian contemporary and predecessor). The walker in the modern city, the conservative clinging to a twilit God, the utopian terrorist now so murderous in domestic and international politics come *after* "Crime and Punishment," "The Devils," and "The Brothers Karamazov." So do the characteristic appetite for depths, the fascinated acquiescence in the pathological energies and torments of the human psyche in our models or therapeutic mythologies of consciousness and in our literatures.

The personal life of Dostoevsky (1821-81) was, moreover, of a dimension and complexity to match his works. It included episodes of public violence and of intimate, closely guarded ecstasy (itself tinged with violence). Feodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky knew—came to know—both utmost personal, material, social abjection and moments of wild national adulation. Having achieved fantastic acclaim with his very first fiction, "Poor Folk," he would, almost to the end of his career, have to struggle to secure adequate recognition and economic reward for the much greater novels of his maturity. A somewhat enigmatic chronic illness—citing a bevy of specialists, Professor Frank identifies it as a form of epilepsy resembling the psychomotor-temporal-lobe type more than any other—harried Dostoevsky while proving to be, at the same time, one of the incitements to immensely heightened, clairvoyant states of perception. He was, furthermore, one of a constellation of major artists and thinkers. Belinsky, Tolstoy, Turgenev cross his path. European revolutions and the formidable tensions of revolution delayed in Russia pervaded Dostoevsky's existence. Despite a voluminous bibliography, despite full-scale biographical studies by Leonid Grossman and Konstantin Mochulsky, there remain details to be clarified and obscurities to be argued (the exact nature of the death of Dostoevsky's father, the novelist's relations with his imperious mistress Apollinaria Suslova, to cite only the most dramatic). As Professor Frank demonstrates, new material is still surfacing. Nevertheless, his second tome, "Dostoevsky: The Years of Ordeal, 1850-1859" (Princeton; $25), does show the strains of a planned immensity.

In the early-morning hours of



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April 23, 1849, in St. Petersburg, Dostoevsky was taken into police custody together with other members of a philosophical-literary debating-and-discussion circle headed by one Mikhail Petrashevsky. Incarcerated in the notorious Peter and Paul Fortress, Dostoevsky was interrogated about his alleged role in the expression and dissemination of politically subversive and conspiratorial views. On the icy morning of December 22nd, the novelist and those who had been arrested at the same time as he were taken to Semenovsky Square. A macabre ceremony and mock ritual ensued. Three of the prisoners were tied to stakes, and the firing squad took up its position. Dostoevsky was among the next three waiting to be shot. Drums beat retreat, and the condemned men were informed that the Czar had, in his infinite mercy, commuted their death sentences to forced labor in Siberia and varying terms of penal service in the Army. In at least one of Dostoevsky's companions on the scaffold, this appalling piece of playacting induced mental collapse.

It was Christmas Day as Dostoevsky, in shackles, began the harsh yet life-restoring journey to the prison stockade at Omsk. For four years, he lived the life of a convict, of a man in literal chains in "the house of the dead." The threat of corporal punishment at the whim of a drunk, sadistic prison governor was constant. As was the danger that Dostoevsky's bestialized fellow-prisoners would turn on the educated, perhaps marginally privileged ex-nobleman and littérateur. Released from the stockade in mid-February, 1854, he began military service in Semipalatinsk, on the edge of Russian Asia. There followed years of bitter struggle for rehabilitation. Each step—promotion within and release from the Army, the restoration of civil rights and of Dostoevsky's hereditary rank, and, above all, the lifting of the interdict on his right to publish written work—demanded interminable labors and humiliations, and luck. In February, 1857, well on the way to a return to normal existence, Dostoevsky entered on a first marriage, to Marya Dimitrievna, which was in almost every regard to prove calamitous. In late December, 1859, nearly ten years to the day after his departure into punitive hell, Dostoevsky, together with wife and child, returned to St. Petersburg. The largely forgotten novelist, the former convict and forced laborer, ex-Ensign F. M. Dostoev-

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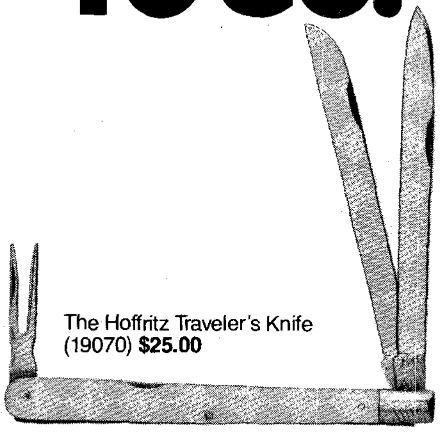

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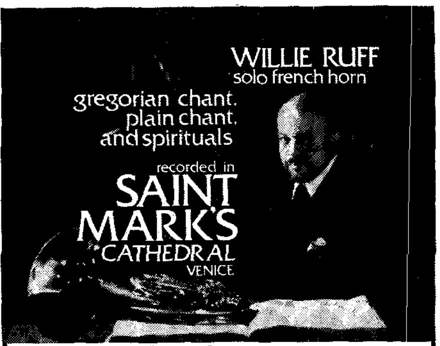

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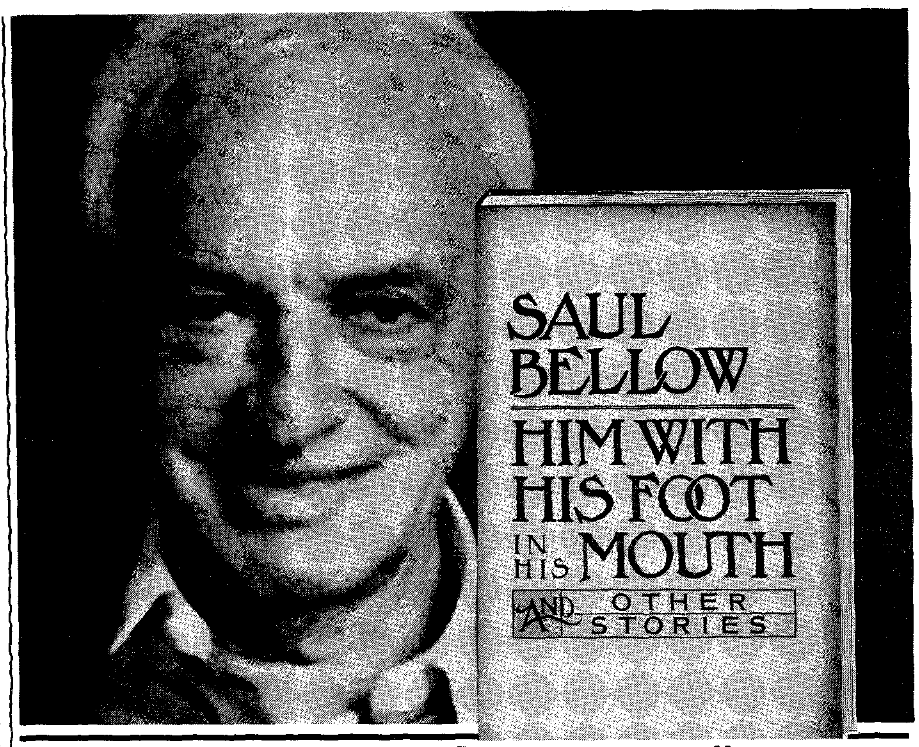
sky, was, by order of the Czar, to be kept under surveillance. The immediate moment, however, was one of resurrection. Professor Frank writes, "Let us end the narrative of this portion of Dostoevsky's life at the joyous moment when his old friends have gathered round to greet the returning exile and drink his health and happiness. Let us take leave of him before the spontaneous conviviality of this reunion has been fractured by ideological enmity, before the burdens he is about to assume have begun to weigh him down, and while he is still basking in the heady exuberance of his homecoming." (This temporary valediction is a fine one, and Professor Frank's cadences and idiom are delightfully American.)

This sombre, parabolic story has been told and retold. Biographers, literary critics, psychologists (Freud among them), philosophers of religion have pondered the meanings and the impact of Dostoevsky's mock execution, of his years in the Siberian *katorga*, of his marriage to Marya Dimitrievna, of the apparent metamorphosis in his religious and political persuasions between the time of the Petrashevsky affair and his return to the capital. The literature is vast and detailed. What matters far more: Dostoevsky himself has left us a series of incomparably penetrating, poignant, self-scrutinizing testimonies. "The Idiot," "The Diary of a Writer," the conversations with such contemporaries and disciples as Vsevolod Solovyev contain barely disguised or, indeed, straightforward accounts of Dostoevsky's experiences in incarceration and of the incident in Semenovsky Square. We have the letters that Dostoevsky sent to his brother Mikhail from Omsk and Semipalatinsk. Above all, there is the overwhelming record set down in "House of the Dead," the one work by Dostoevsky that Tolstoy found flawless and with which the Soviet regime has always felt more or less comfortable.

There are, unquestionably, discriminations to be made between the evidence presented by immediate autobiographical witness or personal recollection and that objectified by the scholar and critic. The penitential decade Dostoevsky had undergone, which he came to envision as a miracle of regenerative suffering, assumed a symbolic and narrative radiance in his remembrance and work. Here lay the pilgrim's infernal path to a *vita nuova* of the humbled yet exalted spirit. Chron-



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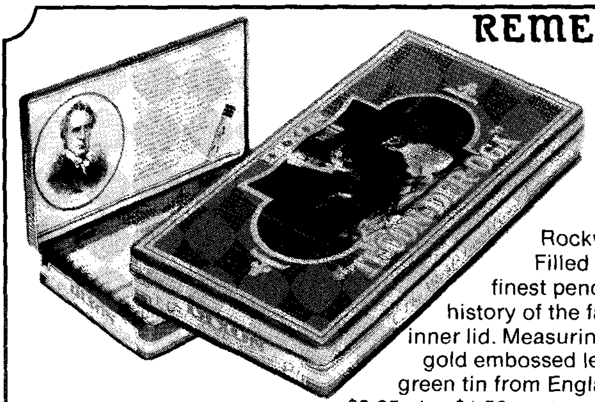

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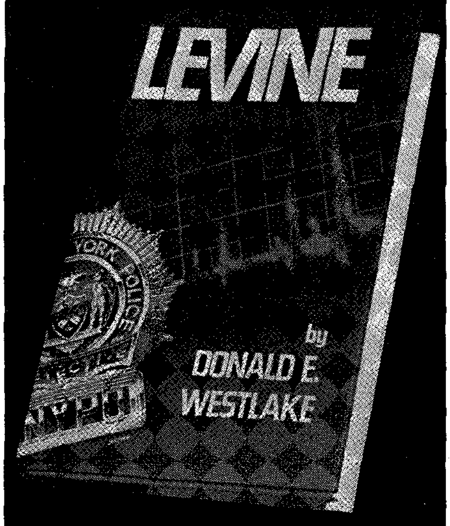

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icles of pilgrimages to holy sites in Russia were, in fact, among the very first texts that Dostoevsky read in the dark cell of the Peter and Paul bastion. Outsiders have, legitimately and patiently, sought to arrive at a cooler and more documentary view of the whole apocalyptic scenario. Given Dostoevsky's manifold reports, given the secondary material that has accumulated around them, is there now really much to add?

Professor Frank makes extensive and authoritative use of Soviet research on Dostoevsky published over the past fifteen years. Thereby hangs a fascinating tale. Dostoevsky's messianic and mystical religiosity, his implacable analyses and rejections of secular utopias and the illusions of socialism which they bred had made him a dangerous outcast in the official culture of the U.S.S.R. A number of his works had taken on a clandestine status; others were available only in bowdlerized versions. During the Stalinist twilight, literary criticism on Dostoevsky, with isolated, brave exceptions, sank to implausible levels of servile polemic or obscurantism. During the past decades, the interdict has slowly been lifted. A scholarly, editorially responsible complete edition is now in progress. Rumor has it that it will owe its completion to the awkward fact that a Japanese publisher, who will issue a translation, had paid in advance for the entire thirty volumes. (A certain bureaucratic superstition about contracts does play a part in Soviet sensibility.) Be that as it may, the first twenty-three volumes of the collected writings have appeared in Leningrad. It looks as if everything will be included, with the (ironic) exception of a few of the more hysterically anti-Semitic and racist patches in Dostoevsky's letters. Together with this edition has come a vigorous renascence in Russian-language studies of Dostoevsky's life and literary history, and a revival, albeit more tentative, of literary-philosophical debate on the major novels.

Drawing on this recent material, and on his own untiring documentary research, Professor Frank is able to clear up and to detail a number of points in these "years of ordeal." He is able to show that Dostoevsky benefitted, even in the worst period of incarceration, from certain discreet alleviations and protections. If Frank is right, the novelist was never flogged and, it may even be, never in immediate danger of corporal chastisement.

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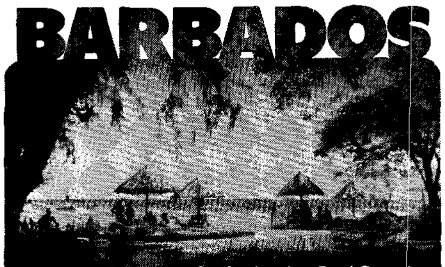

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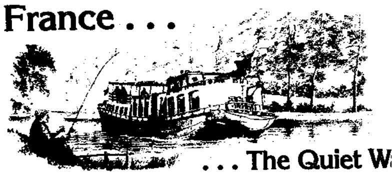

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The etiology and precise history of Dostoevsky's "sacred infirmity" are set out with unprecedented exactitude. The tragicomic imbroglio and the self-deceptions of the first marriage emerge graphically from Professor Frank's patient, compassionate investigation. We learn much—too much, perhaps—of the sycophantic patriotism, of the almost hysterical servility toward the regime, that Dostoevsky clarioned in the literary texts he sent to the authorities from his Siberian exile. When he says that "many things remain uncertain and conjectural about Dostoevsky's four years of internment in the prison camp," Professor Frank is being scrupulously modest. It is, in any event, doubtful that anything of substance will come to be added to his chronicle.

But the focus of interest is not documentary. The cardinal issue is that of Dostoevsky's inner "conversion," of his transformation from a humanitarian "socialist" in the West European liberal vein into a fiercely patriotic, fiercely reactionary believer in Christ, in Holy Russia, and in the eschatological mission of the Slavic race. The psychological mechanism, the biographical and inward scenario of this mutation have been closely investigated not only by Dostoevsky himself but by the numerous biographers, literary critics, and psychologists who have combed his life and works. The simulacrum of death in Semenovsky Square triggered in Dostoevsky a literal trauma of resurrection. Henceforth, the mere brute fact of life, of a human being's awakening at dawn, took on a pulsing aura of miracle. Survival under these macabre yet fantastic circumstances had borne the manifest imprint of God's grace and, *mutatis mutandis*, the mark of some secret yet enigmatically radiant affinity with the passion and resurrection of Christ. The actual fiat of pardon had come from God's and the Saviour's deputy in Holy Russia, the Czar. Autocracy itself, theocratic in its symbolism and its Byzantine roots, found itself drawn into the ambit of Dostoevsky's rebirth. The "scandalous," shocking form of that rebirth gave to Dostoevsky's poetics and philosophy of history their apocalyptic blaze. Professor Frank writes:

> Dostoevsky's morality is similar to what some theologians, speaking of the early Christians, have called an "interim ethics," that is, an ethics whose uncompromising extremism springs from the lurking imminence of the Day of Judgment and the Final Reckoning: there is no time for any-

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thing but the last kiss of reconciliation because, quite literally, there *is* no "time." The strength (as well as some of the weakness) of Dostoevsky's work may ultimately be traced to the stabbing acuity with which, above all, he wished to communicate the saving power of this eschatological core of the Christian faith.

To this core the years in "the house of the dead" added a second major conviction. Among his companions in inferno, Dostoevsky found utmost savagery, moral dissolution, bestial ignorance. But he also found unexpected depths of humaneness, of earthy truth, of repentance and humble hope. Diffuse sentimentalities about the virtues of the humbled and the oppressed in Dostoevsky's early fiction—meliorist principles founded largely on the precedent of Schiller, Dickens, or George Sand—turned into perceptions of vibrant immediacy. They also contracted. What had been a general humanitarianism condensed to a fervid belief in the singular genius, in the messianic destiny, in the inherent sacredness of the Russian people. Never again would Dostoevsky look on men and women outside the Slavic halo as anything but theologically, historically deprived beings. The line from the hysterically patriotic verse Dostoevsky penned in Siberia after his release from incarceration to the famous declarations of messianic Slavic imperialism which he made apropos of Pushkin toward the end of his life is continuous. He wrote in Siberia:

> To her [Russia] a million generations
> Untiringly stretch out their hands.

All this has long been clear. Dostoevsky's memoirs, tracts, political journalism bear ample witness to the savage wonder of his "living death" and rebirth. So, matchlessly, do the fictionalized treatments of this experience in "Crime and Punishment," "The Idiot," "The Devils," and "The Brothers Karamazov." There is, in essence, nothing very new to be said. Professor Frank seems to sense this. In his elaborate review of familiar psychological ground, his striving after nuance and confirmation is palpable. For the reader, the effect is, inevitably, one of padding.

It may well be that only another great artist can penetrate as deeply into Dostoevsky's pilgrimage from midnight to noon as did Dostoevsky himself. Janáček's opera "From the House of the Dead" speaks to its source in deepening echo. It remains the most illuminating commentary and reading we have. It passes unmentioned in Professor Frank's book. Perhaps this second volume does tell us everything, but nothing else. Yet such is the dignity of the enterprise that one waits, gratefully, for the next.

—GEORGE STEINER

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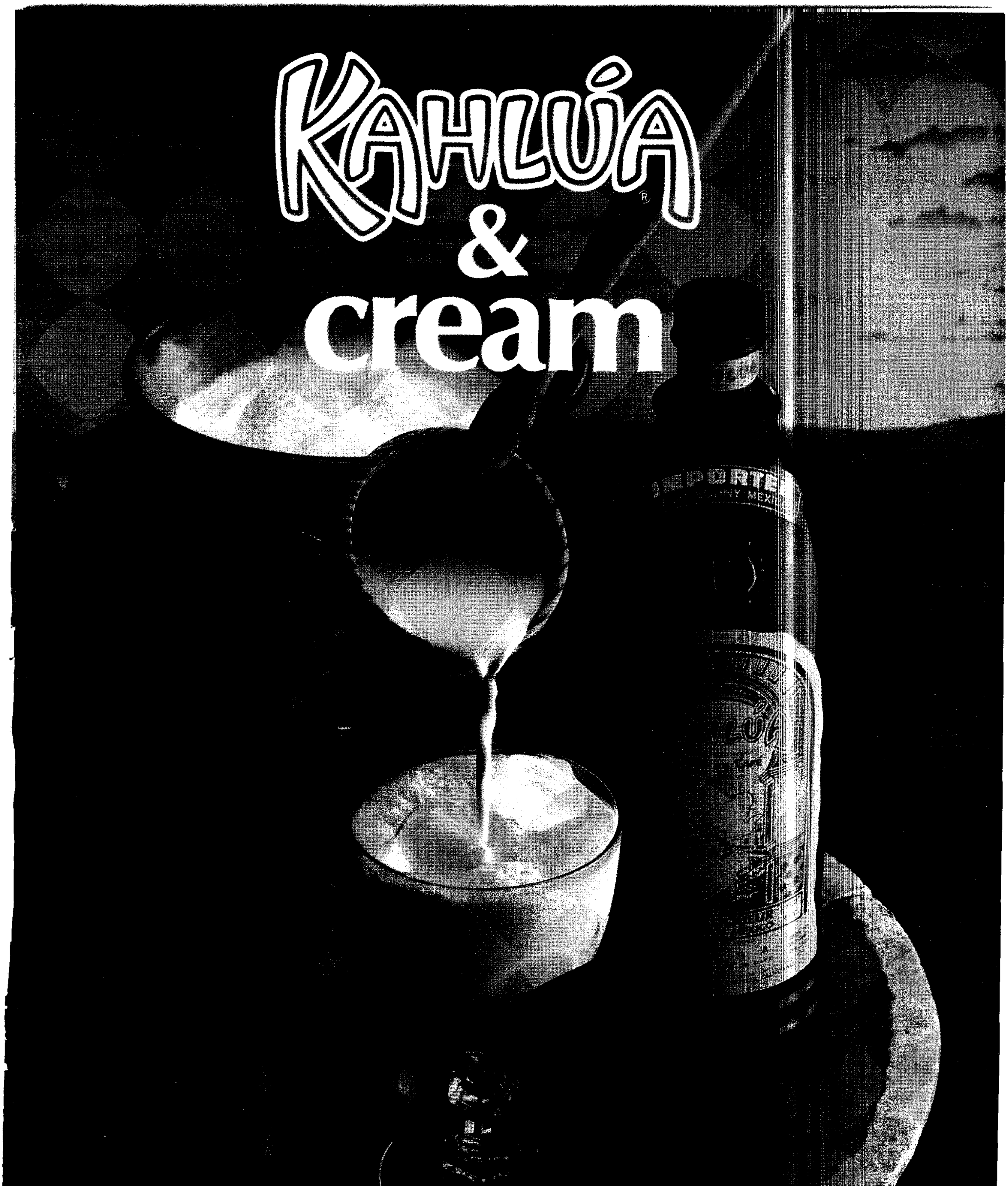
RAYMOND (CHIP) GUTH died some days ago, at the age of nineteen. He was a third-generation member of the staff of *The New Yorker*—the grandson of the late Gus Lobrano, who was our fiction editor from 1938 to 1956, and the son of Dorothy Lobrano Guth, who is now one of our associate editors. A couple of years ago, Chip spent a summer working at *The New Yorker*. In a life so very much too brief, a summer is a long season, and the rest of us had the privilege of enjoying that season in his company. He was a messenger, and he seemed to know instinctively that what mattered was not the modesty of his tasks but the devotion with which he performed them. He did his work impeccably. At the end of his summer, one of his colleagues wrote to him, "You were the best of messengers." And he was. Chip was an acutely shy and recklessly self-effacing young man. He did what he could to make himself invisible and inaudible, but he could not hide his gentleness, his tenderness, his generosity, his courage, his humor; what we could see was the purity of his spirit, and what we could hear was the voice of an innocent who looked around in wonder at a harsh and discordant world. He gave his love unstintingly, but his suffering he kept to himself—it could only be guessed at. His talents were literary and mathematical: he was a young man of infinite promise. He lit up the scene while he was with us, and the glow will persist.



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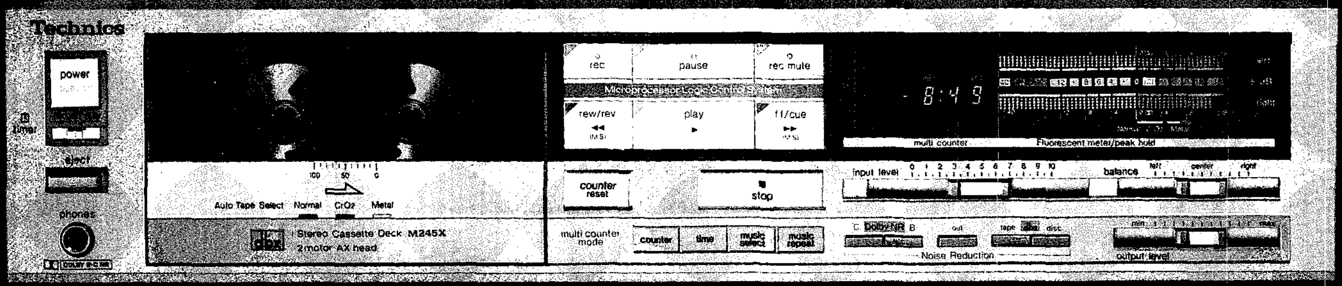
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